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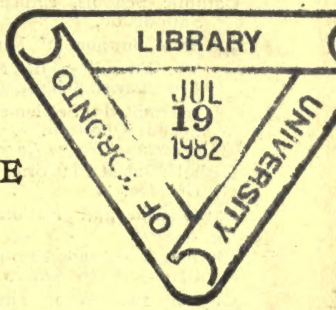

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CONTENTS.

Britain, What Happened In.—*Hilaire Belloc*, ... 64, 185
Butler, Sir William.—*Sebastian Meynell*, 351
Catholic Church, The, in Norway.—*J. F. Schofield*, ... 721
Catholic Poet, A (Emily Hickey).—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 328
Catholic Schools, Efforts to Regain Support of, ... 361
State Support of Parish Schools, 498
The Founding of New York's First Parish School. . . . 596
Attempted Settlements of the School Question, ... 729
Michael Henry Lucey, Ph.D.,
Catholic Social Platform, The.—*F. W. Grafton*, ... 797
Catholicism and Nationality.—*H. P. Russell*, ... 577
Church, The, and European Civilization.—*Hilaire Belloc*, 64, 184, 433, 621
City of the Arno, The.—*Katherine Brégy*, ... 463
Dante, The Symbolism of.—*William Turner, S.T.D.*, ... 145
Dark Ages, The.—*Hilaire Belloc*, . 433
East and West.—*L. March Phillipps*, . 88
Escaped Nun, The.—*Katharine Tynan*, 610
Events, Recent, 128, 272, 417, 557, 705, 845
Fogazzaro, Antonio.—*Anita MacMahon*, 516
Foreign Periodicals, 120, 263, 409, 550, 698, 839
George, Henry, and Private Property. *John A. Ryan*, ... 289, 483
Gladstone, William Ewart, The Human Side of.—*S. T. Swift*, . . . 52
Hawthorne and Transcendentalism.—*Mary V. Hillmann*, ... 199
Hickey, Emily (A Catholic Poet).—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 328
His Outstretched Hand. — *Walter Elliott, C.S.P.*, ... 234
History of English Literature for Catholic Schools, A New.—*John J. Burke, C.S.P.*, ... 646
Ibsen, Henrick.—*Edward Curran*, . 767
Irish Industrial Revival Movement, The.—*Bertram C. A. Windle, M. D., F.R S.*, ... 225
Middle Ages, The.—*Hilaire Belloc*, . 620
Missions, The Old, of California.—*Edith Sessions Tupper*, . . . 380
Mixed Marriages, The Agreement Prior to.—*James M. Dohan, A.M., L.L.D.*, 667
Mixed Marriages, The Agreement Prior to.—*Charles O'Sullivan*, . . 341
Mosques and Caravanserai.—*L. March Phillipps*, ... 301
Mystery of Perseverance, The.—*Walter Elliott, C.S.P.*, ... 474
Mystery of Suffering, The.—*Walter Elliott, C.S.P.*, ... 752
Newman's Devotion to Our Lady.—*William Henry Sheran*. . . 174
Ordination, An, in Rome —*Eileen Butler*, ... 493
Parish Schools.—see under "Catholic Schools."
Polish Poets, Two, in Rome.—*Monica Gardner*, ... 17
Portugal, Separation of Church and State in.—*Francis McCullagh*, . 371
Postulant, The First, ... 42
Private Ownership of Land, Ethical Arguments of Henry George Against.—*John A. Ryan, S.T.D.*, 483
Private Property, Henry George and. —*John A. Ryan, S.T.D.*, . . 289
Private Property, The Indictment of.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . . 30
Radical and Conservative Fault-Finding.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . 213
Real Romance of Life, The.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 1
Ryan, The Late Archbishop.—*James P. Turner*, ... 76
School Question, Attempted Settlements of the.
See under "Catholic Schools."
Sir Calidore.—*Emily Hickey*, . . 632
Sir William Butler.—*Sebastian Meynell*, 351
St. Clare and Holy Poverty.—*Charlotte Balfour*, ... 778
Spirit of the Bush, The.—*M. F. Quinlan*, 807
Thackeray.—*F. M. B.*, ... 443
Transcendentalism, Hawthorne and.—*Mary V. Hillmann*, ... 199
Unforgotten Shrines.—*Laura M. Jackson*, ... 761
What Happened in Britain.—*Hilaire Belloc*, ... 64, 185
With Our Readers, 137, 283, 425, 567, 716, 857

STORIES.

Devil's Money.—*Alice Dease*, . . 657
Father Gaffrey's Adventure,—*Richard A. O'Brien, S.J.*, ... 510
Lilium Auratum. — *Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 310
The Colors.—*Ruth Quigley*, . . 788
The Maestro's Story.—*Thomas B. Reilly*, 455
The Soul of Julius Bittel.—*Helena T. Goessmann*, ... 742
The Patriots.—*Helen Haines*, . . 587
What the Garden Brought to Bloom—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 160

POETRY.

A Request.—*Sir William Butler, G.C.B.*, ... 389
A Wet Meadow.—*Caroline D. Swan*, . 595
Carmelo's Midnight Mass.—*Charlotte Morton*, ... 630
Chaunting Mysteries.—*R. M. Burton*, 63
Flowers of Paradise,—*Katharine Tynan*, 472
Ichabod : Ichabod !—*Cornelius Clifford*, 766
The Old Churchyard.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 41
The Maid.—*Katherine Brégy*, . . 183
The Tidal Call.—*John Jerome Rooney*, 482

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Captain of Raleigh's, . . . 247
A Conversion and a Vocation, . . 696
A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects, ... 260
A Life's Ambition, ... 695
A Little Girl from Back East, . . 696
Allez a Lui, ... 115
A Manual of Church History, . . 252
A Manual of English Church History, . 815
American Corporations, ... 397
Andros of Ephesus, ... 110
An Excerpt from Reliquiae Baxterianae, 403
A Papal Envoy During the Reign of Terror, ... 398
Aprés Le Concordat, ... 261
A Priest and His Boys, ... 100
Are Our Prayers Heard ? 117
A Roman Diary, ... 242
Art et Pornographie, ... 408
As Gold in the Furnace, ... 258
A Sheaf of Stories, ... 115
A Short Course in Catholic Doctrine for non-Catholics Intending Marriage with Catholics, ... 404
A Soldier of Valley Forge, . . . 696
A Texas Blue Bonnet, ... 118
At Home with God, ... 108
Books by Catholic Authors, . . . 547
Bossuet Et Les Protestants, . . . 262
Bright Ideas for Entertaining, . . 116
Buchez (1796–1865), ... 697
Character Glimpses of the Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D.D., . . 405
Chinese Lanterns, ... 259
Christ and the Gospel, ... 107
Christ in the Church, ... 529
Christ's Social Remedies, ... 695
Church Symbolism, ... 401
Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art, ... 116
Civisme et Catholicisme, ... 408
Devotions for Holy Communion, . . 406
Discours Eucharistique, ... 697
Donald Kenny, ... 116
Down at Stein's Pass, and Down at Cross Timbers, ... 258
Early Steps in the Fold, ... 101
Education : How Old the New, . . 102
Education in the United States Since the Civil War, ... 100
Essai sur la Foi, ... 119
Everywoman, ... 400
Exposition de la Doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique, ... 697
Father Damien, ... 548
Father Tim, ... 405
Feasts for the Faithful, ... 404
Fénelon. Études Historiques, . . 835
First National Catholic Congress, Leeds, ... 392
France Under the Republic, . . . 832
Freddy Carr's Adventures, . . . 697
Free Will, ... 257
French Secondary Schools, . . . 117
Geoffrey Chaucer, ... 697
George Thorne, ... 691
Gerard, Our Little Belgian Cousin, . 258
Gettysburg ; The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War, ... 543
Guida Degli Stati Uniti Per L'Immigrante Italiano, ... 113
Habitations á Bon Marche et Caisses d'Epargne, ... 697
Heart Songs, ... 260
Her Journey's End, ... 837
Hero Haunted, ... 694
Historia de la Educacion y La Pedagogia, ... 838
Historic Nuns, ... 405
Historie de L'Eglise, ... 408
History of Dogmas, ... 249
Home Life in Ireland, ... 818
Home Rule, ... 195
Homestead, ... 544
Idola Fori, ... 253
Individualism, ... 813
Izamal, ... 249
Jacquetta, ... 536
Jesus All Great, ... 117
Jésus Christ, Sa Vie, Son Temps. Leçons d'Ecriture Sainte, . . . 262
Jeunesse et Pieté, ... 407
John Murray's Landfall, ... 545
La Bonté et Ses Trois Principaux Adversaires, ... 261
La Cité Future, ... 837
La Comunión De Los Niños Inocentes, 838
La Comunión Frecuete Y Diaria Y La Primera Comunión, ... 838
La Crise Organique De L'Église en France, ... 838
La Familia de Santa Teresa en América, 838
L'Ame d'un Grand Catholique; Esprit de Foi de Louis Veiullot d'Apres sa Correspondance. L'Homme Public, . 697
Lands of the Southern Cross, . . 828
La Philosophie Minerale, ... 549
L'Apologétique, ... 549
La Psychologie Dramatique du Mystére de la Passion á Oberammergau, . . 549
La Réforme de la Pronunciation Latine, 261
La Religion de L'Ancienne Egypte, . 118
L' Art d'Arriver au Vrai, ... 407
L'Art de Tromper, D'Intimider et de Corrompre L'Electeur, ... 834
La Valeur Sociale De L'Evangile, . 407
La Vénérable Marie de L'Incarnation, 549
La Vérité du Catholicisme, . . . 119
Le Ange Gardien, ... 407
Leaves from My Diary, ... 680
Le Clergé Gallo-Romain à la Fin du IVe Siècle, ... 697
Lectures on Greek Poetry, . . . 254
Le Dogme, ... 408

Le Fléau Romantique, ... 693
Le Martyrologe, ... 408
Le Mystére de la Redemption, . . 549
Léonard de Vinci, ... 549
Le Positivisme Chrétien, . . . 407
Les Evangiles Synoptiques, . . . 546
Les Jeunes Filles Françaises, . . 408
Les Miracles de N. S., Jesus Christ, . 697
Les Soeurs Brontë, ... 545
Letters of John Mason Neale, D.D., . 822
L'Evangile et le Temps Present, . 407
L'Habitation Ouvriére et à Bon Marché, 261
Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast, ... 407
Little Blossoms of Love, Kindness and Obedience, ... 104
Marriage and Parenthood, . . . 538
Mass in A, ... 695
Mass in B, ... 695
Meditations on the Blessed Virgin, . 695
Melchior of Boston, ... 111
Memorabilia, ... 400
Mezzogiorno, ... 104
Mind and Voice, ... 260
Modernism, ... 825
Momentoes of the English Martyrs and Confessors for Every Day in the Year, 404
More Short Readings for Mary's Children, ... 697
Nicolas Caussin, ... 836
None Other Gods, ... 110
Our Lord's Last Will and Testament, . 407
Pascal, ... 833
Pat, ... 115
Plans d'Instruction pour le Diocese de Nevers, ... 407
Preachers and Teachers, ... 248
Principios Fundamentales del Derecho Penal, ... 838
Protestant Modernism, ... 252
Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality, ... 837
Robert Kimberly, ... 106
Rosemary, or Life and Death, . . 258
Rough Rider to President, . . . 693
Round the World, ... 116
Round the Year with the Stars, . . 258
Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu, . . . 838
Saint Leger, ... 837
Sermons and Lectures, ... 688
Sermons of St. Bernard, . . . 251
Siena and Southern Tuscany, . . 113
Socialism, ... 395
Spiritual Considerations, . . . 549
Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life, 549
St. Charles Borromeo, ... 528
St. Pie V., ... 549
Sursum Corda. Haut Les Coeurs, . 407
Suzel et sa Marraine, ... 408
Tales of the Tenements, . . . 112
The Agnus Dei, ... 695
The Apologies of Justin Martyr, . . 543
The Assyro-Babylonian Religion, . . 118
The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church, ... 825
The Big League, ... 691
The Broad Highway, ... 112
The Centurian, ... 117
The Child Labor Problem of New Jersey, ... 689
The Child Prepared for First Communion, ... 405
The Children's Charter, ... 548
The Comic Spirit of George Meredith, 831
The Contemplative Life, ... 528
The Dawn of Modern England, . . 813
The Doorkeeper and Other Poems, . 391
The Dweller on the Threshold, . . 535
The Education of a Music Lover, . 539
The Fate of Henry of Navarre, . . 536
The Friar Saints, ... 547
The Fundamental Principles of the Spiritual Life, ... 826
The Garden of the Sun, ... 836
The Golden Lad, ... 695
The Golden Web, ... 405
The Groundwork of Christian Perfection, ... 117
The Hidden Signatures of Francesco Colonna and Francis Bacon, . . 259
The Intellectuals, ... 390
The Isle of Columbcille, ... 695
The Jews, ... 689
The Job Secretary, ... 531
The Jukes, ... 541
The Ladies' Battle, ... 685
The Lands of the Tamed Turk, . 406
The Lectionary, ... 829
The Life of Blessed John Eudes, . . 109
The Life of Blessed John Eudes, . 832
The Life of Blessed John Ruysbroeck, 688
The Life of Cardinal Gibbons, . . 696
The Life of Richard Wagner, . . 820
The Life of Robert Browning, . . 397
The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, . . 531
The Life of St. Bridget of Sweden, . 406
The Life of St. Leonard, . . . 404
The Life St. Thomas Aquinas, . . 547
The Little Past, ... 406
The Maid of Orleans, ... 247
The Making of Jim O'Neill, . . 695
The Meaning of Social Science, . . 396
The Mission of Pain, ... 692
The Mystery of the Priest's Parlour, . 691
The Origin of the Pentateuch, . . 540
The Other Wife, ... 259
The O'Shaughnessy Girls, . . . 257
The Oxford Book of Italian Verse, . 399
The Passing of the American, . . 686
The Patrician, ... 393
The Philosophy of Music, . . . 819
The Plain Gold Ring, ... 114
The Process of Abstraction, . . . 533
The Purple East, ... 541
The Raccolta, ... 549
The Roof of the Jungle, . . . 116
The Second Spring, ... 826
The Social Value of the Gospel, . . 811
The Solution of the Child Labor Problem, ... 542
The Standard of Living Among the Industrial Population of America, . 395
The Spirit of Power, ... 251
The Steel Workers, ... 544
The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries, ... 682
The Toll of the Arctic Seas, . . . 685
The Trail of the Tenderfoot, . . 260
The Training of Children and of Girls in Their Teens, ... 812
The Unfading Light, ... 104
The West in the East, ... 683
The Worker and the State, . . . 535
Twenty Years at Hull-House, . . 542
The Year Book of the Catholic Settlement Association of Brooklyn, New York, ... 116
Union With Jesus, ... 406
Wandering Ghosts, ... 259
War or Peace, ... 256
What the Old Clock Saw, ... 404
Who are the Jesuits? 824

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THE REAL ROMANCE OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

THE biography of the late Cardinal Vaughan has been described as "high romance." The world had seen only his exterior life, and at best had under-judged him, seeing in him but a hard-working priest of somewhat narrow outlook. But this book has to a large extent revealed his interior life. And it is precisely the interior life, the romance of his soul in relationship to God, which has taken the world by surprise and compelled an admiration and sympathy, where previously criticism, indifference, or antipathy prevailed.

The lesson is well worth emphasizing, for the whole tendency of the time spirit is to obscure it.

As representative embodiments of this time spirit we may take two extremes—Leo Tolstoi and Friedrich Nietzsche. Starting from the same fallacy in thought, and putting their principles into action, they described arcs of conduct opposite to each other at every point. They eventually met again, united in the same fallacy with which they started, and which each had worked out to its own logical and practical absurdity.

The mistake which both men made was that they failed to take into account man's real destiny and the right method of attaining it. The absurdity arrived at was dark chaos of thought and ghastly failure of life.

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Tolstoi had lived the animal life to satiety. He was a man of strong will, strong passions, and even strong intellect. But his faculties were not well ordered in relationship to each other. Consequently when he had lived out his lower life, when the weariness of it all came upon him, he knew not where to turn for rest and refreshment. From the Orthodox Eastern Church, in which he had been brought up, he had learnt something of the life of Christ, more, however, of its outward enactment than of its inward meaning. The Eastern Church is notoriously the example of all history of arrested development. When cut off from the true vine, the branches ceased to be quickened by the sap of life.

Tolstoi was not too slow to recognize this. He proposed, therefore, to interpret anew the facts which he had learned. With a conceit which makes one shudder he affected to go to the Greek text of the Gospels there to re-discover the Christ who had been buried in false ecclesiastical tradition.

Unfortunately he took with him all his jaded experiences. Unfortunately, therefore, he took with him a Christ which he had already determined to find. So in the Greek Gospels he saw the reflection of his own worn-out arid soul. He was so sick of a life of debauchery, impurity, and crime, that he wanted simply to rid himself of the will to live and to think and to do. Suicide was too small a thing for him, for he was a man of big things. So quite naturally he probed his way to that fascinating, mental drug, the nothingness of the Buddhist Nirvana. He could not have had a more fitting emblem of his world-idea than that, the only religious one, which adorned his room as he lay dead, namely, a bust of Buddha.

The great idea which he took from the life of Christ was the policy of non-resistance. There were, indeed, many things in the life of Christ which seemed to justify his leading theme. Christ did tell His disciples to sell all and follow Him. The rich should hardly enter into the kingdom of God. Father, mother, wife, children, yea, and one's own life must be left in order to be Christ's disciple. Hand must be cut off and eye plucked out for the Gospel's sake. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

Yet what a difference between this asceticism and that of Buddha! Both Christ and Buddha preached a doctrine of re-

nunciation, but each with a different motive. Christ taught renunciation of a lower life in order that the limited powers of the soul might be free for a higher life. What He took away, He would restore a hundredfold. Buddha taught the renunciation of all life, because, as he said, life was bad in itself and the source of all misery. Animal life, intellectual life, moral life, all were the cause of pain. There was only one heaven to be sought for, the Nirvana of eternal unconsciousness.

Tolstoi with his left hand laid hold on some of the external incidents in the life of Christ, and with his right hand laid hold on the internal motive of Buddha.

Fortunately or unfortunately he had a wife and family who laid both hands on his landed property and his literary copyrights. They prevented him from renouncing the stewardship of his possessions to the extent of rendering himself a burden to the community. They at any rate were practical enough to distrust a theory which was based neither on authority nor on experience. He tried as a last resource to run away from this hindrance to the realization of his ideal. His intention, however, was not to go into the steppes of Russia and live all by himself, but rather to the community life of an Orthodox monastery. But death overtook him on the way and deprived him of this small measure of imagined consolation. His body was carried back to his ancestral home, where it was laid out, as we have said, under the shadow and blessing of the Lord Buddha.

From Leo Tolstoi the pendulum swings to Friedrich Nietzsche. Tolstoi rejected authority for the sake of no life; Nietzsche rejected authority for the sake of licentious life. Kant had muddled the sources of thought by his distinction between the appearance of a thing and the thing in itself. The mind could know nothing, he declared, of things in themselves, but only of their appearances. Schopenhauer saw the moral chaos which must follow from such a doctrine, and so did not hesitate to proclaim the blank pessimism with which the moral life became enshrouded. The world was hopelessly bad. Schopenhauer too leaned towards Buddhism as a remedy for the evil. The "will to live" was the cause of all pain. The only way to be rid of it was to be rid of life, to plunge one's self into pessimism of utter negation.

Nietzsche followed Schopenhauer for a time. But he was keen enough to see that there was no chance of such selfless ideals making any impression on Western civilization. So Nietzsche broke away from Schopenhauer. He failed, however to see that there is such a thing as noble selfishness, a selfishness which sacrifices one's lower interests for the sake of the higher, a selfishness which sacrifices the lonely self in order to find a richer self in being a member of a social body.

Blind to this higher life Nietzsche had no course open to him but to declare for absolute brutal selfishness. Let us simply follow our instincts and do just as we like. Let us only exert the will to power and by this activity shall we emerge out of man into superman. It is only weakness which shows pity on the feeble and suffering. Let all weak things be crushed. Let only the strong prevail.

Thus did Nietzsche herald himself as "the great Immoralist."

"Beyond good and evil." Without defining strictly what he meant by this aphorism, he said that only slaves were fit for law. If man must attain to superman he must not be bound down by any law, not even by the law of reason. Metaphysic was but a device for the enslavement of morals. Religion was but a hindrance to the development of the superman.

Nietzsche ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Whether his philosophy was a result of his lunacy or his lunacy a result of his philosophy, we need not stay to inquire. Whichever alternative we choose, the lesson is the same. Tamper with the foundations of thought, and then, no matter which way we take, the end thereof is the madhouse. If there can be pure subjectivism in thought, why not also in conduct? If there is only relative truth, why not only relative goodness? Yes, why not? So whatever else the superman is or is not, he is this, a law unto himself, a man who acts upon impulse and without a reason. He is exactly such a man as a benign government to-day takes care of in a padded room.

Nevertheless both Tolstoi and Nietzsche have made an impression on their age. The one has been called the most prominent figure in Europe in our time, the other, the greatest European event since Goethe. There must be some reason for such notoriety. Literary ability counts for something.

The fact, too, that each had a revolutionary programme attracted much attention. But these things are in themselves not sufficient to account for the influence of the two philosophers. The soil upon which their teaching fell must have been wanting in something.

The truth is that the Western world is getting tired of the emasculated Christianity of the Reformation, and satiated with the quest for material pleasure which has been its offspring. Nay even in the Eastern world there is a movement towards a system of thought in which activity and life is the goal of existence rather than sleep and death. East and West alike are beginning to realize that man does not live by bread alone, and that the life which is true life is the life of spirit. In all the turmoil man wants a contented peace. But true peace is tranquillity with order; whereas the peace which Nietzsche and Tolstoi have proposed is the peace of disorder. Both have tried to do away with law, the one by universal resistance, the other by universal non-resistance. The romance which was intended for tragedy has become comedy. Extremes have met and kissed each other.

In contrast to Nietzsche and Tolstoi we may set the figure of St. Thomas Aquinas. He, too, felt the need which they felt, namely, that of rising above the sordid life of a fallen nature. He felt the triviality of worldly ideals. Neither the "will to sleep," nor the "will to live" nor the "will to power" were enough for him. They were not, therefore, bad and to be rejected. They were to be used as stepping stones to the higher life of the spirit, the will to know and to love God. In this he sought and found a lasting happiness.

St. Thomas, although a monk, had a wide experience of the world. He had imperial blood in his veins to begin with. As a boy he had known the quiet life of the cloister in the monastery of Monte Cassino. Thence he had been driven by the troops of the Emperor to Naples, where he enjoyed five years of university life. A year in gaol afforded him leisure to acquaint himself thoroughly with the works of Aristotle. From Naples he went to Cologne where he studied as a pupil of Albert the Great. Here, too, he was brought into touch with the Rhineland mystics. When Albert the Great was transferred to Paris he took Thomas with him. Paris was famous as a school of extreme rational speculation. Thomas

faced the rigors of this, first as pupil and afterwards as professor. Nor did he escape the trial of ecclesiastical censorship. We know too that whilst at Paris he paid a visit to London and was present at a chapter of the Order, held at Holborn. He had the chance of becoming Abbot of the greatest monastery in the Church and had the honor of being named for an archbishopric. Both kings and Popes chose him for their counsellor.

Although possessed of a wide experience of the world, his experience of himself was something wider and deeper. He was an expert in prayer and study. His knowledge of the subjective and the objective worlds was extremely well balanced. His wisdom was nourished proportionately from without and from within. No wonder his genius found a sympathy with the genius of Aristotle. The two minds alike had an overwhelming trust in the philosophy of common sense.

The first fact of this common sense philosophy was the unity of the human person. St. Thomas did not regard pure reason as an entity shut up in a box by itself; nor will as something organically distinct and having only a mechanical communication with the reason; nor sensation as something which was a mere hindrance to thought and volition. He regarded these faculties as powers of the one whole man. It was the man who thought, willed and felt, and the faculties by which he did these things were but powers of one organic being. The man was not the intellect, the intellect was not the will, the will was not the man. But intellect, will and feeling in organic dependence on one another, each acting according to its own nature as part of the nature of the whole man. On this point St. Thomas anticipated the findings of modern biology.

Consequently the difficulties which have been raised by Kant could not possibly be difficulties to him. He did not attempt to examine the facts of experience with pure reason alone. He went to them with his whole personality. Approaching them in this way he could not but be convinced of the difference between himself and the outside world. The subject was entirely distinct from the object. This was the primary announcement of his own personality. He would not condescend to prove it, because it was as certain to him as his own existence.

Being convinced of the reality of the outer world he argued from that to the existence of God. He knew that he himself was alive and in movement. He knew that there was movement in the world. That movement could come only from One who was immovable.

Taking his stand on the three facts, himself, the world and God, he could take an optimistic view of life. He was on bed-rock and he could look the future in the face joyously. With his mind he could be certain about truth, and in the contemplation of truth was to be found happiness. Since everything had been created by God, everything was good. All being is good, and the more being a thing has in it, the better it is. Better to be a tree than a stone; better a brute than a tree; better a man than a brute. And so too in the life of man, the vegetative life is good, the circulation of the blood and the digestion of food; the animal life is better, seeing, hearing and feeling; the intellectual, moral and æsthetic life, all which we regard as mere psychic life, is still better; but the highest of all is the spirit life, that life in which all the other vital functions and faculties are subordinated and directed to the enrichment of the spirit living in communion with God. St. Thomas was opposed tooth and nail to all philosophy which tended to limit life as something evil in itself. He was opposed tooth and nail to all philosophy which made the enjoyment of natural life, even in its highest forms of knowledge and love, the goal of human happiness and the fulness of human life.

In order, however, to get beyond the joy of natural truth and natural goodness he had need of other text-books than those of Aristotle. He had recourse chiefly to the writings of St. John and St. Paul. With the aid of these he was able to carry his principle to a higher plain. If happiness is the joy and contentment at the sight of truth, then the keenest zest of life must be the happiness of seeing the unveiled substance of God.

St. John had had a deep experience of life. He had seen the effect of heresy in limiting life by generating a false asceticism. Through the medium of the historic Christ he had caught the fire of eternal love which had kindled his life into one contemplative glow. From the fulness of this experience and in his extreme old age he wrote the Fourth Gospel.

The historic Christ was the very Incarnation of Him who is pre-eminently Spirit, for God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth; of Him Who is pre-eminently Light, for "that God is light, and in Him there is no darkness"; of Him Who is pre-eminently Love, since "he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is charity."

Contrasted to the Incarnation of Spirit, Light, and Love is the world of darkness, the effect of which is to shut out love. Just as love and knowledge mutually help each other, so ignorance and hatred do likewise. "He that hateth his brother is in the darkness and walketh in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth." But the Light shineth in the darkness even though the darkness comprehend it not. The historic Christ is an effulgence of the Light in Whom we all have life. "And of His fulness we all have received, grace for grace."

The theme runs through all St. John's writings. It is visualized for us in three magnificent episodes. The first is the midnight scene with Nicodemus. The distracted old man had heard of the new life and could not understand how it could be. Yet it was to be as real as if a man had actually entered once more into his mother's womb and been born again. The second is the scene in the synagogue by the lake side at Capharnaum. Christ's hearers were perhaps more bewildered than Nicodemus had been. Yet such a tremendous truth needed strong expression. So they must bear to be told: "Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life." The third scene is that in the upper room when Christ preached from the familiar symbol of the vine: "I am the true vine; and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He will take away: and every one that beareth fruit, He will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit. I am the vine, you are the branches. Without Me you can do nothing."

In the last episode there is not only a declaration of the higher spirit life, and of its oneness in Christ and the Christian, but also of the necessity of sacrificing the poorer life for the sake of the richer.

The organic unity of the spirit life is more explicitly stated by St. Paul. With him Christ and the Church together make

one mystical person. The note of personality carries with it the most forcible expression of organic unity. The life of Christ is continued and diffused by the Church.

St. Paul, too, is most explicit in showing the oneness of this life before and behind the veil, in time and in eternity. Christ lived a triple life—the first pre-existent in the spirit world, the second in humiliation on earth, the third in glorification once more in the spirit world. "Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. But emptied Himself taking the form of a servant. . . . He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. For which cause God hath exalted Him . . . that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

And all this was in order that men might enjoy a higher life. We are reconciled in some mystic way by His death; but, being reconciled we are saved by His life. "And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive." The new life is simply the charity of God manifesting itself through man. The sin was organic, the remedy must be organic. As the Godhead had a pleroma or complement in Christ, so Christ has a pleroma or complement in the Church. She is His body, the plenitude of Him Who (thus) completes Himself, an All in all. The Head without the members were just as much a monstrosity as the members without the Head. Through this organic unity the individual promotes his own spiritual growth and power. Thus, and only thus, is the spiritual ideal realized, no nebulous giant nor yet a mere expert in mental gymnastics, but the perfect man of the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ.

From Aristotle St. Thomas learnt that all virtues were united in prudence. But from St. John and St. Paul he learnt that prudence must be transcended by charity. Knowledge was transcended by faith and hope, and all were united in charity, the bond of perfection. Here, then, was the main stream of life to which all tributaries flowed, the stream of love which flowed both from and to the great Love Uncreate. To feel the thrill of that love was the supreme joy of life.

So highly romantic is this love that it ennobles and enriches all the creature-loves and even all the self-loves which are subordinate to it. It is at once, therefore, the principle of

the most perfect individualism and the most perfect altruism. In sacrificing ourselves for the higher claims of the spirit we are but economizing our potentialities of enjoyment, saving ourselves for a richer form of spirit life; and conversely, in serving ourselves rightly, we are ministering to the highest claims of the Spirit.

We require no little courage, however, to make such a tremendous experiment of life. Indeed, it were a foolhardy venture did we not have a firm groundwork to start from and a sure and certain goal to aim at. St. Thomas provides the one with his philosophy and the other with his theology. His philosophy shows the certainty of three gigantic and distinct facts—self, the world, and God. His theology shows the supernatural vision and love of the spirit life, an enigmatic vision and imperfect love whilst on the way, but a clear vision and a perfect love in the fatherland. This is the key to the riddle of life and the mystery of Redemption. "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly."

The sacrifice of a smaller and a poorer love for a larger and a greater one, that is the principle which both Tolstoi and Nietzsche were blindly groping for and which both pathetically missed. In Tolstoi, life is suppressed without a sufficient development of the higher life. The end to be obtained was not clearly understood. In Nietzsche, life is unconsciously suppressed because animal force is developed at the expense of psychic force, or psychic at the expense of spiritual. Hence we can understand why the reading of *Anna Karénina* is so wearisome and why one closes the *Kreutzer Sonata* before one has finished it. Passion is regarded in its material aspect, made an end in itself, and consequently is never carried to the higher planes of the spirit. Hence arises Tolstoi's repetition of the Manichean heresy of "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," as if these things were bad in themselves. Hence, too, springs Nietzsche's worship of the primary animal impulse. "To whom chastity is difficult," he says, "it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell—to filth and lust of the soul." Whether the brute instinct should lead to continence, to marriage, or to sin, all was equally good, if only the instinct were followed. That such an experiment of life should end in disillusion and misery, if not in madness and hopeless death, would seem to be demanded by the piti-

less logic of facts. There may have been a semblance of romance in it at the beginning, but the end could be nothing else but a prosaic, loveless disgust.

For really high romance we must turn to the saints of the Catholic Church. The Catholic saint is the only intelligible superman, if by superman we mean a being who has conquered the moral weaknesses of human nature. The Catholic saint is the one who obtains the richest return of life for the renunciations which he makes. And why? It is because he is an expert in sanctity, because he is a genius in love, having proved to himself that love cannot be satisfied by the Relative and Transitory, but only by the Absolute and Eternal.

Nor is this higher love altogether dependent on the quality of the saint's intellectual or physical perfection; nor yet on his social environment. For we have great saints from every stage of intellectual ability, from every rank of society. St. Thomas himself towers as one of the intellectual giants of all time. His intelligence however was always ministrant to his love. He chastised his body to bring it into subjection, to make it a fit instrument for his understanding and devotion; not however to such an extent as to weaken his intellectual power. The Blessed Curé d'Ars on the other hand was notoriously stupid in his theological studies. His great love however seemed to bear with it an extraordinary power of discernment in spiritual things, an instinctive intellectual habit by which he could guide souls in the intricate ways of the higher love.

It has been charged against the Catholic saint that he is but an exotic from the forcing house of the cloister. The cloister truly has been the home where many a rare spiritual plant has been nurtured, a soul distinguished rather for spiritual gracefulness than for spiritual robustness. The garden of God does not limit itself to the culture of huge cedar trees. It is a garden of grace, and grace implies delicacy as well as strength of form. So we have our St. Benedict, our St. Teresa, our St. Aloysius, our St. Bruno, our Venerable Bede.

But the world as well as the cloister claims a large share of moral genius. There may be a beggar like Benedict Joseph Labre. We may admire his sanctity without admiring the

means he took to attain it. His motive was right. At any rate he serves the function of showing that this spirit life can flourish in the lowest dregs of society. On the other hand there is a St. Louis, King of France. Nietzsche asks for the warrior, and merely the warrior. In St. Louis however we see the warrior and the statesman raised to the plane of heroic sanctity. Both his fighting and his statesmanship were kept subordinate to his love of God. "Who am I," he would say when meeting an opposing army against which he seemed to have small hope of victory, "who am I but a wretched man, whose life belongs to God. He hath a sovereign right to dispose of it as pleaseth Him. Whether we are conquerors or martyrs we shall glorify Him, either by the success of our arms, or by the sacrifice of our lives." And when he entered the conquered city, he did so, not with the pomp of a conqueror, but walking barefoot with his queen. If other warrior saints are wanted we need only mention St. Edmund—King, St. Eustace, St. Ferdinand of Castile, St. Oswald—King, and St. Sebastian.

Sometimes we do read of a certain mawkishness in the saints' lives, which looks like a flaw both in the robustness and in the gracefulness of the perfection of the spirit life. And oftentimes do we see the same mawkishness in the lives of pious Christians and devout Catholics. It is the presence of this softness which gives an advantage and an excuse for such a philosophy as that of Nietzsche in our day. With regard to the saints, the canonized saints of the Catholic Church, we may conclude at once that the supposed weakness is not theirs but that of their biographers. This is the day of reinterpreting the saints' lives. The Bollandist students are the pioneers of the useful work. Father Delehaye in his "Legends of the Saints" has provided us with a grammar of interpretation. Thus we can read in the life of St. Thomas that when he was a baby he found a piece of paper on which was written the Angelic Salutation and that he stuck to it when his nurse tried to take it away; that he cried for it when his mother took it from him; and that when she gave it to him he put it into his mouth and swallowed it. But we need not see in the episode a sign of his future devotion to the Mother of God. That is the suggestion of his biographer. What St. Thomas did was just what any normal healthy child would

have done. Similarly we can redeem much of the life of St. Aloysius from the hands of his biographers. We ought all to read the article entitled "Puerilia V."* by the Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J. Then we shall understand how the saint has helped so many thousands to live clean lives, and how we could not see it before.

Still, in spite of their biographers, the saints have made their mark on the world. Take one example, St. Francis of Assisi. Compare him with those whom George Bernard Shaw calls "our few accidental Supermen," Goethe, Shakespeare, Shelley, Cromwell, Napoleon, Cæsar. To whom should we turn to learn the grammar of happiness? To whom should we look for the value of life and all its joys? Surely to him who would save the life of a worm notwithstanding his wide experience of all life, natural as well as spiritual. Just listen to his joy at all creation, a joy which comes to him only because he can relate all creation to the Creator.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Especially to my worshipful brother sun,
The which lights up the day, and through him dost Thou
brightness give;
And beautiful is he and radiant with splendor great;
Of Thee, most High, signification gives.

. . . . . .

Praised be my Lord for our sister, mother earth.
The which sustains and keeps
And brings forth diverse fruits with grass and flowers
bright.

Praised be my Lord for those who for Thy love forgive
And weakness bear and tribulation.
Blessed those who shall in peace endure,
For by Thee, most high, shall they be crowned.

It is St. Francis' all-embracing, joyous love which even now is drawing the love of the world towards him. It was his universal sympathy which could inspire Dante—for had there been no St. Francis there had been no Dante. But this sympathy was vast, tender and strong only because it had

* *The Month.* August, 1910.

God for its final motive. Hear the saint's prayer to obtain divine love: "I beseech Thee, O Lord, that the fiery and sweet strength of Thy love may absorb my soul from all things that are under heaven, that I may die for love of Thy love as Thou didst deign to die for love of my love."

While insisting on spiritual love as the real groundwork of the joy of life, its substance and essence, we must also insist on spiritual vision as a means of obtaining the highest degree of joy of life. There have been countless souls who have loved God and yet have not attained to that abundant joy in God, at least in this world, which they might have done had they had the full light of Catholic truth.

A good example of this class is John Bunyan. He stands about half way between Tolstoi and St. Thomas. He believed in and taught of "Grace Abounding," and his "Pilgrim's Progress" has been a source of spirit life for thousands. There was never any doubt as to his rectitude of will. Moved by grace he struggled on from the City of Destruction to the Land of Promise. Yet, what needless hindrances, and disappointments and sadness did he suffer through imperfect knowledge of the truth! He felt, for instance, that he had not faith to work miracles, and concluded therefore that he had not justifying faith. He wanted a text to support him, such as "none ever hoped in God and was confounded," but that was only in the Apochrypha, not in the Protestant bible. He was worried with the most commonplace scruples and had no authority to help him to deal with them. He thought he had given an inward consent to the thought of selling his Master, and he had no one to explain to him the theology of full knowledge, full control and full consent. "I could not now tell how to speak my words for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said." His perseverance through the darkness won for him a strong consolation at the last. "Weep not for me," were his last words, "but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who doubtless through the mediation of His Son, will receive me, though a sinner, when we shall ere long meet, to sing the new song and be happy forever."

As far as we can judge he had all the subjective dispositions which would go to make up a saint. But he lacked the objective light which was needed to bring his dispositions to

full maturity and fruitfulness. He was without that sunshine which makes the saint's life so buoyant and so joyous. And so he remains for all time the embodiment of Puritan prose and sadness.

Once again, then, we turn to the Catholic ideal. It is the story of love between God and the human soul. Renunciation is practised for the sake of a higher fruition. In sacrifice of this kind there is experienced the real lasting zest of life; and the greater the sacrifice, so much the keener is the joy of possession.

Moreover, the Catholic ideal provides that this higher joy may be reached either through marriage or through virginity. In the Catholic ideal the contract of marriage is raised to the dignity of a sacrament. The mutual love between husband, and wife and child is no mere carnal bond binding the family to the home on earth, but rather a triple cord of the invisible spirit binding the family to the spirit world. In the Catholic ideal the vow of virginity cuts away the joys of family life' sacrifices the honor and glory of bringing children into the world and educating them for the kingdom of heaven. But for what reason? Only in order that the spirit may be more free to foster the spirit life in itself and in others. What the virgin sacrifices in the joy and glory of bodily generation, she gains a hundredfold in the joy and glory of spiritual generation.

Hence we find that the finest of the world's literature turns on the mystery of virginity. It is the young girl and the young man led by a virgin love who are the characters of our noblest fiction. Decadent novels treat rather of the married, the widowed and the divorced. But even in the pursuit of the virgin love which blossoms into marriage, our great fiction only bears witness implicitly to the need of making passion ever ministrant to the spirit. Thus John Ayscough can tell us that Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* "is the one real lover of literature. Catherine was not his ideal, his object, his desire. Yet no one could believe in Heathcliff and not believe in something greater. He is a passion of worship, not a profession of it. Any decent person would go mad rather than believe that such adoration *had* no object. It could not be for nothing, it must have been deserved *somewhere;* nowhere here, but none the less somewhere out of

poor Heathcliff's sight, perhaps out of Emily Brontë's, though perhaps not."

If we want to see the explicit relationship of passion to the spirit world we must turn to the annals of saintship. Fortunately the deeds of the saints speak for themselves. We can go to the quaint simple narrations of Butler and learn sufficient of the facts of the saints' lives and through the facts catch something of their spirit. But there is an enormous debt due to the saints that their stories should be told worthily. However, a beginning has been made. Francis Thompson has given us a setting for St. Ignatius and John Ayscough has revealed to us San Celestino. We want many more love stories of this kind. When the saints are better known, when they are presented truthfully and gracefully, then will be seen who are the real supermen. They are those who have been enlightened by Catholic vision and inspired by Catholic love. They are the lasting apologetic for the Catholic theory of life, for they have verified in their own experience the truth that a man is a distinct personality in himself, that he is related to God as a creature to a Creator, that he has been made for God and can rest only in God.

TWO POLISH POETS IN ROME.

BY MONICA M. GARDNER.

TO Rome, that "city of the soul," to which "the orphans of the heart must turn," in Byron's famous phrase, came the great romantic Polish poets during the most tragic years of their nation's history, the first half, namely, of the nineteenth century. They came, bereaved, outcasts, and wanderers on the face of the earth, their eyes ever turned with yearning love and sorrow to their suffering native land, but with a never dying hope to the freed country of their dreams. Rome revolutionized the spiritual life of Adam Mickiewicz, that Titanic figure of Slavonic literature, who lives before our vision like the great Jeremias of the Sistine, sitting sunk in grief at the contemplation of his people's desolation. The Coliseum gave Poland the noble message of *Irydion* which the young Zygmunt Krasinski dreamed in its ruins. Here, too, came the sweet mystic singer of the Ukraine, Bohdan Zaleski, into whose lyre has passed the mysterious music, the wild beauty, of the steppes. Wandering over the flower-strewn, lark-haunted Campagna that perhaps transported his heart to the lost plains of his boyhood, he foretold the national resurrection, and uttered the prophecy—mournfully ironical in the light of latter-day events—that Poland's sorrows would be as fables of the past in the ears of the grand-children of his generation.

Rome was the chief landmark in the history of Adam Mickiewicz's spiritual pilgrimage on this earth. The leader of the great romantic movement in Polish literature, the supreme singer of the forests and marshes of Lithuania, was banished from his country in 1824 at the age of twenty-six. He saw the dearest companions of his youth, the sharers of his own generous ideals, dragged off to the mines or sent into life-long exile. He himself lived for five years a sort of prisoner at large in Russia, watched, spied, suspected. Like a lion in the toils, the young poet in the heart of his enemy's country wrote his *Konrad Wallenrod*, that fiery warning to the oppres-

sor, that he who is ground down by persecution will be driven to defend himself with the dangerous cunning of the fox.

Mickiewicz had left Lithuania with the faith of his childhood already weakened. The influences that surrounded him during his life in Russia—his friendship with the Russian free-thinkers, his intimacies in the frivolous *salons* of Odessa—were not of a nature to make for his spiritual welfare. In Petersburg, he met the Polish painter, Oleszkiewicz. This gentle mystic—the original of the priest who saves Konrad's soul in Mickiewicz's *Ancestors*—in the very capital of Tsardom spoke to the young exile of forgiveness for his country's enemies. His words prepared the way for that radiant faith and love which were to illuminate the path that Mickiewicz then trod in darkness and bitterness of heart, albeit with an undaunted courage. "Like Jacob you will struggle against the angel," said Oleszkiewicz to the youth whom he loved like a son, "but in vain. You are a chosen vessel, and sooner or later grace will fill you, and through you will flow on others."

And it was in the Eternal City that Mickiewicz's long spiritual travail came to its rest; there that the light rose upon his soul in whose glory he was to walk until it went down in the tragedy of his life. At first, Mickiewicz seems to have been but little impressed by the religious aspect of Rome. Then a change took place; and, shutting himself up in his room, he pondered upon the things of the soul.

In the meanwhile, human influences had come to play their part with those of Christian Rome in winning Mickiewicz back to God. Among his dearest friends in the Eternal City were two Polish girls, Marcellina Lempicka and Henryka Ankwicz. These two girls fasted and prayed for Adam's soul; and each of them lives, a fair faint haloed vision, in Mickiewicz's poems. When, in the *Ancestors*, the demons are about to take possession of Konrad's soul, a voice cries out bidding them yield their prey, for prayers are pleading for the sinner. In a later scene, Eva (Henryka), praying for the prisoner, is wafted into a heavenly vision by choirs of angels whose cadences of flower-strewn, light-laden music are among the most artistic of Mickiewicz's work. The poet originally intended the *Ancestors* to be his own spiritual autobiography; and these episodes are his tribute to the prayers to which he owed so much.

For Marcellina, he broke a somewhat long poetic silence. He went with the Ankwicz family for a short tour through the Campagna cities. In the shrine of old-world, picturesque Genazzano, Adam heard Mass fervently on his knees; and, as the party went over the convent afterwards, he spoke with such burning eloquence on religious themes that tears rose to Marcellina's eyes. Mickiewicz saw her tears; and he put the poem, dedicated to her and which he composed as they traveled homewards over the Campagna, into her hand after they had re-entered Rome.

This poem was inspired by Adam having seen Marcellina receiving Communion and, apart from its high literary merit, it proves how far the poet had traveled on his spiritual journey since he had set his face to Rome.

"To-day," so he begins, "Christ at His table hath welcomed thee. To-day many an angel envieth thee. Thou castest down thine eyes where Godhead shines. Oh, holy and humble soul, how dost thou pierce my heart with thy humility! When we, cold sinners, lay our wearied heads to rest, thou kneelest before the Lamb of God, and only dawn hushes thy praying lips."

Then the poet, who all his life dwelt much in the world of spirits, paints the exquisite dreams unfolded before Marcellina's vision by the angel guardian of her slumbers.

"I would count as nought," he concludes, "the joy of all my days if even for but one night my dreams could be like thine."

In spite of the profound impression made by the Eternal City upon Mickiewicz's soul and his intimate knowledge of her every stone, he has, unlike Krasinski, left scarcely any record of Rome in his poetry. But, besides the verses just mentioned, the history of two other famous pieces of his poetical work is so closely linked with his sojourn in Rome that we cannot overlook them here.

The greater part of Mickiewicz's poem *To the Polish Mother* was written on those wonderful shores washed by the Mediterranean between Genoa and Pisa during a journey that he took there with one intimate friend. That image, frequently met with in Italian art of the Blessed Virgin giving her Divine Child a little cross to play with, is said to be one of the motives for the tragic lines that the great Polish poet

consecrated to the sorrows of the mothers of his race. He finished the poem in Rome; and it appeared in but too timely a moment only two days before the night of November 29, 1830, when Warsaw rose.

No more terrible reproach than that contained in these lines by Poland's greatest poet could well be uttered to the conqueror who has striven to ruin morally the unhappy nation subject to his rule. The poem to the Polish mother is the Pole's arraignment at the bar of Divine justice of those who have outraged all that is noble, all that is sacred, all that is beloved to his soul. The poet's words seem to run red with the anguish from which he tore them. The page is wet with tears of blood. Yet such were the only auguries that Mickiewicz could find it in his heart to hold out before his nation as she rose in the gallant, forlorn hope of 1830. Subsequent history has given them the bitterest of justifications.

Mickiewicz was one of the very few Poles in Rome who watched the rising with despair in his soul. He who, in later life, hoped ever, each time to be more cruelly disillusioned, was on this one occasion only too clear-sighted. Sadness overwhelmed him. In his grief he turned to religion as his only comfort; and he left Rome a fervent and a practising Catholic.

While Mickiewicz had been wrestling in the Eternal City with the problems of the soul, that very self-questioning inspired him with the desire of writing a great mystical drama in which the spiritual struggle of man should be unfolded in the form of a Christian Prometheus. He never carried out his plan as it first stood, but it merged into the *Ancestors*. Not only does the wonderful third part of that great but unfinished play represent to a large extent a sort of poetic history of Mickiewicz's inner life; but his Konrad, in whom the poet has put so much of his own self, lives through all time as the Polish Prometheus who, bearing the sorrows of a whole nation in his one heart, sinks beneath their weight. Mickiewicz wrote it in Dresden after he had left Rome. In that night in which his poetic inspiration and his passionate grief for his country touched their highest summit in Konrad's Improvization, the struggle of the poet's soul with the demons of darkness and despair is laid bare with a power that nearly robbed the author of his life. He said himself that he thought

he would have died whilst he wrote. All that night his voice was heard murmuring in his room, followed by the sound of a fall. The next morning he was found lying, like his own Konrad, unconscious on the floor.

Henceforth for many years his soul, riven by sorrow but unshaken thereby, dwelt in the Empyrean of heavenly love.

Through heavy personal troubles and harassing daily cares, he toiled unsparingly, devotedly, for his fellowmen. His life and genius were given to his nation and to the Polish exiles in Paris. In that chaos of misfortune, represented by the Polish emigration, where every shade of misery, every type of human being, were to be found all living in an abnormal state of daily expectation of what never came, Mickiewicz taught that only by each individual's striving to a higher life, by each unit's continual hourly war against self, could Poland's redemption be wrought. Through his influence many wanderers returned to God. With others inspired by him, he founded the religious Order of the Resurrection with the object of laboring for Poland's moral welfare. All Poland looked to him as her great spiritual chief and as the Moses whom God had chosen to lead her children to the Promised Land. "Adam," "Our Adam," so do the Polish letters of that day fondly style the man, the beauty of whose character and whose exquisite simplicity of soul, wedded to his brilliant genius, captivated every heart.

Yet the name of Adam Mickiewicz lives indeed as that of the greatest poet of Poland and one of the noblest figures in her history, but likewise as one whose life and inspiration were wrecked in spiritual tragedy.

The tale of how Mickiewicz was lost to the Church for years, and the voice of his splendid genius silenced forever, is a dramatic one. After a long struggle with poverty. his wife went mad, and the unhappy husband was obliged to take her to an asylum. On the evening that he returned from this sad errand, the gray-haired man, his hair whitened, not from age, for he was only forty-three, but with the sorrows of life, sat, bowed down with grief, alone in his house. A Lithuanian, a stranger, the mystic Andrew Towianski, entered the room. He announced that he could cure Celina Mickiewicz. He spoke glowing words of a new light that through his agency was to rise upon mankind; a promise that struck home to the poet's

weary heart, yearning for a better world, distracted by his nation's sufferings.

Mickiewicz describes the long hours of indecision that he spent after this interview as a fearful night of spiritual wrestling. They led him into darkness. Towianski cured Celina, apparently by a sort of magnetism, and from that time all Adam's noble gifts, the whole strength of his great soul and of his loving heart were spent upon winning others into the paths of the bewildering, delusive, neurotic mysticism where he himself was lost. The ravages that the doctrines of Towianski wrought upon the minds and bodies of his votaries may be gauged from the fact that the master exacted from his followers a species of perpetual ecstasy. Perhaps the most pathetic feature of this sad history is that it is impossible to doubt that Adam acted throughout from the highest motives and sincere good faith. He genuinely believed that Towianski was called by God and that it behooved his disciples to gather all men into his fold.

With what a passion of grief those whose dearest hopes for their country and their faith rested on Mickiewicz beheld his fall we know from the cry of anguish stamped on the letters and writings of the time. "For the love of God," one of Mickiewicz's former fellow-prisoners wrote to him, "for the love of God do not swerve from our Mother Church by even one step, though you should see the salvation of Poland but three steps off." Bohdan Zaleski, Mickiewicz's devoted friend, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land for Adam's soul. There, he tells how he wept and prayed; how, prostrating himself in one of the shrines, he could only between his tears implore the divine mercy. The poet, Witwicki, forced for conscience sake into the terrible position of being at open war with the man whom he loved, carried his breaking heart to Rome, where he entered the Order of the Resurrection, and there died. He rests—his sorrows over—beneath the shadow of San Lorenzo, in that most exquisite of cemeteries, engirdled with the haunting silence and the mournful unearthly beauty of the Roman Campagna.

Years passed; and then Catholic hearts were filled with hope at hearing that Mickiewicz had betaken himself to Rome to seek an audience with Pius IX. The poet who had gone forth from the Eternal City, in the full strength of his manhood

and genius, to give his nation her two greatest poems and to labor for God's kingdom on this earth, re-entered her walls a white-haired, weary man, familiar with grief, his worn face indelibly marked with the traces of the terrible spiritual ordeal through which he had passed; but with the beauty of his moral character still shining forth, unimpaired.*

The Fathers of the Resurrection were not at that time—1847—in their present college beneath the Pincio, but down at San Claudio. They had been the chief opponents of Towianski, and had struggled for Adam's soul. Difficult as their mutual relations had consequently become, the old love between Mickiewicz and his friends of happier days had never died. Mickiewicz took up his quarters in that house in the narrow Via del Pozzetto hard by San Claudio, where the mural tablet recording his presence may still be seen. He hastened to San Claudio. Going into the recreation room, where all the Fathers were assembled, he went up to Father Jelowicki whom, calling him a Pharisee, he had once turned out of his house, and embraced him, humbly beseeching his pardon.

His next step was to obtain a private audience with Pius IX. It has been told that when he entered the Holy Father's presence, he said: "Behold the prodigal son," to which the gentle pontiff replied: "The most beloved son." But what really passed between them has never been known. That it was of a very painful description seems certain from the fact that the poet returned from the audience in great distress of mind, and that Pope Pius IX. spoke of him afterwards with sorrowful compassion as "that poor man."

After this audience, Adam returned to confession and submitted his writings† and those of his master to the judgment of the Holy See. It is characteristic of that greatness of soul that had never left Mickiewicz, even in those devious paths through which he had wandered, that it was to Father Jelowicki that he made his general confession. But Mickiewicz's exact spiritual standpoint at this time of his life is not very clear. It is true that his allegiance to Towianski had been considerably waning for some time before he set out for Rome; but although Catholics took for granted that the object of his journey was to make a formal abjuration of his errors, the

* *Adam Mickiewicz.* Dr. J. Kallenbach. Cracow. 1897.

† The course of lectures given by Mickiewicz at the *Collège de France.*

Towianists believed that he intended to win Pius IX. to their point of view. The truth seems to lie between the two, namely, that although Mickiewicz came to Rome ardently desiring to be reconciled to the Holy See, he still clung to the hope that the doctrines that had become his life could be found compatible with the teaching of the Catholic Church.*

But when he left the Eternal City, leading thence the nucleus of a Polish legion to fight against Austria that he had labored to form in Rome, his soul was still dwelling in its prison house, he was still cherishing his delusion that Towianski's creed was not opposed to the eternal truths of the Catholic Church. It is mournful to reflect that had the methods of Jelowicki and of his colleague, Hube, more resembled those of their Divine Master in dealing with a wandering sheep, Mickiewicz might then, at that moment when all pointed to its feasibility, have been gathered back to the bosom of the Church. But Jelowicki, whom Pius IX. was wont to describe as a "good priest but a hot head" seems, for all his excellent qualities, to have treated that tortured soul, as Dr. Kallenbach observes, with a sort of military roughness and with the same want of tenderness and tact displayed by Hube. One thing is, however certain: that before his death Mickiewicz had returned to the Catholic Church, and that when, his last days sacrificed to the nation for whom all his life had been one long devotion, he passed from the world that had treated him so hardly, he died with a priest by his side and in full communion with the Holy See.

At the time that Mickiewicz was winning his way to the light in the Rome of 1830, there came to the Eternal City a young Pole who out of the fires of his own suffering was to herald to his nation, in deathless song, a radiant, mystic dawn of hope and love. Zygmunt Krasinski was then little more than a boy in years, but suffering had already irretrievably seared his youth. His father, who had covered himself with glory in the Napoleonic Polish legions, had since outraged the traditions of his distinguished house by giving himself to the Russian Government. The whole life of his only son was thereby blasted. The sensitive, nervous, highly gifted boy left Poland, where his position had become too painful for him to

* Count Tarnowski. *Gygmunt Krasinski.* Cracow. 1892.

remain. Knowing that his father's name was hated and despised by every Pole, with his own heart torn with passionate love for the nation whom he might not serve in any public way, he wandered abroad from place to place, under the eye of the Russian Government. His steps led him to Rome. She won his soul as no other city on this earth. She taught him that first lesson of a nation's redemption through love which he immortalized in *Irydion* and to which he dedicated his life; and it was Rome that in his closing years spoke to him of the hope that irradiates those beautiful lines, entitled *Roma*.

The Coliseum was the spot in Rome that chiefly fired the imagination of the youth who was not only a poet but the son of a persecuted and fallen nation. Here, in what in the early thirties must have been the most poetical of ruins, young Krasinski wandered and dreamed in the moonlight.

He wrote to Henry Reeve, the friend and confidant of his early youth, the following passage which we give here because it is, so to speak, the prelude to the famous scene in *Irydion*:

> The moon appeared at that moment on the walls of the Coliseum as though she rose from a mass of ivy that fell in festoons from the summit of the building. Columns, arcades, porticoes, the seats of the Cæsars, of the senators, of the people, appeared, pale, and in ruins. The arena was open to the sky. In the middle rose a cross of black wood. To me this cross is worth the Cathedral of Milan and St. Peter's. That cross was persecuted in this place when the Coliseum represented all the power of those who had built it. And to-day it stands erect where it was trampled under foot, and the haughty Coliseum which proudly beheld its humiliation is now crumbling to dust around it. But there is no look about it as if it were priding itself on its triumph. Silently it stretches its black arms to the two sides of the building, and seems to cast a shadow of peace and benediction over the earth where the persecutors and the persecuted sleep.
>
> He who does not believe in Christ let him go to the Coliseum on a fine night; and if he does not fall upon his knees before the symbol of faith, that man, I say, has neither soul nor heart.*

And as Krasinski gazed upon the sign of his salvation tri-

* Correspondance de Sigismond Krasinski et de Henry Reeve. Paris. 1902.

umphant, and upon the desolation of a conquering empire's pride, the figures that passed before his eyes took shape, six years later, in the hour of his nation's need. In 1836—the date in which *Irydion* was published—Poland was devastated by the terrible Russian persecution following the rising of 1830. Krasinski, trembling for his nation's moral peril, beset as she was by that temptation of a conquered people to defend herself by the weapons of revenge, wrote *Irydion.*

Let it be remembered that Krasinski was not sounding the trumpet-call to a battle that he had never fought. He himself had borne the heat and anguish of the struggle. The poet who lives in his nation's annals as one who taught that the fruit of anger is death and that only by love and moral beauty shall a people rise from bondage—the heart of that poet had in his early youth been devoured by a passion of hatred. Young and prosperous Reeve wrote and rebuked him for this dark spot in his character. This was in 1831, when the rising was being stamped out in blood and when all joy was banished from the heart of every Pole. Krasinski answered Reeve in words that are the most eloquent illustration of the conditions under which *Irydion*, a few years later, was written by a Pole and read by Poles:

> You, a free man, a man born free, you do not understand the feelings of a man whose ancestors were as free as you, but who himself is an oppressed slave. You have never seen a young and beautiful woman, weeping with scalding tears the loss of her honor, torn from her by the brutality of a conqueror. You have never heard the chains trembling on the arms of your compatriots. At night, the sounds of lamentations have not made you start from your sleep, you have not sat up on your pillow to listen, half asleep, to the wheels jolting on the pavement, the wheels of the cart that carried your relation, your friend, to the snows of Siberia. In the day time, you have not seen bloody executions, nor a tyrant in uniform passing like lightning through the public places, urging his four Tartar horses at full gallop against the passers-by. The passers-by were my compatriots: he was a Russian. You have not been compelled to hear a hard, harsh language forced on a people who did not understand it. You have not caught glimpses of the emaciated faces of your brothers through the gratings of a prison. Round the fireside

> in winter, you have never been told how that one disappeared, how the other has been condemned, how this village was burnt, that town sacked, and all Praga drowned in the blood of its inhabitants, children thrown palpitating on the icy, stiffened bosoms of their mothers. You have not followed on the map the desolation of your country, how it has gradually been shorn, robbed, how at last it has been overwhelmed beneath the weight of the oppressors.*

Irydion, the son of a Greek, but in whose veins runs also the blood of the North, has grown up among the citizens of Imperial Rome, apparently their friend, but in reality preparing, with the stealthy step of the panther, his deadly vengeance against the conqueror of Hellas. Nothing is sacred to his soul, corrupt to the core by his lust for revenge, if only he can bring about the fall of Rome. Everywhere he sows a bitter harvest: the tears and frenzy of the women whom he sacrifices for his one end; discord among the Christians among whom he, feigning Christianity to obtain their arms against Rome, has intrigued; the treachery of the Prætorians and the thirst for blood of the barbarian bands upon which he has played.

At last all seems ready to his hand and the night for which he has lived and labored, that of Rome's eternal destruction, is upon him. But the persecuted followers of the Cross shatter Irydion's scheme of bloodshed. They withold their aid, and Rome is saved.

Then Masynissa—Mephistopheles—who has been the evil genius and the tempter throughout the drama, leads Irydion to a mountain whence Rome is dimly visible. There, in the anguish of his failure, Irydion casts himself to the earth, cursing Masynissa for his vain promises, and not knowing whither to turn where all has left him, he cries out that if the God of the Christians existed it is to Him that he would now look. Let Masynissa tell him if that Christ be God. Masynissa owns that Christ is God, and his own eternal enemy in Whose name Rome will once more be the mother and the mistress of all nations. But he has one last temptation to offer to the despairing Irydion. He foresees a day when "In the Forum there will be dust, in the Circus ruins, on the Capitol shame." If Irydion will deny Christ, Masynissa

* Op. cit.

will cast him into a slumber whence after hundreds of years he will awake to behold Rome humbled to the earth.

His heart panting for savage joy, Irydion is wrapt in a trance under a mountain near Rome. Centuries roll over his head. The face of the world is changed; and then, when the hour has struck, Irydion arises (at the date of the drama). He passes over the desolated Campagna down the Appian Way where all is one mournful memory of the Rome that he last saw in her pride, by the fallen palace of the Cæsars, through the ruined Forum. In the Coliseum he stands to be judged.

The moon shines down upon the yawning walls. The ruin is filled with the sound of sighs and hymns—the voices of the martyrs crying out below, the saints and angels answering them above. And at the foot of the Cross, while hell and heaven battle for his soul, stands Irydion, now no longer hating that Cross for it seems to him that it is "weary as he, sorrowful as the fate of Hellas, and holy for evermore." The arena is silver with the wings of the angelic Christian maiden whom Irydion destroyed but who is struggling to save his soul, while Masynissa in diabolic fury would tear him from the Cross.

"Immortal Enemy," cries the demon, "he is mine, for he lived in vengeance and he hated Rome."

"Oh, Lord," cries the heavenly defender, "he is mine, because he loved Greece."

Love, stronger than hatred, wins, and Irydion is saved because, though he had hated Rome, he had loved Greece. But because he had labored for what he had loved by ignoble means and deeds of hatred, he is sent forth to work out his salvation by a second test. In the sentence pronounced upon him with which Krasinski closes the play, the poet blends the allegory with his message to his own people. The hero of his drama and his "Thought" are one.

> Go to the north in the name of Christ. Go and halt not till thou standest in the land of graves and crosses.* Thou wilt know it by the silence of men and the sadness of little children. Thou wilt know it by the sighs of My angels flying o'er it in the night.
>
> * Poland,

There is thy second trial. For the second time thou wilt see thy love transpierced, dying . . . and the sorrows of thousands shall be born in thy one heart.

Go and trust in My Name. Be calm before the oppression of the unjust. They will pass away, but thou and My word will not pass away.

Go and act, although thy heart should faint in thy bosom; although thou shouldst lose faith in thy brethren; although thou shouldst despair of Me Myself, Act ever and without rest; and thou wilt rise not from sleep as erst but from the work of ages—and thou wilt be the free son of Heaven.

And the sun rose above the ruins of Rome. And there was none whom I might tell where were the traces of my Thought. But I know that it lasts and lives.

This "Thought," born in the Coliseum, became the guiding star of Krasinski's life.

Many years after he had written these words, Krasinski was again wintering in Rome. Worn by physical suffering and grief for his country, the charm of the Rome that had so gained his heart seemed lost. Yet at this time—1852—are dated his lines to the eternal city. The man whom the national catastrophe of 1846 had prematurely aged still proclaimed in unshaken faith that Poland could not perish. Around him, he sang, were the ruins of Rome's fallen greatness. Let his nation learn from those desolate heaps of stone in the Campagna, about the Tiber, in the Forum, that strength without love passes away as smoke, that the spirit of vengeance, the works of darkness and oppression die with the Roman triumphs of old; but Poland will not die. And that even as the Cross rose in glory from the Catacombs, so Poland will arise victorious from her grave, conquering by sorrow.

THE INDICTMENT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

MANY minds are tyrannized over by impressions which tend increasingly to detach themselves from facts. Such minds develop a habit of seeing facts not as facts but as arguments or symptoms. This trait of the mind has its value in explaining social movements and particularly in explaining Socialism.

Socialism has become a composite of ideals, theories, sentiments and emotions which is powerful because these are powerful in human life. If an individual enjoy hate, Socialism invites him because hatred enters into its makeup. If he enjoy dreams of peace and perfect life, Socialism invites him because dreams and the promise of perfect life belong to it. If he enjoy logical order, reckless generalization and the completeness of system, Socialism invites him again for it carries all of these to a most satisfying degree. If he enjoy certainty and abhor doubt, Socialism will please him because it is saturated with alleged infallibility. This is the wonderful feature of it. It expresses many things that are universal in human hearts but are with difficulty brought to expression by the individual. Its seductive appeal is due to its keen sense of what is universal in human feeling and emotion, and in having created a tradition into which all of these wide features of human emotion and action are introduced. Its power lies in fancy, in interpretation, in emotional appeal. He would make a great mistake who would look with flippancy on Socialism or who would be content to attempt to dismiss it with sarcasm or denunciation. Had Socialism a keen sense for facts and the self-control which accurate knowledge of facts brings to the mind, it would be far less dangerous than it is.

I do not mean to say that the socialist does not see facts. He does. But he sees them as symptoms, arguments, illustrations for something which is in his mind and feeling. When the conservative offers him a fact and asks him to look at it, it crumbles in his grasp and becomes a fancy, a commentary,

an argument. Thus, on the whole they are right who claim that Socialism is a state of mind. Practically the only medicine which can cure one of Socialism is the medicine of fact, but the patient refuses to take it. If this be true why would it not be well for us who cannot believe in Socialism to lay aside for a moment our own standpoint, and to study Socialism's mind in its attitudes and action. We may take Socialism as a fact in social psychology. Is it not well to do so? A description is offered in these pages of the state of mind of Socialism relative to private property. In describing the indictment which Socialism draws against it, endorsement of the charges is neither intended nor implied. Were the narrative to halt at every paragraph for the sake of making distinctions and reservations, a reader's patience might easily be exhausted. This explanation may serve to forestall misunderstandings to which this form of description might lead, when the matter in hand is the subject of most violent social, political and religious controversy.

I.

Effort was made in a preceding article to describe certain features of private property as we actually know it. The State takes one attitude toward industrial property and attempts to bring it under the secure domination of law. Organized labor takes another attitude toward industrial property and endeavors to rearrange industrial relations in order to improve the conditions of the working class. The Church constantly preaches the Christian doctrine of the stewardship of wealth, and aims to inject the spirit of Christ into the property relations of Christians. Industry itself attempts to hold its action largely free from the restraints referred to, standing for the old-fashioned individualism on which it thrived. Socialism finally, takes an entirely distinct attitude toward private property and plans a form of its reconstruction through which it promises industrial justice and social peace. Thus, we find the State, the Church, organized labor and Socialism in the attitude of critics of private property. Each of them contains a criticism of it and a plan of its reorganization. Attention is now directed to the socialist charges alone against private property.

In typical industrial property, that is in the great enter-

prises, we find as already shown that ownership is separated from management; that the individual is a part owner in one or in many industrial enterprises but complete owner of none; that when the majority or even less than the majority of the stock is in the hands of one individual or a like-minded clique, the owners of the minority stock have absolutely no control of their property other than the right to sell out. Thus, the minority owners in modern industry are unable to bring to expression a single Christian conviction in the administration of their property. It was shown further that industries tend to become more and more dependent on one another through industrial organization and that groups of individuals who become stockholders and directors in different industries tend to concentrate into relatively few hands large numbers of directorships. This concentration of industries and of directorships wipes out differences among properties and managements, and contributes greatly to the unity and centralization of the industrial world. The mechanism of credit is so organized that industrial leaders dominate in banking circles and vice-versa. Stock watering has been developed to such an extent as to have constituted an acute national problem, while the divine and natural sanctions for property are now extended by force of circumstances to these "legalized forms of stealing" as many who are not socialists call them. Capital, therefore, may be looked upon as one vast, industrial interest, animated by common impulse, threatened by common enemies and favored by common friends. Private property is not therefore, the small holding of millions of distinct parcels of capital but a tremendous amalgamated mass, constituting a mighty interest in modern society. In this form it tends to question the authority and the power of the sovereign State itself.

Capital has become so powerful in modern society that everyone is examining it. It is blamed for everything that goes wrong. The concentrated criticisms that are made of it by hundreds of thousands have gradually led many to question its moral and social justification. Speculative questions are as a rule not harmful, but when the man in the street or the girl in the factory or the skilled mechanic in his shop challenges the moral foundations of the social order, there are stormy times ahead. Now the ethical foundations of private

property are questioned in many minds. In its modern industrial form, private property has snapped asunder so many of the social and ethical restraints which in another day had been safe; it has forced to the front so many social, political and ethical questions that it itself is under question. The temper of the average radical is well expressed in the philosophic words of Professor Jowett who, in writing on Plato's "Republic" speaks as follows:

> Are we quite sure that the received notions of property are the best? Can the spectator of all time and all existence be quite convinced that one or two thousand years hence great changes will not have taken place in the rights of property or even that the very notion of property beyond what is necessary for personal maintenance may not have disappeared. . . . The reflection will occur that the state of society can hardly be final in which the interests of a thousand are periled on the life or character of a single person.

In the progress of railroading, increase in the speed and weight of trains was made possible only when rails and roadbed were brought up to the requirements of the new strain and when perfected air brakes placed in the hands of the engineer the power to throw a controlling clutch on every wheel at will. The passion for property has taken on such intensity that it has torn through our institutions and we have failed to develop the roadbed on which it might run safely, and the air brakes which might check its onward rush. State and Church, organized labor and public opinion are busy attempting to repair the roadbed and improve the brakes by which the action of property may be controlled. Socialism stands as an onlooker and tells them that this effort is of no avail. What, then, is the attitude toward private property which is widely diffused and traditional in Socialism? In order to hold more closely to the terminology of the socialist, the word "Capital" instead of private property may be used throughout the description.

II.

Socialism accuses capital of unwarranted usurpation of industrial power.

It is alleged that the owners of industrial capital, or more

accurately, the managers of industrial capital have taken to themselves the complete authority required in governing industry and have seemed unwilling to permit either the government through its laws or the laborers through concerted action to share any of the authority in question. It is held that all power in industry is derived from ownership, and that there should be no divided jurisdiction, and consequently that industrial absolutism is the law. This is taken to mean concretely that the managers of capital may give protection to health, to morality and to home; protection against accident and disease, against the dangers in the work of women and of children as they see fit, but not as the laborers themselves demand or even as the modern state might ask. Hence, it is said that when organized labor has demanded specific forms of protection, it has not been heard, and when the state has endeavored to enact laws offering this protection to men, women and children, the managers of industrial capital have resisted at every step because of this threatened invasion of their jurisdiction. The result of the summing up of facts in modern life, and of the interpretations of fact in industrial history have driven Socialism into the fixed impression that capital in its modern form is inherently brutal and selfish and disposed to obey no humane instinct except when compelled by law. Hence, the whole history of death by accident, of impairment of health and efficiency by disease, the exploiting of women and of children in industry, are laid at the feet of industrial capital and described as the consequence of the industrial absolutism which capital has claimed and exercised.

Socialism accuses capital of unwarranted usurpation of political authority.

It is claimed that the interests of capital everywhere have become identical and that they are so mighty and the men in control are so farsighted and powerful that the "Interests" have conquered the machinery of government and of law, and have actually exercised and controlled political authority in a manner highly detrimental to the interests of humanity. Socialism claims that governments have tried in a hesitating manner to control capital but have failed, and that captial has endeavored to control government and has succeeded. In this struggle the action of capital has been largely on the defensive. It has been necessary only to fight against new prin-

ciples of social responsibility, against the declarations of new rights revealed through industrial relations. The old-fashioned individualism that left men free, that left the labor contract free, that gave the widest liberty to enterprise and to the management and control of property, favored in the highest degree the interests of modern amalgamated capital. Hence, it has merely desired to be let alone. Now, Socialism's indictment is to the effect that capital recognized in the state a possible enemy, and that it set out to capture the machinery of the government in self-defence. We are told that capital sends its representatives into the legislatures, places them in executive chairs and sends them into our courts. We are told that the representatives of capital are active at every stage in the process of lawmaking and constitution interpreting; that they have hindered the introduction of laws that displeased them; that when these laws have been passed they have been declared by the courts to be unconstitutional; and when the courts have declared them constitutional, capital has been able to neutralize their effect by challenging interpretations and opposing enactment. It is claimed further that in this nefarious activity, capital has been able to secure the highest types of legal and political mind and to engage their most brilliant powers in its defence. We are reminded that the man without property or property affiliations cannot enter a legislature or sit among the judges because he lacks the income, the training and the prestige. It is claimed that capital has corrupted city politics, state politics and federal politics and that it has dominated conventions and controlled political parties without scruple.

The relations between capital and government or between money and government appear in the socialistic presentation as a cause of suspicion because the government is always a heavy borrower. It relies on great financiers to place its bonds and to sustain the tone of confidence throughout the nation on which prosperity depends. It is said that efforts on the part of the government to place its bonds in small units among the people at large are easily frustrated by shrewd financiers. It is believed in the socialistic propaganda that a few financial kings have it in their power at any time to throw the nation into a panic without breaking a single civil law. To this condition is ascribed the timidity which the government feels

and its reluctance to assert itself against the so-called money kings. It would seem that this thought is similar to one which was expressed recently by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University. The press reports him as saying: "All civilized nations are owned or controlled." "The men who make the war loans control all the civilized nations." "Emperors and kings and parliaments may not declare war to satisfy a whim, to defend their honor or even to right a wrong, until they have secured the permission of their 'uncles.'" "The Rothschilds and other money-lending families absolutely control the situation." The attention which governments necessarily pay to the fostering of business interests, the eager desire of the government for stability above all things and the necessarily close relation between statesmen, industrial leaders, and financiers, are elements in a situation which lends itself to suspicion and evil interpretation. The result is that the mind of Socialism is fundamentally convinced that government and law are under the complete dictation of capital.

Socialism accuses capital of exercising its malevolent sway over the non-industrial social classes.

The constitution of modern property is as a matter of fact such as to extend capitalistic sympathies very far beyond the actual domain of business. The scattering of shares of ownership throughout the country and the wide diffusion of bonds and other forms of borrowing make it possible, as was already shown, to have tens of thousands of owners of an industry or of lenders to it. Now, if a lawyer saves money and invests it, he invests it in industrial securities. He thus becomes a capitalist. His sympathies with capital grow strong as his attachment to his property increases. He becomes, therefore, a partisan of property interests rather than a champion of humanity. Much the same may be said of physicians, of men of professed culture, in fact of members of every social class wherein any saving and investing are found. Thus Socialism has a logical arrangement of facts by which it is confirmed in its belief, that capitalistic sympathies expand widely through society and develop a habit of mind which comes in conflict with the larger interests of the race, particularly of the exploited laboring class.

Socialism accuses capital of the enslavement of journalism to the interests of property.

It is claimed that in a democracy the press is the great guardian of personal liberty and an effectual restraint on government. Hence, freedom of the press is always to be guarded. The press enjoys great prestige because of this assumption. Now, Socialism claims to find that journalism is itself merely a capitalistic enterprise; that a newspaper is conducted as a stock corporation generally, and that it is conducted only while it pays dividends. Enormous amounts of capital are required to install a complete modern newspaper, and thus its publication is an industrial enterprise in the same sense as manufacturing shoes or steel rails. Consequently, it is claimed that the rank and file of our great newspapers stand for capitalistic philosophy, that the editorial page is controlled from the counting-room, and that no reform principles are advocated and no measures are supported which will displease the heavy advertisers or the majority of the owners of the stock. A curious illustration of this general charge is found in a statement made some years ago, to the effect that a Western newspaper, which was brought into court for some action or other, counted among its stockholders a public service corporation, a street railway company, a telephone company, a stock yards company, and a railroad.

Socialism accuses capital of academic usurpation.

It is believed that the whole range of higher teaching receives direction or bias from the domination which capital exerts in the upbuilding and maintaining of schools. Endowments come from capital. Therefore, they will have the sins of capital. It is alleged that capital exercises censorship over the selection of professors or over their teachings and that it actually pays professors who write in its interests. If a professor teaches in a manner offensive to property interests it is claimed that he is chastised, if not dismissed, or ordered to modify his views. This feature of the socialistic indictment of things seems to have found expression not long ago in a recognized organ of American culture in words which one would expect to find rather in some reckless propaganda sheet. "Watching vulgar millionaires make irrational endowments for self-glorification, having his politics scrutinized before receiving a call to teach, and even being obliged to soften down his lectures because a patron believes in high tariff, owns a brewery, or works children to death in the mills, the American

teacher is scarcely to be blamed if he concludes that things in general cry for a lively shaking-up."

Socialism accuses capital of ecclesiastical usurpation.

The hatred of Christianity which comes to frequent expression in radical circles is a phenomenon that would merit some investigation. The accusations of subserviency to capital which Socialism makes against the Church, may be summarized under three headings. The most radical form of denunciation is that according to which all religion is false, superstitious, ignorant, and illusory. In this view religion is looked upon as the merest puppet of capital, devised, sustained, and directed in a way to control and to perpetuate the enslavement of the masses. This view seems to rest on a thoroughly atheistical and materialistic attitude and its warfare is directed against all religion which claims supernatural sanction. A less radical attitude is found among those who do not deny the fundamental truth of religion, but who claim that the spirit of religion, that is Christianity, has been destroyed by organization. We sometimes hear it called "Churchianity." Where this view is held, great respect and reverence may be manifested for the name and spirit of Christ and for the beautiful social and spiritual teachings contained in His divine revelation, but the organization of the Church is denounced. Its enslavement to capital is declared to be complete, and on this account it is said that the spirit of Christ has departed from modern religion. There is finally an attitude found among those who complain not that even institutional Christianity is altogether wrong, but that the individual leaders and representatives of it have betrayed the message of God, and have voluntarily enslaved themselves to capital. It is indeed with difficulty that one restrains one's impulse to express resentment against the horrible and reckless insinuations which are scattered through many radical publications. One finds associated with these attitudes a bitterness, irreverence, and even blasphemy, which are shocking to the last degree. To whatsoever extent academic socialists represent Socialism independently of these attitudes toward religion, and to whatsoever extent fairminded observers endeavor to believe socialists when they deny the alliance between this spirit and Socialism, one can scarcely fail to find among the traditions of Socialism and its spirit, as here described, the elements of the ugly attitudes referred to.

Thus the monster, Capital, takes on in the mind of Socialism very repulsive features. Its nefarious activity in industrial and political, in religious and in social life is accepted as the final explanation of the evils from which society is suffering. In the mind of Socialism, capital appears to be nimble, resourceful, subtle, and without conscience, capable of every form of wrong, and without remorse.

Further proof of capital's iniquity is presented to its critics by alleged evasion of responsibilities. When the employer has been adjudged responsible for injury or death to laboring men it is believed that he has been unwilling to meet that responsibility and has used the technicalities of legal procedure to defeat justice. By fighting damage cases in the courts, it is claimed that capital has so discouraged and disheartened laboring men that these look no longer for justice at the hands of the law. Fault is found with the mental attitude of capital which gives precedence to property rights over human rights, as for instance seems to appear in the following declaration credited to a well-known organization of capitalists. "We have had an excess of agitation under the guise of moral crusades such as child labor, railroad reforms, and similar movements which are excellent and desirable in reasonable measure but not so when pressed to the hazard of vested interests and property." The shortcomings of our legal procedure which for that matter are frankly admitted on all sides, serve in the mind of Socialism to justify its worst suspicions concerning the deliberate enslavement of those in power to the will of capital. We are reminded in the criticisms now under consideration that large industrial interests have dominated the congresses which have enacted the tariff laws and have fattened on them. We are reminded that capital is unwilling to pay its taxes, to assume its share of the burden of supporting public institutions and that by tricks of incorporation the elementary civic obligations of industrial property are neglected. In a word, at every point in its outlook and in every feature of its activity, capital represents to the mind of Socialism the final summary of organized iniquity and the final form of malevolent power.

III.

There are many forms of Socialism as regards the constructive side of it. There are many philosophies but the criticism which is offered is practically unanimous. Whether summarized as indicated or otherwise, the minds of socialists scarcely differ in imputing to capital, the seven deadly sins and the violation of the whole decalogue. There is an amazing certainty in Socialism combined with comprehensiveness and simplicity. If we ask a conservative to explain this or that social evil, he studies, observes, hesitates, looks for data, tests his results and speaks with reserve. If we ask a socialist the same question, his answer comes promptly, clearly, and with certainty. The socialist mind is simplified in its views and logical, regardless of logic's limitations.

The socialist criticism of private property has much in it that appeals to certain types of mind. It seems to explain things. It is systematic and complete. It is easily learned and satisfying to those who accept it. The worker may not care about philosophy but he does care to know why his baby dies from poisoned milk, why he must breathe steel dust or risk an eye or an arm in daily labor. Socialists deal in these immediate homely explanations. The whole range of industrial oppression, of political corruption, of conservative indifference, is explained simply and directly. Shall we wonder that Socialism thrives and that even its impossibilities take on an alluring charm for those who are disposed to listen to it.

There is scarcely any doubt that this singling out of capital for concentrated criticism has been a valuable feature of socialistic propaganda. It has been possible to charge to capital and its representatives the whole range of evil which may be laid to the charge of human nature itself. The capitalist is looked upon as a victim of a system. He is not so much blamed as pitied, and sometimes the socialist magnanimously tells him what freedom he too will enjoy under Socialism. Imagining now, a class of men and women drilled in this simple comprehensive criticism of private property or capital, we can easily discover the logical foundations of the whole system as to both criticism of society and its reconstruction.

If capital has mastered society, has enslaved the state, the law, the courts; if it has subjected the Church and school

and press; if it has sanctioned power over our institutions, there can be no hope for humanity at large without radical changes. Thus Socialism seeks to engender despair of our institutions by declaring them bankrupt. It blames this bankruptcy entirely on the private ownership of capital. It sees no hope whatever, except in the collective ownership of capital. Then to meet well-known objections, it proclaims the perfectibility of human nature and the supremacy of environment in life. These five positions make up the essential assumptions of all Socialism as may be shown later.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Shaft and slab so naked showing
  Through the twilight gray
Prop a thousand green things growing
  No man sees, nor may:
Like flowers of fate,
We dead await
  Our mystic Sorting Day.

Hid sweet peas and viewless roses,
  Secret ivy spray,
Climb unguessed the slanting crosses
  Where no mourners pray;
Or wakeful creep
O'er stones of sleep
  Sunk long in disarray.

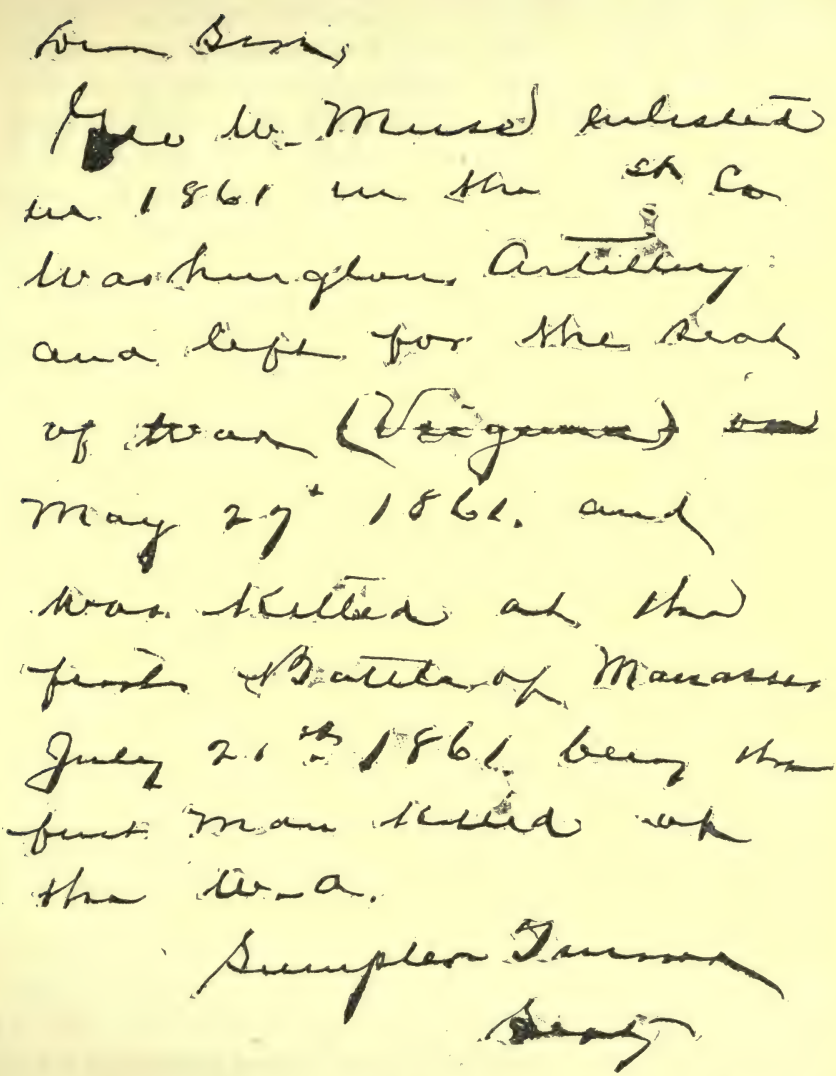
Who shall from our saddest pleasaunce
  Go, transplanted gay
To the Far all-perfect Presence?
  Who be flung away?
Ah, root with mine!
Must *we* untwine?—
  A Gardener comes to say.

THE FIRST POSTULANT.

THE late Father George Deshon on different occasions told us of our first Paulist postulant from the ranks of the laity, for Father Robert Beverly Tillotson, who ante-dated all others, came as a priest. Father Deshon's account was that a young man in New Orleans applied for admission early in the year 1861, the community being then not quite three years in existence. "I don't remember his name," said Father Deshon, "but we were all deeply interested in him, as he was the first layman who applied. He was accepted conditionally. He belonged to a military company, and felt bound to go to the front with it, promising that as soon as he had fulfilled that duty of honor, he would get away and enter among us. But he was killed at the battle of Bull Run." So far the community tradition.

Lately some researches were made among the early records of the Paulist community, and two letters were found, written by a young man named George W. Muse. They identified him as that first postulant from the laity. Naturally desirous to learn more, we engaged the kind offices of a valued friend, Father Emile Husser, D.D., diocesan missionary of the diocese of Natchez, to make inquiries in New Orleans. He was at once much interested, and being a Louisianian was able to obtain for us the following brief information from Mr. Sumpter Turner, representing officially the Confederate Veteran Association of the Washington Artillery, the organization with which Muse was connected.

This is the sum total of all information obtainable in New Orleans, repeated attempts by way of letters of inquiry, including one to the single individual bearing the name of Muse found in that city's directory, failing to elicit any answer. Mr. Turner's letter is as follows:



DEAR SIR: George W. Muse enlisted in 1861, in the 1st Company, Washington Artillery and left for the seat of war (Virginia) on May 27, 1861, and was killed at the first battle of Manasses, July 21, 1861, being the first man killed of the W. A.

SUMPTER TURNER,
Secretary.

But comrade Turner is mistaken, as was Father Deshon, in thinking that our postulant was killed in the battle of Manasses, or Bull Run. He was killed three days before. We append an extract from the official report of the officer commanding the 1st Company of the Washington Artillery in the skirmish at Blackburn's Ford, July 18. It is signed "C. W. Squires, Lieutenant com'd'g" the captain having been wounded in the action. The combat was principally a lively artillery duel:

> The firing now became general on both sides, the enemy firing at first over our heads, but gradually getting our range. We returned their fire, and were informed by General Longstreet that we were doing great execution. The enemy's guns ceased firing for a few minutes, and it appeared that something had happened. Our battery in the meantime kept up rapid firing. The enemy soon opened again, their shells bursting in the very midst of our battery, wounding Captain Eshleman, privates H. L. Zebel, J. A. Tarlton, and G. W. Muse of First Company.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> G. W. Muse died of his wounds during the night.

The Union guns were a battery of the regular army, commanded by Captain (afterwards Major General) Ayres, and their loss according to Captain Ayres' official report, was two killed and two wounded. We trust that young Muse was not responsible for any of these casualties, according to his wish, "I cannot bear the idea of killing any one," expressed in a letter presently to be given.

It is a curious question as to how the original Paulists learned of his death—a private soldier killed in a petty skirmish, whose incidents, too, were quite overshadowed by the fateful and world-renowned battle of three days later, a question we have found no means of answering. As to the mother, how soon did God accept her offering of her son to his country's "just and holy cause," as he sincerely believed it to be, a painful sacrifice which forstalled the wholly joyous one of her son's vocation: "My mother is very anxious that I should join the Paulists."

Now let us go back and consider the origin of this vocation. In 1854 the original Paulists, at that time Redemptorists, gave missions in the principal churches of New Orleans.

It was then that our future postulant, first made their acquaintance, which, however, was not as far as we know, personal, but rather that of a profoundly moved hearer of the Fathers' sermons. It was seven years afterwards that he wrote to Father Hecker a letter from which we shall now quote:

NEW ORLEANS, April 11, 1861.

REVEREND FATHER: I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject which is very nearly connected with my eternal welfare, and which I suppose you, as a missionary, will be pleased to receive. Some years ago whilst you and your companions were giving missions in this city, I was so impressed with your sermons, and particularly the one on hell, delivered by Father Walworth, that I became sincerely desirous of leaving the world and joining you. Yet I yielded to a feeling of indecision and mentioned nothing about it to any of you. After you left, this desire remained with me for a long time; but on account of my becoming engaged in the affairs of the world, its strength gradually decreased until I thought no more of it.

He then tells of its revival with the imperative force of a well-developed vocation during the preceding winter, and that under the spur of it he wrote to Father Walworth, who answered him encouragingly from Troy, N. Y., where he was at the time in charge of St. Peter's parish. After speaking of the local priests to whom he could refer, he continues:

I wish to know if you will receive me, and what will be required on my part. I am twenty-three years old and a native of Louisiana. I suppose it will require a better acquaintance with me than any mere letter could afford, before you decide. But I trust it is the will of God, and that ere long I shall be with you. I am engaged in business in this city. But I am dissatisfied with the world, and really think that I cannot remain in it and save my soul. I know all that the world can give, and I am persuaded that all is a mere nothing that passes away with time.

And now comes mention of the reason why young Muse's application has so tragical an interest—the Civil War. He wrote this letter on the 11th of April, and at daylight on the

12th the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor began:

> I would like, if possible, to join you before the war commences, for I am afraid to kill anybody, even in my country's cause, but will be compelled to do so, if war is declared. For I am a member of the Washington Artillery, a leading military company of this city. I have conversed with several of my friends (priests) concerning my vocation, and they all seem to think it is the ministry. My mother is very anxious that it should be so. Hoping to hear from you soon, and to be numbered among you ere long,
>
> I am your humble servant,
>
> G. W. MUSE.

It might be asked how he could reach New York by mail after the war had begun. The answer is that though a military frontier had been established after Fort Sumter, yet on account of the still undecided attitude of the border states, letters passed back and forth between the two sections till early summer. This letter of Muse was answered by Father Hewit. He at that time was a kind of secretary of the little Paulist Institute, and in his handwriting we find the following endorsement: "G. W. Muse, N. O. Answered April 19, '61. If he would make a journey, might come and see whether he had a vocation—if so, study elsewhere until we could receive him."

In answer to Father Hewit's letter came the following, dated nearly a month after. This second and last letter shows that Muse considered himself an accepted postulant:

> NEW ORLEANS, May 17, 1861.
>
> REVEREND FATHER: Yours of the 18th ult. reached me in due time, and proved a source of much gratification to me. But owing to the present state of affairs, I know it would be unsafe for me to visit New York, being a native born Southerner, and a strong secessionist. I am, besides, a member of the Washington Battalion of Artillery of this city, and expect to leave here with that corps in a few days for Virginia. And although I cannot bear the idea of killing any one, I yet cannot conscientiously forsake my country in her time of need. And I furthermore believe that ours is a just and a holy cause, and were I to die on the battle-field I would receive my eternal salvation. I do not understand how the North-

erners can imagine for a moment that they are in the right in pursuing their present course.

I learned that Father Walworth was going as chaplain with the 69th New York Regiment*—I trust only to act the part of the Good Samaritan. If the Washington Artillery and the 69th Regiment should ever come in contact, I think we shall have to take Father Walworth prisoner with those of that Regiment we do not kill; but if you see him, I wish you to tell him that I will try to have him properly cared for. Hoping to be with you *yet*, one of these days, I would beg of you to remember me in your prayers. Yours sincerely,

G. W. MUSE.

This letter is endorsed in Father Hewit's handwriting: "G. W. Muse, May 17, '61. Rec'd May 29." The interval of twelve days between sending and receiving, is easily accounted for by the warlike preparations of both parties along the border; it was doubtless a portion of the last regular mails that came through.

Will the reader be interested in a brief study of the home environment of young Muse? It was the ante-bellum New Orleans, the gayest city of the South, perhaps of the world. Of all the river towns, with their redundant and too often sinful gladness and giddiness, New Orleans was the foremost in forgetfulness of that "eternal welfare" which preoccupied Muse's thoughts. There the joy of sinning was defiant, and iniquity of every sort was brazen. It was the sink hole of the floating human scum of the Mississippi Valley. But as usual, the worst was not without the best, and many souls there, like our young postulant, were wholly given to God and divine things.

For the weak side of New Orleans and its flaunting immorality, read G. W. Cabell's *Old Creole Days*, *The Grandissimes*, and all the earlier era and character novels of that writer. Some of them depict conditions half a century prior to the breaking out of the Civil War, in books all reeking with the realism of a true master of the art of picturing human morals and manners. That these features of life continued on and stared Muse in the face at every turn fifty years afterwards, is a fact abundantly evident from later writings of Cabell (the powerful novel, *Doctor Sevier*, for instance), and from many contemporary witnesses.

* Muse was misinformed on this point.

A mellow climate, genial in winter nor overhot in summer; a population, one part of whom had in their very blood the spirit of unlicensed joy, and the other, and we fear lesser part, a deep flowing, emotional and, if need be, heroic Catholicity. One might stroll for hours through the winding streets and fancy himself a foreigner in his native land, seeing no emblem of even a French city of modern days. The houses were of a style of a forgotten generation, dusky and dingy and quaint, partly of Spanish, partly of French origin and appearance, garnished with queer old gables and protruding dormer windows; to an ordinary American relics of a dim and questionable past, to the dwellers in them sacred memorials of their pristine glories. Religion was a constant struggle against a tide of overpowering temptation, but its warfare was not without many and glorious victories. The public indecency of the town, however, was not overcome. Sunday was absolutely Parisian in reckless gaiety, and every day spoke loudly of lust and gambling and intemperance. This was the old town. Out of it has grown the present orderly commercial metropolis, as sober-sided married life with its seriousness follows the blare and abandon of reckless youth. The war was the beginning of the plowing under of New Orleans' wild oats. When this light-hearted and hot-headed people seceded and flung out the Pelican flag, and joined the Southern Confederacy, and the war had run its course, many good things and a vast number of good men had perished, but also the worst of the ancient evils were swept away.

Let us quote briefly from a book, now in oblivion but once widely read, and having the peculiar value of the record of personal observation. Albert D. Richardson was a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and, disguised as a commercial agent, he traveled through the whole South, east of the Mississippi, in the winter and spring preceding the outbreak of our Civil War, ending by being detected and captured and spending a doleful and lengthened period in prison. We quote what he has to say of New Orleans as he saw it in April and May, 1861. He is speaking of the old French Quarter:

> Sit down in a stall, over your tiny cup of excellent coffee, and you are hobnobbing with the antipodes—your next

neighbor may be from Greenland's icy mountains, or India's coral strand. Get up to resume your promenade, and you hear a dozen languages in as many steps; while every nation, and tribe, and people—French, English, Irish, German, Spanish, Creole, Chinese, African, Quadroon, Mulatto, American,—jostle you in good-humored confusion. Some gigantic negresses, with gaudy kerchiefs, like turbans, about their heads, are selling fruits, and sit erect as palm trees. They look like African or Indian princesses, a little annoyed at being separated from their thrones and retinues, but none the less regal for all that. At every turn little girls, with rich Creole complexions and brilliant eyes, offer you aromatic bouquets of pinks, roses, verbenas, orange and olive blossoms, and other flowers to you unknown.

Upon Jackson Square, which is a delicious bit of verdure fronting the river, loom the antique public buildings, which were the seat of government in the days of the old Spanish *régime*. Near them stands the equally ancient Cathedral, richly decorated within, where devout Catholics still worship. Its great congregations are mosaics of all hues and nationalities, mingling for the moment in the democratic equality of the Roman Church. Attending service in the Cathedral one Sunday morning, I found the aisles crowded with volunteers who were on the eve of departure for the debatable ground of Fort Pickens, and had assembled to witness the consecration of their Secession flag, a ceremonial conducted with great pomp and solemnity by the French priests (*Secret Service*. By Albert D. Richardson, Correspondent of the New York *Tribune*).

Not for Pensacola but for Virginia did the Washington Artillery receive its send off, doubtless as enthusiastic as the one witnessed by Richardson. Muse would privately make his confession to one of the Redemptorist Fathers, for he was a member of their parish, and then receive Holy Communion in their church. Finally his mother who was "very anxious" that he should become a Paulist, but, true to her Southern blood, would yet bravely if tearfully bid him God-speed to "the seat of war in Virginia," would claim the best of his final hours tarrying in this queer and questionable city of his nativity. And then with her blessing and the holy sprinkling of her tears, he would take his place in the battery and be carried away to his doom.

After he reached the seat of war, what, let us ask, was the military environment of our young postulant? He intended his military service to be but a parenthesis in his real career, yet not failing to reckon the possibility of the death that actually awaited him. He was meantime quite at home with his neighbors and friends and schoolmates, now his comrades in arms. They carried to camp and march and battle the peculiar traits of their far distant home. General Richard Taylor commanded a brigade of New Orleans soldiers in Stonewall Jackson's corps, and in his bright and lively *Memoirs* of the war, pictures vividly their wonderful bravery and their no less wonderful lightness of nature.

In *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (Vol. III. p. 97) we have an attractive scene of their jovial style of soldiering. The account is written by a lieutenant of the Washington Artillery and tells of the eve of the awful battle of Fredericksburg, fought a year and a half after Muse's death, in which various ones of these dauntless youths followed their comrade into eternity. "We of the New Orleans Washington Artillery sat up late in our camp on Marye's Heights, entertaining some visitors in an improvised theatre, smoking our pipes and talking of home. A final punch having been brewed and disposed of, everybody crept under the blankets."

The following is the impression New Orleans soldiers made upon a genuine Virginian, who had strayed among them in the confusion of the battle of Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, a little more than thirteen months after our Paulist postulant's death "during the night." The account is taken from *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, and is signed Allen C. Redwood, 55th Virginia Regiment:

> The command was as unlike my own as it is possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and native "gumbo." There was, moreover, a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. It happened that we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem*, was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching, and some skirmishing, but most of the

time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed deck of cards, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity, between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur.

What were the wounds our soldier postulant died of "during the night?" Who were with him in his last moments? Where was he buried, and with what religious rites? Who are his surviving relatives? Are there no old comrades who remember him and can tell of him? We are silent about all these interesting matters because unknowing. But this we know full well: before and at the time of his death, young George W. Muse longed with all his might to be a priest and missionary with us in the very earliest era of our little Paulist Institute, and we are fully persuaded that this was an inspiration of God's grace. We fondly trust that his soul is now in heaven with Father Hecker and our original Fathers.

He served a good postulancy, looking death in the face. Death is the best of novice masters, and the one most competent to concentrate the influences of religion into the briefest period of time, and to elicit their sincerest expression.

His name stands first in the long list of dead in the Washington Artillery, and very near the first in the scores of thousands of fearless Southerners who died on the battlefields of Virginia. Shall we not place him first in the sacred roll of our Paulist dead? He was separated from the religious society he loved and craved by the bloody chasm of war, but not at all divided in spirit and in love. The seed sown in his heart was the grace of a tranquil but resistless yearning to preach Christ's gospel and minister at His altar; the harvest was according to the seed, though gathered by the scythe of war. We embalm George W. Muse's memory in our deepest affections, and we record his name in the imperishable records of our religious community.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF GLADSTONE.

BY S. T. SWIFT.

"I HOPE that when you review Mr. Lathbury's book,* you will show the 'inhumanness' of Mr. Gladstone," wrote a friend. To one already immersed in the *Letters* themselves, the phrase was startling.

"Inhuman"?—the man who could love as he loved Hope-Scott and Manning, who could feel so fiercely for the oppressed, even when they were the opponents of all he lived for, who showed such childlike reverence for Dr. Döllinger's somewhat unwieldy attainments, and such perennial hopefulness that something would turn up to curb the incomprehensible encroachments of the Roman Church? No; in these volumes, Mr. Gladstone is at last seen delightfully, lovably, sometimes quite unreasonably, human!

Recalling, however, that it is only through Lord Morley's *Life* that Gladstone is known to the rising generation, we ceased to wonder. Mr. Gladstone, portrayed by one who deliberately and conscientiously left his religion out of account, showed a curious lack of motive for tremendous, sustained, and often distasteful effort, which led to one of two conclusions. Either here was a product of the ceaseless pressure of multitudinous industries acting and counteracting on a man in whom energies had come to be automatic, and who had persuaded himself that action was a good *per se*; or else here was a man in whom personal ambition had swallowed up every other consideration on earth or in heaven, and to whom life meant nothing if he could not guide a public to whose will he really bent with the suppleness of a well-trained moral acrobat.

Not even Lord Morley's frank assurance that nobody could be more sensible of the gaps in his pages than himself, nor his statement that no one could understand William Ewart Gladstone who did not realize that he was a man wholly domi-

* *The Ecclesiastical and Religious Correspondence of William Ewart Gladstone.* Selected and Arranged by D. C. Lathbury. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company.

nated by his religious nature, atoned for the fact that he gave us a soulless book, purporting to be the life of a man pre-eminently soulful.

Here was a man who said at the outset of his political career: "Politics would be an utter blank to me, were I to make the discovery that we were mistaken in maintaining their association with religion." Here was a man who wrote to J. R. Hope in 1844: "The purpose of Parliamentary life resolves itself simply and wholly into one question: Will it ever afford the means under God of rectifying the relations between Church and State, and give me the opportunity of setting forward such work?" How could his "life as theologian and Churchman" be dissevered from his life as politician and statesman without producing a literary monstrosity and a pen-portrait absolutely without verisimilitude—in short, an "inhuman" Gladstone?

The publication of the *Ecclesiastical and Religious Correspondence of William Ewart Gladstone* is but a tardy act of justice to his memory. We wish the *Life* could not be bought without the *Letters!* There is no "inhumanness" in these. Their humanness is as pathetic as it is lofty. On some pages we find a consciousness of the insufficiency of human nature, a reaching out for sacramental helps, a desire for some hierarchical Jacob's ladder, whereby to scale heaven, which instinctively remind one of the legends of waiting *priedieu* and expectant priest, ready to reconcile a Gladstone following hard after Newman and Manning and Hope-Scott. He craves for an infallible Church. Again, we find expressions of beliefs so contradictory, lines of argument in theological matters so opposed to those to which he would ever have dared to trust in the House of Commons, that we at once see in this "greatest citizen of the world" only a tremendous example of Catholic teaching on "invincible ignorance," and the inability of the human intellect to pass Godward beyond a certain fixed point without special illumination by divine grace.

The wealth of material in these volumes makes their intelligent reading difficult, unless the reader keep before his mind an outline map of this career of magnificent distances. The first two hundred pages deal with "Church and State." They extend over the period from 1838 to 1894. To Manning, in the first years after leaving the University, he opens his heart on the subject which formed the central interest of his long

life, *viz.*, the duty of the State in propagating religion. It was still religion which he had in mind, not ecclesiasticism; not yet was his "the passion of the great Popes and master-builders for strengthening and extending the institutions by which faith is spread." That was to be wrought out in his soul by his own book on *The State in Its Relation to the Church*, which he began in May, 1838, as an Evangelical, and finished in October of the same year as a High Churchman. Yet Gladstone could never understand how a like mental process went on in Dr. Newman while he wrote the "Development of Doctrine!"

These earliest letters to Manning seem to have been written to clarify Mr. Gladstone's own mind for his forthcoming book. He already sees that it is hopeless "to expect a high general standard of religion in a National Church," but thinks that its chief mission is "to save from the deluge of utter profligacy, and preserve in a greater or less attachment to religious ordinances and professions and even feelings, a very large class of persons who would otherwise be totally without God in the world." He admits a very low moral average in the members of the Establishment, but hopes for better things "when a self-reviewing and self-renovating principle is provided, which shall be the conscience of the Church and shall have power to execute its rewards." It is difficult to gather just what he meant by this. He finds it "a hard and formidable question . . . how the principle of Catholic Christianity is to be applied, in these evil and presumptuous days, to the conduct of public affairs." Maynooth already stares him in the face, and he regards with horror the assistance given by the State to the sects of her colonies.

In this frame of mind, he wrote the book to which Lord Macaulay's robust and healthy sarcasm alone gave immortality. Mr. Gladstone in later life probably considered its publication a misfortune. The maturity of the young Member's style caused the world to overlook the actual juvenility of his thought. In it, he advocated the recognition on English soil of but one Church, which was to be passively coercive. Up to 1844, he was determined to stand by his utterances, and withdrew from the Cabinet rather than sanction in a Ministerial capacity the increase and perpetuation of a Government grant for the training of Catholic priests in Maynooth.

His views changed in after years, because he came to see the Church of England and the State of England in another light. In 1847, he voted for the removal of Jewish disabilities, giving, as his reason, that he now saw England to be not so distinctively a Christian nation that the personal tenets of her lawgivers made much difference, provided they were willing to govern her as a realm not altogether anti-Christian. This he felt more deeply or else was willing to express more clearly in 1880, when he fought for Mr. Bradlaugh's right of admission to an oath probably not more meaningless for him than for many who took it, unchallenged, in the same Parliament. Disillusionment did not make him cynical. "Men have no business to talk of disenchantment," he wrote briskly, at seventy-one. "Ideals are never realized."

Nothing could better refute the charges of inconsistency so often brought against Mr. Gladstone than these intimate letters. Growth does not imply inconsistency. His mind proved, happily, more capable of growth than is the case with many youths of like precocity. Life is, after all, the one indispensable text book. Sir John Gladstone's intellect was incomparably less than that of his son. Yet how much saner and wiser the father's brief answer than the perfervid, hysterically devout letter in which his student son points out to him that in view of the lost condition of the human race and the fact that he himself is but one of a world of "guilty, trembling sinners," he cannot see how to serve God otherwise than by the direct work of the ministry of the Church of England.

There is every proof that the younger Gladstone's view of his own mission altered under the teaching of experience. The mental difference between the man of twenty-six, who objected to attending the wedding of his own brother with a Unitarian, and who busied himself with inventing religious tests which might be applied to the new comer into the orthodox family, and the same man at seventy-one, defending the Parliamentary rights of an atheist, in face of all manner of obloquy, is but a matter of the lapse of years. Old Sir John pointed out his lack of wisdom at the time of the aforesaid wedding. It took his son fifty years to see that his mental attitude at that period was "a deplorable state of servitude."

These Letters, no matter under what heading—"Church and State," "The Oxford Movement," "Controversy with

Rome," "Personal"—make perfectly clear that their writer was always looking Romeward with an attraction against which he as steadily fought. This attraction, he says, "never presented itself to me other than as a temptation and a sin."

Mr. Gladstone made no mistake. Unlike many of the Oxonians of his day, he saw, as early as 1844, that Papal jurisdiction was the real crux for the hesitant Anglican, no matter against what background it was presented. This comes out clearly in an intimate and confidential letter to J. R. Hope (No. 166).

In 1842, a year after the Tractarian Movement had begun, he wrote a most interesting letter to the *Times* (No. 142). The editor refused to publish it. Perhaps it was as well for Mr. Gladstone, since he presented a rather forceful argument for what was afterward to be the most objurgated of all the Tractarian tenets, begging all and sundry "not to insult the Elizabethan Reformers" by the suggestion that they imagined later generations of Englishmen would follow the opinions (expressed in the XXXIX Articles) "which they might privately and perhaps dubiously entertain." He continues as follows:

> It is one of the conspicuous benefits of Catholic principle that as it teaches men are knit together by the sacred bond of communion in the body of the Savior and not by the unsure coincidence of the operations of their own weak judgments upon high and sacred truth, it can no longer remain a question of private inclination or choice founded thereon to adhere to a given form of religion or to leave it. If such a body be within that sacred bond—that is, if it be Catholic—it is a duty to remain in it; if that silver cord be broken, it is a duty to depart. It is their business to be not where they will, nor where they like, nor where they choose, but where they have the assured promise of the Spirit. But when the character of Catholicity is erased, the Church leaves them, and not they the Church. They do not leave the Church, but follow it, and that which they leave is the usurping counterfeiter which occupies its place and apes its functions . . . If the ill-omened hour shall come when the spiritual life of the Church shall be found and declared too faint to animate a Catholic system in its august dimensions then, although the struggle go to the dividing bone from marrow, and to the rending asunder flesh from spirit, their duty is not to be denied; their de-

cision is made for them rather than by them before the emergency, and their duty is clear when it arrives.

This was precisely the attitude of the seceders who were still striving to prove the possibility of reconciling the Articles with the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and concerning whom Mr. Gladstone expressed himself rather mercilessly in many later letters to the then Archdeacon Manning. Later on, in a letter to Mrs. Gladstone, he expresses dissatisfaction as strong as their own (No. 40).

> The truth is, I think, however we may deplore these secessions, we must prepare to see many more, unless the Church of England, by the mouth of her rulers and members, shall put an end to her shameful hesitation and give people clearly to understand whether she thinks it her duty to teach the Christian Faith or not. We must hope in the mercy of God . . . and must for the present think less of the Church of England as an organized society (so long as she is content to be a Babel) than of what she has been and what we hope she will be.

This letter was written under the shock of the Gorham Judgment, which to many of this generation, is only a name. In brief, it was this. A bishop had refused to institute a clergyman to a vicarage on the ground that he held unsound doctrine with respect to baptisimal regeneration. The clergyman appealed to the ecclesiastical Court of Arches, which sustained the bishop. The matter then came before the judicial committee of the Privy Council, where a majority, with the two Archbishops as assessors, reversed the decision of the court below. Mr. Gladstone gave to this incident its full weight, and said that the state of the Church of England, after it "almost left men to choose between a broken heart and no heart at all."

On the other question, the divergencies of the early British Bishops from Roman ritual and discipline seems to have afforded him a rather unreasonable amount of assurance as to the spiritual security of schism (No. 166)

> What was the condition of those British Bishops and their Churches whom St. Augustine found in England? . . . Is the proposition anything less than monstrous that those Bishops and Churches were cut off from the Redeemer?

To us, the inference that an Englishman in the middle of the nineteenth century, with a full library of the Fathers at his disposal and with free communication, both linguistic and personal, with the Holy Roman See, should measure his conduct by the example of the earliest bishops of an isolated island in the dawn of civilization and Christianity is equally monstrous.

In later life, he settled solidly into the position he assigns in 1884 to Dr. Liddon:

> I had always supposed him to be one of those who may properly be called Anglicans, who pay allegiance to the Church of England (as Manning did before 1850) entirely and exclusively as the Catholic Church, that is, as the branch or section of the Catholic Church which in its territorial distribution has become possessed of this realm; and for whom, therefore, it is no more possible to join the Anglo-Roman Communion, even if they happened to prefer its modes of thought and action, than it would be to transfer themselves out of the family of their parents, in order to meet the solicitations of another couple who might profess to be, or who even might be, more desirable. This to me has been through all my mature and thinking life the clear and simple and indestructible basis of Churchmanship.

This is plainly the language of a man whom no further argument can affect. On this point he seems to have no longer any doubt of his personal infallibility. Apparently, it never occurred to him to reason that Dr. Newman had given to the consideration of the Catholicity of the Anglican Church long years of study where he himself could give but stolen hours; that he brought to his ponderings at least such theological training as Oxford could supply. As soon as Dr. Newman decides against the Anglican position, Mr. Gladstone finds his ground "impalpable" and considers that he stands before the world "as a disgraced man." Yet he himself had written the "Relations Between Church and State," as we have said before, believing that the English State was Christian. He learned, through working as a part of the State, that she was not, and he acted accordingly. But he could never see that Newman, when he wrote Tract Ninety, believed that the Church of England might be reckoned Catholic, and that when he learned by further investigation, as a clergy-

man, forming part of her working force, that her hierarchy was not so, he, too, was bound to act in accordance with his maturer conviction.

"Human"? Yes; very, very human, in that prejudice which Mr. Andrew Lang tells us is universal in things pertaining to the intellect. Pathetically human, when he writes to his beloved Hope that, although he looks up to his friend's mind and intellect "with reverence, under consciousness of immense inferiority," he must yet assure him that they are "much under the domination of an agency lower than their own," and goes on to conclude his letter with the virulence of a member of the yet unborn Protestant Alliance.

One searches in vain for confirmation of the theory that the Commission on Oxford Reform was in any way the outcome of the so-called Oxford Movement. Mr. Gladstone himself seems to have acted in the Reform only under pressure of a most reluctant conscience. If he had felt that it had importance in diverting the attention of Oxford thinkers from the "Roman question," we should surely find trace of that view, given with the delightful *naiveté* of his reasons for advocating, in 1841, the Jerusalem Bishopric, "a fantastic project by which a Bishop, appointed alternately by Great Britain and Prussia was to take charge, through a somewhat miscellaneous region, of any German Protestants or members of the Church of England, or anybody else who might be disposed to accept his authority." This was, Mr. Gladstone tells us, "simply an effort . . . to confront the tendencies, or supposed tendencies, now first disclosed, toward the Church of Rome, by presenting to the public mind a telling idea of Catholicity under some other form."

While the English Church was in Gladstone's eyes the dearest object on earth, the Roman Church was, to the end, the most fascinating. Witness the nearly fifty pages of letters in Vol II., drawn forth by the battle for the temporal sovereignty and by the Vatican Council, though long years had passed since that Church had, as he felt, done her worst on him by changing the ardent friendships of his early manhood into cautious, arm's length acquaintances. The number of these private letters was probably lessened, too, by the fact that he publicly gave vent to his feelings through the agency of a pamphlet.

To his manifesto on the undesirability of maintaining the temporal power in the Papal States by dint of foreign arms, as set forth with clarity and dignity to Cardinal Manning, no one can take reasonable exception (No. 241). Events, too, have shown us the spiritual advance, which he foretold to the Church from her temporal disasters, wrought out by Him Who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. But again this most tolerant and fair-minded of men, in other matters just to all to the extent of being merciless to himself, accuses the Pope of "regarding the interests of the Roman people as a matter of infinite unimportance by the side of the interests of the Roman Church. He cannot conceive that the Holy Father may regard the interests of the Roman people as inseparably identified with the interests of the Roman Church! We, on the other hand, are able to believe that the honorable gentleman who argued in the House of Commons in 1833 against the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, and again in 1850 against University Reform, had no desire to sacrifice the interests of one part of the nation to those of another; though we do feel, with Lord Morley, that "no worse cause was ever better argued."

His suggestion, made to Lord Clarendon in 1869, that the Powers might possibly do something in respect to the Vatican Council "to save the Pope and the Roman Church from themselves," is hard to treat seriously. From a lesser man, the words would have been less absurd. He had kept his head when England went mad over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but he lost it temporarily in 1870–1874. Cardinal Manning's "Vatican Council" has been deprecated as hastily written and rather intemperately phrased. But when even Mr. Gladstone was writing of "a piece of effrontery," of "insane proceedings," of "a pure piece of ultra-sacerdotalism," etc., etc., one can pardon His Eminence for remarking that "when English Protestants undertake to write of an Ecumenical Council nothing less than a miracle could preserve them from making themselves ridiculous."

Correspondence with Dr. Döllinger at this time (Nos. 237, 247, 248, 249, 251) was not consoling. The German did not seem inclined to go to the length the Englishman had hoped. However, to this renewal of relations between them, we owe a most interesting memorandum (Vol. II., Appendix 4) of an

old conversation in 1845, when Dr. Döllinger gave him truly startling information on indulgences. The old Catholic has found apologists on the ground that he was rather a historian than a theologian. G. K. Chesterton would tell us that his heresy was really due to his being in no wise a grammarian!

"To my inquiry," notes Mr. Gladstone, "what was the meaning of indulgence *to* (*sic*) the dead *for* so many days or other periods of time, he answered it was still the application of the prayer of the Church for them for forty days." No wonder the inquirer went on to ask: "Is it then meant that the force of the petitions of the Church for the peace of the departed, is, unconsciously to those who offer them, distributed according to indulgences which have been obtained by other parties, so that the effect of prayer is thus separated, systematically and by anticipation, from the consciousness of those who offer it? There is something slippery about this, and yet it seems capable of an explanation."

If the "good piece of his theological education" for which the English Churchman was indebted to the German schismatic was all as original as this scrap, it is not surprising that it left him still out of the Haven!

Mr. Gladstone has been accused of ignoring the personality of his correspondents and of assuming that they all breathed his own atmosphere. This is partially, not altogether true. No separation in time or thought, for instance, ever chilled the glow and warmth of his style when he wrote to Cardinal Manning, and the glow and warmth seem to have been called out by the personality of Manning's own fiery temperament. To the end of his life, Gladstone held him to be "on such a level that from my own plane of thought and life I can only look at him as a man looks at the stars." Even under the first shock of severance he wrote, "I never was worthy to associate with you and now, if we could associate, perhaps you would find me less so than ever." With Hope-Scott, there is a different, though a complete unbending. And never was Bishop Wilberforce's own oleaginous style paralleled with more delicate adroitness than in the letter explaining exactly why the Prime Minister will never recommend him for preferment until he steers a straight course and ceases to trim. (No. 104.)

Of personal affection for or interest in those below his own

social or intellectual level, we find no trace. The mass of Englishmen idolized him. He came no nearer to *them* than the platform of the hustings. His desire to serve the People seemed never to individualize them. Lord Morley hints at special interest in work for fallen women, and we have vague recollection of notice given by the great man to Miss Ellice Hopkins' Rescue work, back in the very earliest of the eighties or before. But nothing in these letters bears on any personal work for the poor or the sinful. The dream of shepherding souls, put away in early youth, seems to have been put away forever. Perhaps with his pitiless, undirected efforts at self-discipline, it seemed to him another "temptation and sin," which might lead him away from his God-given public work. The common people heard him gladly. But if virtue went out from him to them, it had to be without contact even with the hem of his garment.

Another side of his life, kept intentionally out of this compilation, is the domestic and intimately social side. Surely, there is much of that which could be given to the world without violating the sanctities of home life. Only in one letter to Cardinal Manning, where he speaks of the terrific pressure of financial difficulties upon him and of the dangerous illness of his little Agnes, do we get a trace of his domestic life. Even in the letters to his children given by Mr. Lathbury, he is rather the tutor than the father. True, it is early days for that. A man's children take longer than his friends to get their perspective of him fixed after his death, and such a book, or even such a sketch as one longs to see, could hardly be written save by one of his children. Miss Helen Gladstone, in some respects more like her father than any of his sons, is eminently fitted to add the final volume to a series which will then be measuredly complete.

To their writer's genuine goodness and profoundly religious nature, as to his deep sense of personal responsibility to God, these letters bear fullest witness. That written to Mrs. Gladstone on peace (No. 387) reminds one of the finest of Fénelon. To his strange failure to follow those he loved and reverenced most on earth into the City of Peace, they give no clue, save, as we have reiterated, that Mr. Gladstone was profoundly human; and we can only leave him, to quote his own words, "in the never-dying hope of what lies beyond the veil."

CHAUNTING MYSTERIES.

BY R. M. BURTON.

THE VIOLET. Lo, anear, His Cross did loom;
And within the garden's gloom
Agonized the Son of God.
As He prayed that cup might pass,
When His blood-sweat dewed the grass:
Sprung the violet from the sod.

STABAT MATER. Hail Mary, Fount of Morn!
Standing 'neath the cross forlorn.

Bleeding heart of Mary, none
But thee—Ah, tenderest one,
Shared His mockery and scorn,
Felt the piercing of each thorn;
Crucified thy Holy Son—
All thy hopes are now undone.

Hail Mary, Fount of Morn!
Three days hence new light shall dawn.

MAGDALENE. The weeping Mary little knew
Amid the penitential dew
As contrite tears she shed;
That she should first proclaim abroad
The resurrection of her Lord
When Death was captive led.

Those tears transfigured, lo, were worn,
The diamonds in the crown of morn;
And she at daybreak first did see
Within the garden all alone;
The riven grave—the rollèd stone,
Where Captive led captivity.

THE LILY. The morning brought its rays of red,
As Mary sought Him, but instead,
She found thy glory in His tomb:
O Lily of immortal bloom.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BRITAIN.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

HAVE now carried this series through four sections. My object in writing it is to show that the Roman Empire never really perished but was only transformed; that the Catholic Church which it accepted in its maturity caused it to survive and was, in that origin of Europe and has since remained, the soul of the Western States.

In the first of these articles I sketched the nature of the Roman Empire, in the second the nature of the Church within the Roman Empire before that civilization in its maturity accepted Catholicism. In the third I attempted to lay before the reader the phenomenon of transformation and of material decline (but of survival) which has erroneously been called "the fall" of the Roman Empire. In the fourth I presented a picture of what society must have seemed to an onlooker just after the crisis of that transformation and the beginning of what are called the Dark Ages: the beginnings of the modern European nations which have superficially differentiated from the old unity of Rome.

I could wish that space had permitted me to describe a hundred other contemporary things which would enable the reader to seize both the magnitude and the significance of the great change from Pagan to Christian times. I should in particular have dwelt upon the transformation of the European mind with its increasing gravity, its ripening contempt for material things, and its resolution upon the ultimate fate of the human soul which, it now believed to be immortal and subject to a conscious destiny. To this I might have attached the continued carelessness for the arts and for much in letters, the continued growth in holiness, and all that "salting," as it were, which preserved civilization and kept it whole until, after the long sequestration of the Dark Ages, it should discover an opportunity for revival.

My space has not permitted me to describe these things.

I must turn at once to the last, and what is for my readers the chief, of the historical problems presented by the beginning of the Dark Ages: that problem is the fate of Britain.

The importance of deciding what happened in Britain when the central government of Rome failed, does not lie in the fact that an historical conclusion one way or the other can affect truth. European civilization is still one whether men see that unity or no. The Catholic Church is still the soul of it, whether men know it or do not know it. But the problem presented by the fate of Britain at this critical moment when the provinces of the Roman Empire became independent of any common secular control, has this practical importance: that those who read it wrongly and who provide their readers with a false solution (as Freeman, Green, the German school and Protestant historians in general have done) not only furnish arguments against the proper unity of our European story but also create a warped attitude of the mind, so that such men as believe them and read them take for granted things historically untrue which, when taken for granted, make much else that is truth and even contemporary and momentous truth hard to prove and to believe.

A man who desires to make out that the Empire—that is European civilization—was "conquered" by barbarians cannot to-day, in the light of modern research, prove his case in Gaul, in Italy, in Spain, or in the valley of the Rhine. The thesis of a barbaric "conquest" of those regions must be and is abandoned. But such a man can still make out a plausible case when he speaks of Britain; and having made it out, his false result will powerfully affect modern and immediate conclusions upon our common civilization, upon our institutions, and their nature, and in particular upon the Faith and its authority in Europe.

For if Britain is of the Northern German Barbarism in race and tradition, if in the breakdown of the Roman Empire Britain was the one exceptional province which really did become a separate barbaric thing cut off at the roots from the rest of civilization, then those who desire to believe that the institutions of Europe are of no universal effect, that the ancient laws of the Empire—as on property and marriage—were local, and in particular that the Reformation was the revolt of a *race*, and of a strong and conquering race, against the decaying

traditions of Rome, have something to stand on. It does not indeed help them to prove that our civilization is bad or that the Faith is untrue, but it permits them to despair of or to despise the unity of Europe, and to regard the present Protestant world as something which is destined to supplant that unity.

Such a point of view is wrong historically as it is wrong in morals. It will find no basis of military success in the future any more than it has in the past. It must ultimately break down if ever it should attempt practice, but meanwhile as a self-confident theory it can do harm to an indefinite degree by warping a great section of the European mind and bidding it refer to legendary and imaginary origins which would divorce it in sympathy from the majestic commonwealth of western civilization. The "barbaric" school can create its own imaginary past, and lend to such a figment the authority of antiquity and of an origin. To show how false this modern school of history has been, but also what opportunities it had for advancing its thesis, is the object of what follows.

Britain, be it remembered, is to-day the only part of the Roman world in which a conscious antagonism to the ancient and permanent civilization of Europe exists. The Northern Germanies and Scandinavia, which have since the Reformation felt in religious agreement with all that is still politically powerful in Britain, lay outside the old civilization. They would not have survived the schism of the sixteenth century had Britain resisted that schism. When we come to deal in these articles with the story of the Reformation in Britain, we shall see how nearly popular resistance to the Reformation overcame the small wealthy class which used the religious excitement of an active minority as an engine to provide material advantage for themselves. But as a fact in *Britain* the popular resistance to the Reformation failed. A violent and almost universal persecution on the part of the wealthier classes against the Church they had despoiled just happened to succeed, and the Faith was stamped out. It is our business to understand that this phenomenon, the moral severance of Britain from Europe, was a phenomenon of the sixteenth century and not of the fifth, and that Britain was in no way predestined by race or tradition to so lamentable a disaster.

Now let us state the factors in the problem.

The main factor in the problem is that the history of Great Britain from just before the middle of the fifth century (say about 420 to 445) until the landing of St. Augustine in 597 is a blank.

It is of the first importance to the student of the general history of Europe to seize this point. It is true of no other province, and the truth of it has permitted a vast amount of empty speculation, most of it recent, upon the wrong and false side. When there is no proof or record men can imagine almost anything, and, as may well be imagined, the anti-Catholic historians have stretched imagination to the last possible limit in filling this blank with whatever could tell against the continuity of civilization.

It is the business of those who love historic truth to get rid of such speculations as of so much lumber, waste or dirt, and to restore to the general reader the few facts upon which he can solidly build.

Let me repeat that, had Britain remained true to the unity of Europe in that unfortunate oppression of the sixteenth century which ended in the loss of the Faith, had the populace stood firm or been able to succeed in the field and under arms, or to strike terror into their oppressors by an efficient revolt, in other words had the England of the Tudors remained Catholic, the solution of the problem would present no immediate advantage, nor perhaps would the problem interest men even academically. England would now be one with Europe as she had been for a thousand years before the uprooting of the Reformation. But as things are, the need for correction is immediate and of momentous effect, and no true historian, even though he should most bitterly resent the effect of Catholicism upon the European mind, can do other than combat what was until quite recently the prevalent teaching with regard to the fate of Britain when the Empire decayed.

I will first, in this article, deal with the evidence—such as it is—which has come down to us of the fate of Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, and in a second article consider the conclusions to which such evidence should lead us.

I.

THE EVIDENCE.

When we have to deal with a gap in history (and though none in European history is so serious as this, yet there are very many minor ones which enable us to reason from their analogy), two methods of bridging the gap are present to the historian. The first is research in such rare contemporary records as may illustrate the period; the second is the parallel of what was proceeding in similar places and under similar circumstances at the same time. Both of these methods must be submitted to the criterion of common sense more thoroughly and more absolutely than the evidence of fuller periods.

If, for instance, I learn, as I can learn from contemporary records and from the witness of men still living, that at the battle of Gettysburg infantry advanced so boldly as to bayonet gunners at their guns, I must believe it although the event is astonishing.

If I learn, as I can learn, that a highly civilized and informed government like that of the French in 1870, entered into a war against a great rival, with old muzzle-loading cannon when their enemies were already equipped with modern breech-loading pieces, I must accept it on overwhelming evidence, in spite of my astonishment.

When even the miraculous appears in a record, if human evidence is multiple, converging and exact, I must accept it or deny the value of human evidence. But when I am dealing with a period or an event for which evidence is lacking or deficient, then obviously it is a sound criterion of criticism to accept the probable first and not to presuppose the improbable. Common sense and general experience are nowhere more necessary than in their application, whether in a court of law or in the study of history, to those problems whose difficulty consists in the absence of direct proof.

Remembering all this, let us set down what is positively known from record with regard to the fate of Britain in the hundred and fifty years of "the gap."

There is exactly one contemporay document professing to give us half a dozen facts contained within this considerable period, and set down by a witness of it; and that document is almost valueless for our purpose.

It bears the title, *De Excidio Brittaniæ Liber Querulus.* St. Gildas, a monk, was its author. The exact date of its compilation is a matter of dispute; necessarily so, for the whole of that time is quite dark; but it is certainly not earlier than 545. So it was written one hundred years after the beginning of that darkness which covers British history for one hundred and fifty years; the Roman Regulars were called away for a continental campaign, in 410, never to return. Britain was visited in 429 and 447 by men who left records. It was not till 597 that St. Augustine landed. St. Augustine landed only fifty years after Gildas wrote his *Liber Querulus*, whereas the snapping of the links between the Continent and Southeastern Britain had taken place at least a hundred years before.

Well, it so happens that this book is, as I have called it, almost valueless. It is good in morals; its author complains, as all just men must do in all times, of the wickedness of politicians, and of the vices of princes. It is a homily. The motive of it is not history, but the reformation of morals. In all matters extending to more than a lifetime before that of the actual writer, in other words in all matters on which he could not obtain personal evidence, he is hopelessly at sea. He is valuable only as giving us the general impression of military and social struggles as they struck a monk who desired to make them the text of a sermon.

He vaguely talks of Saxon auxiliaries being hired (in the traditional Roman manner) by some Prince in Roman Britain to fight the savages from Scotland, after the Third Consulship of Aetius (whom he calls "Agitius") that is after 446 A. D. He talks still more vaguely of the election of local Kings to defend the island from these auxiliaries. He is quite as much concerned with the incursions of robber bands of Irish and Scotch into the civilized Roman province as he is with the few Saxon auxiliaries who were thus called in to supplement the arms of the Roman provincials. He speaks only of a handful of these auxiliaries, three boatloads; but he is so vague and ill-instructed on the whole of this early period (a generation and more before his own birth) that one must treat his account of the transaction as legendary. He tells us that "more numerous companies followed," and we know what that means in the case of the Roman auxiliaries throughout the Empire, a few thousand; he goes on to say that these auxiliaries mutinying for pay—another parallel to what we

should expect from the history of all the previous hundred years in Europe—threatened to ravage the island. Then comes one sentence of rhetoric saying how they ravaged it "in punishment for our previous sins," until the "flames" of the invasion actually "licked the Western Ocean." It is all—and there is much more—just what we have had for a hundred years in the rhetoric of the lettered men who watched the comparatively small but destructive bands of barbarians crossing Gaul a generation earlier, pillaging and plundering. If we had no record of the continental troubles, but that of one religious man using the local disaster as the opportunity for a moral discourse historians could have talked of Gaul as they talk of Britain on the sole authority of St. Gildas. All the exaggeration to which we are used in continental records is here: the "sword gleaming" and the "flame crackling," the "destruction" of cities (which afterward quietly continue an unbroken life), and all the rest of it—and we know perfectly well that on the continent similar language was used to describe the predatory actions of barbarian auxiliaries; actions calamitous and tragic no doubt, but not universal and in no way finally destructive of civilization.

It must not be forgotten that St. Gildas also tells us of the return of many barbarians with plunder (which is again what we should have expected) but at end of the account Gildas makes an interesting point which shows that—even if we had nothing but his written record to judge by—the barbarian pirates had got some sort of foothold in the island. For after describing how the Romano-British of the province organized themselves under one, Ambrosius Aurelianus, and stood their ground, he tells us first that "sometimes the citizens" (that is the Roman and civilized men) "sometimes the enemy were successful," down to the thorough defeat of some raiding body or other of the Pagans at "Mt. Badon" near the mouth of the Severn. This decisive action, he tells us, corresponded with the year of his own birth. Now the importance of this last point is that Gildas is talking of something which he really knew. Let anyone who reads this page recall a great event contemporary with or nearly following his own birth, and see how different is his knowledge of it from his knowledge of that which came even a few years before.

Now this battle Gildas calls the last but not the least slaughter of the barbarians; and though we note that he

wrote in the West of Britain and the battle was fought near the Severn, yet we also know that during the whole of his lifetime afterwards—a matter of forty-four years—there had been no fighting.

We have more rhetoric and more homilies about the "deserted cities and the wickedness of men and the evil life of the Kings," but that you might hear at any period. All we really get from Gildas is (1) a confused tradition of a rather heavy predatory raid conducted by barbaric auxiliaries summoned in true Roman fashion to help a Roman province against wholly uncivilized invaders; (2)—which is most important—the obtaining of an actual hold by these auxiliary troops, (in small numbers it is true), of some territory within the island; (3) the cessation of any racial struggle or conflict between Christian and Pagan or between Barbarian and Roman, that would strike a man living within the small area of Britain during the whole of the first half of the sixth century.

Here let us turn on to these most imperfect, confused and few facts which Gildas can give us, the light of our commonsense. What sort of thing would a middle aged man writing in the decline of letters and with nothing but poor and demonstrably distorted verbal records to go on, set down with regard to a piece of warfare, if (a) that man were a monk and a man of peace, (b) his object were obviously not history but a sermon on morals, and (c) the fighting was between the Catholic Faith, which was all in all to the men of his time, and Pagans? Obviously he would make all he could of the old and terrified legends of the time long before his birth, he would get more precise as his birth approached (though always gloomy and exaggerating the evil), and he would begin to tell us precise facts with regard to the time he could himself remember. Well, all we get from St. Gildas is the predatory incursions of pagan savages from Scotland and Ireland, long, long before he was born; a small number of auxiliaries called in to help the Roman Provincials against these; the permanent settlement of these auxiliaries in some quarter or other of the island; and (d) what is of capital importance because it is really contemporary, the settling down of the whole matter apparently during Gildas' own lifetime in the sixth century.

I have devoted so much space to this one writer, whose record would hardly count in a time where any sufficient his-

torical documents existed, because his book is *absolutely the only one contemporary piece of evidence we have upon the pirate or "Saxon" raiding of Britain** There are a few words about it in the various documents known (to us) collectively to-day as "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle"—but these documents were compiled many hundreds of years afterwards and had nothing better to go on than St. Gildas himself and possibly a few vague legends.

Now we happen to have in this connection a document which, though not contemporary must be considered as evidence of a kind. It is sober and full, written by one of the really great men of Catholic and European civilization, written in a spirit of wide judgment and written by a founder of history, the Venerable Bede.

True, the Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" was not produced until *three hundred years after* the first raids of these predatory bands, not until nearly two hundred years after St. Gildas, and not until one hundred and forty years after reading and writing had come back to Britain with St. Augustine: but certain fundamental statements of his are evidence.

Thus the fact that the Venerable Bede takes for granted permanent pirate settlements, established as regular, if small states, all the way down the north sea coast from the northern part of Britain in which he wrote, right down to the central South, is a powerful or rather a conclusive argument in favor of the existence of such states some time before he wrote. It is not credible that a man of this weight would write as he does without solid tradition behind him; and he tells us that the settlers on this coast of Britain came from three German tribes, Saxons, Jutes and Angles.

The first name "Saxon" is a generic name for one of those large fluctuating Germanic confederations of which the early history of Christendom is full. I have called them large, but they cannot have been numerous, for they were migratory.

Ptolemy puts these "Saxons" two hundred years earlier, just beyond the mouth of the Elbe;† the Romans knew them as scattered pirates in the North Sea, irritating the coasts of

* The single sentence in Prosper is insignificant—and what is more, demonstrably false as it stands.

† The name has retained a vague significance for centuries and is now attached to a population largely Slavonic and wholly Protestant south of Berlin—hundreds of miles from its original seat.

Gaul and Britain for generations. They seem to have provided a few bands of fighting men under chieftains who founded small organized governments north of the Thames Estuary, at the head of Southampton Water, and on the Sussex coast, in the sixth century, capturing very probably the Roman fiscal organization of the place, but rapidly, as we shall later see, destroying all such social advantages by their barbaric incompetence.

Of the Jutes we know nothing; there is a mass of modern guesswork about them but it is valueless. We must presume that they were an insignificant little tribe who sent out a few mercenaries for hire; but they had the advantage of sending out the first, for the handful of mercenaries whom the Roman British called into Kent were by all tradition Jutish.

The Angles were something more definite; they held that corner of land where the neck of Denmark joins the mainland of Germany. This we know for certain, and there was a considerable immigration of them; enough to make their departure noticeable in the sparsely populated heaths of their district, and to make Bede record the traveler's tale that their country still looked "depopulated." How many boatloads of them, however, can have come, we have of course no sort of record: we only know from our common sense that the number must have been insignificant compared with the total free and slave population of a rich Roman province. They got a hold of the land far above the Thames Estuary, in scattered spots all up the east coast of Britain, as far as the Firth of Forth.

There are no other authorities; no other evidence, save St. Gildas, a contemporary and—two hundred years after him, *three* hundred after the event, Bede. A mass of legend and worse nonsense called the *Historia Brittonum* exists indeed for those who care to consult it—but it has no relation to historical science nor any claim to rank as evidence. As we have it, it is centuries late, and it need not concern serious history. Even for the existence of Arthur—to which it is the principal witness, popular legend is a much better guide. As to the original dates of the various statements in the *Historia Brittonum*, those dates are guesswork. The narrative as a whole though very ancient in its roots, dates only from a period subsequent to Charlemagne, much more than a century later than Bede and a time far less cultured.

The life of St. Germanus, who came and preached in Britain

after the Roman legions had left is contemporary, and sixty years before St. Gildas' book. It would be valuable if it told us anything about the Saxon invasions, but it does not. We know that St. Germanus dealt in a military capacity with "Picts and Saxons"—an ordinary barbarian trouble—but we have no hint at Saxon settlements. St. Germanus was last in Britain in 447, and it is good negative evidence that we hear nothing during that visit of any real trouble from the Saxon pirates who at that very time might be imagined, if legend were to be trusted, to be establishing their power in Kent.

And that ends the list of *witnesses;* that is all our *evidence.**

To sum up, so far as recorded history is concerned, all we know is this: that the Roman regular forces were not to be found garrisoned in Britain after the year 410; that the savages from Scotland and Ireland disturbed the civilized province cruelly; that scattered pirates who had troubled the southern and eastern coasts for two centuries, joined the Scotch and Irish ravaging bands; that some of these were taken in as regular auxiliaries on the old Roman model, somewhere about the middle of the fifth century (the conventional date is 445); that, as happened in many another Roman province, the auxiliaries mutinied for pay and did a good deal of bad looting and ravaging; finally that the ravaging was checked, and they were thrown back upon some permanent settlements of theirs effected during these disturbances along the easternmost and southernmost coasts.

Now it is most important in the face of such a paucity of information to seize three points:

First that the ravaging was not appreciably worse either in the way it is described or by any other criterion, than the troubles which the Continent suffered at the same time and which (as we know) did not *there* destroy the continuity or unity of civilization.

Secondly, that the sparse raiders, Pagan (as were some very few of those on the Continent) and incapable of civilized effort, obtained as did some upon the Continent (notably on the left bank of the Rhine) little plots of territory which they held and governed for themselves and in which after a short period the old Roman order was so decayed in the incapable hands of the new comers as to be superseded by their tribal habits.

* On such a body of evidence—less than a morning's reading, did Green build up for popular sale his fantastic *Making of England!*

But thirdly (and upon this all the rest will turn) *the positions which these predatory bands happened permanently to hold, were positions that cut the link between the Roman province of Britain and the rest of what had been the united Roman Empire.*

This, not numbers, not race, is the capital point in the story of Britain between 447 and 597. The uncivilized man happened by a geographical accident to have cut the communication of the island with its sister province. He was numerically as insignificant, racially as unproductive and as ill provided with fruitful or permanent institutions as his brethren on the Rhine or the Danube. But on the Rhine and the Danube the Empire was broad. Those sea communications between Britain and Europe were narrow: and the barbarian had blundered across them.

The circulation of men, goods and ideas was stopped for one hundred and fifty years because the small pirate settlements had, by the gradual breakdown of the Roman ports, destroyed communication with Europe from Southampton Water right north to beyond the Thames.

It seems certain that even the great town of London, whatever its commercial relations, kept up no official business beyond the sea. The pirates had not gone far; but, with no intention of conquest save in the sense of the enjoyment of material things and of loot, they had snapped the bond by which Britain lived.

Such is the direct evidence, and such our first conclusion on it. But of indirect indications, of reasonable supposition and comparison between what came after the pirate settlements and what had been before, there is much more. By the use of this secondary matter added to the direct evidence one can fully judge both the limits and the nature of the misfortune that overtook Britain when the central Roman government failed and before the missionaries who were to restore the province landed.

We may then arrive at a conclusion and know what that Britain was to which the Faith returned with St. Augustine, and knowing that we shall know what it continued to be until the vast catastrophe of the Reformation.

In my next article I shall try to estimate what was the extent of this disaster and what was its real consequence.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

BY JAMES P. TURNER, D.D.

HEN Archbishop Ryan died at four o'clock on Saturday, February the eleventh, nineteen hundred and eleven, the fact was telephoned to every Church in the diocese and tolled to the people of every parish from every belfry. It was flashed to every newspaper throughout the country by the Associated Press and announced to their readers on bulletin board or in special edition. It ran by ocean cable to Rome, to Ireland, to the Philippines. It was shot out into the mysterious ether by the wireless operator, and made known to numerous travelers coming and going on the broad Atlantic. To all of these the announcement was full of sad interest, for the Archbishop was widely known and loved.

Born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, February 20, 1831, he received his early education in the Catholic schools of his native town and of Dublin. He made his philosophical and theological courses in Carlow College, and after receiving the deaconship, he came to this country, as a subject of the diocese of St. Louis under Archbishop Kenrick, in 1852. He was ordained to the priesthood September 8, 1853, and after laboring in St. Louis with great zeal and distinguished success, as assistant rector and rector of the Cathedral, as founder of the Annunciation parish, as rector of St. John's, as Coadjutor Bishop and Archbishop, he was appointed to the metropolitan see of Philadelphia, June 8, 1884. He occupied this see until his death.

His whole career was so consistent, so harmonious, so permeated with one purpose, steadfastly followed to the very end, that one who considers him at all must perforce consider him long enough to ascertain what manner of man he was. The answer must inevitably be: a model Roman Catholic Bishop, who could have fitted into any age of the Church as perfectly as he fitted into this. His many achievements for God and his fellowman, for Church and country are oft-told tales. Perhaps the man and his equipment are not so well known.

In speaking of a man successful in any walk of life, it is difficult to single out any one virtue or qualification and attribute his success to it. A successful man must necessarily possess a combination of virtues and qualities, more or less varied according to his station of life. This is particularly true of a churchman, who must have a most varied and a most complete equipment in order to be singled out from his fellows as worthy of special distinction. And yet there is in each man some one virtue or quality that seems to predominate, and that contributes most to his success.

If we look for this virtue in Archbishop Ryan, we shall find that it was faith. It was a rich inheritance which came down to him from a noble ancestry who had suffered and died for it; a faith that was instilled into him by pious parents; that was explained and developed by earnest pastors and zealous teachers; that brought forth a divine vocation in early youth, which bore full fruit in the priesthood and the episcopacy. Throughout his whole life he cultivated that virtue assiduously, and it was the foundation of his success. He lived always in the presence of God. By his daily acts of piety he kept in constant touch with his Divine Master. He sought first his own sanctification and then the sanctification of others. He obeyed the injunction which Jesus gave to his disciples to pray always. Hence, besides his morning and evening prayers, his daily meditation, his daily Mass with public preparation and thanksgiving, and the prompt and faithful recitation of the divine office and the rosary, he had recourse to prayer whenever difficult problems confronted him, and he decided them only after seeking divine guidance and with perfect confidence in the divine assistance. This was evident also in his calmness during trouble, or in time of failure. He had recommended the matter confidently to God and was resolved to be content with the result. This also accounted to a great extent for his brightness and cheerfulness on almost all occasions. He was not indifferent to trouble, or failure, or scandal, but after doing his best with God's help he was able to forget quickly and to practice holy indifference. It might be safely said that the Archbishop accomplished more by prayer and by the sanctity of his own life, than by his efforts for others.

The Archbishop was a very charitable man both in word

and act. He seemed to have an abhorrence for the uncharitable. He picked out the good in the lives of others and dwelt on it, forgetful of the evil. If any one referred to the faults or evil deeds of others in his presence he invariably turned the conversation to some other subject. This was not only true in regard to private individuals, but also with regard to public men and especially those in authority. He always remembered the saying of St. Paul that there is no power but from God, and the injunction of Christ to his disciples to obey those that sit in the chair of Moses. He would not attack public men, preferring to encourage rather than discourage those in positions of responsibility. He was equally charitable in regard to candidates for office understanding well the ambitions of men, especially in the political world. He was very cautious about imprudent attempts at wholesale reform, and the wild accusations that generally accompany them, and that are seldom or never proved.

He was no less charitable in act. He lived in the Cathedral parochial residence, and came into daily, constant contact with the parochial clergy. He ate at the same table with them, and pleasant but dignified familiarity marked their intercourse. The whole family, from the youngest to the oldest, was at home with him. The conversation was unrestrained, and he was as much interested in their affairs, even in their amusements and their pleasantries, as if he were only a curate. He was accessible to everyone without exception. To priests at all times; to others during office hours, and at other times by appointment. He constantly made exception to these rules, and he very seldom refused to see any one who called, even though the hour was irregular and inconvenient. When he was at home his door stood always open, and any priest could knock, walk in, and be received with a pleasant smile and welcome word. He was always assured of a kind hearing. It seemed to be an invariable rule of the Archbishop's life never to say "no" if he could say "yes," and he never refused a request which he could grant. If he did refuse a favor, he did it so kindly that the petitioner hardly realized that it had been refused. The story is told of a priest who called on him for a favor which he was very anxious to obtain, and who was leaving the house in a very good humor, when a fellow-priest met him and asked him the purpose of his visit to the Cathe-

dral. "Why," came the answer, "I came to ask a favor of the Archbishop, and he said 'no' so pleasantly that I thought it was 'yes' until your question awoke me."

The laity were equally welcome with only the limitation that time and other duties imposed. He received anyone who called on him any morning, even when his health was failing and when those about him would save him from the strain which these visits put upon him. On all these occasions he was a sympathetic listener, a wise counsellor, and a ready helper. An illustration of his charity and sympathy for those in distress is found in the case of those who were doubtfully entitled to Christian burial. Instead of refusing at once when the evidence seemed clear against them, he waited and inquired and searched carefully and patiently until, almost without exception, he found sufficient evidence to justify him in laying the body of the poor sinner in consecrated earth, and saving his family from the pain and disgrace of his exclusion.

He was especially considerate of the respectable and sensitive poor who concealed their needs, and he always helped them in the most delicate manner. His kindness to priests and consideration for them under all circumstances was founded on his intense and abiding sense of the sacredness and dignity of the priesthood. This sense so marked every thought, word, and action of his own life, and was so apparent in his demeanor at all times, that it intensified the sense in others and begot that mutual love and respect which is so typically Christian, and so essential in the true priest. He was interested in all their affairs, sympathized with them in sorrow, rejoiced with them in joy, and invariably visited them when they were seriously ill. His relations to religious communities were most pleasant and edifying. He recognized in nuns the chosen servants of God, the spouses of His Divine Son, the wise virgins of the Gospel. He realized the great value of their holy lives, their prayers and their good works, especially in caring for the sick, the aged, the destitute, and the wayward. He acknowledged that without them it would be impossible to carry on the charitable work of the diocese, and especially the Christian education of children. Hence his intense respect and admiration for them. His visits to them were awaited with pleasure and remembered with delight. His interest in the charities of the diocese was shown not only in the building up of material

edifices but still more in his constant watchfulness over them, and his faithful attendance at all board meetings. He entered these standing engagements on his *ordo* at the beginning of the year and considered them previous engagements.

The growth of the charitable institutions under his wise directions attest his effective interest. The hospitals were enlarged, new ones erected, orphan asylums increased in number and capacity, homes for the aged multiplied, and protectories founded. He regretted that he could not provide homes for other classes of needy, destitute, and suffering persons, and was restrained from doing so only by lack of means.

When pressed by some urgent demand he went forward courageously, quoting the saying of St. Vincent de Paul: "What is necessary is possible." His charity was true and, therefore, embraced all men. He had a special interest in the Indian and Negro, particularly the former, whose noble qualities he admired and often spoke of. This interest was very much increased when Mother Katharine Drexel established in his diocese and under his direction, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, to devote themselves entirely to these two classes. President Roosevelt recognized this interest, and made the Archbishop a member of the Indian Commission. He was assiduous in the discharge of his duties, attending the Mohawk Lake Conferences whenever possible, and never missing the formal meetings of the Commission. In his last sickness he was planning to attend a meeting which he considered unusually important, and which was held shortly after he died.

He loved peace and hated strife, and therefore would sacrifice everything but principle rather than enter into a contest. He had a special dislike for law-suits, particularly when they involved the members of a congregation with their ecclesiastical superiors. He never appeared in person at such trials, if he could send a substitute, because he said it looked too much like a father quarrelling with his children. When necessity did call him to the forum he showed the highest respect to the court, and received the highest respect.

He excelled in all the natural virtues, but was preeminent in prudence. He was conservative, almost to a fault, and when those near him who were younger and more impulsive grew impatient sometimes at what seemed unnecessary delay, he always counselled patience and remarked that time is a

great adjuster. The result showed his wisdom. With a little time, misunderstandings are cleared away, anger cools, new evidence is discovered, motives good and bad are more clearly defined and the case settles itself almost automatically. He was hardly less noted as a just man, not only because he kept the law of God, but also because he had a keen sense of the right of others. He always weighed carefully rival claims and invariably decided in favor of him whose claims were stronger even though his desires might incline him in the opposite direction. Nay, he would reverse himself in a moment if he made a mistake and do it most cheerfully. His favorite quotation for such occasions was: *Sapientis est mutare consilium.*

A man who is prudent and conservative to an extreme degree, and whose sense of justice is very keen, will seem to the casual observer to lack at times something of fortitude. The opportunities for the exercise of the former virtues are much more frequent; those virtues are also less obtrusive, appearing generally in the humble garb of the peasant, soft-spoken and retiring, while fortitude is more apt to appear in military garb, stalking forth with a flourish of trumpets. To the more close observer, however, it will be apparent that the truly prudent and just man, will also be the strong man, because the moral strength required for the exercise of those virtues is the greatest and rarest. It is much harder to store up energy, keep it under control, and expend it gradually as occasion may require than to let it burst forth and expend itself freely. Such fortitude the Archbishop possessed; quiet, hidden, unobtrusive, almost unknown, and yet firm and even irresistable on occasion.

It naturally follows that he was a temperate man, not only in the modern acceptation of that term by abstaining from intoxicants altogether, which he did for the edification of his neighbor, and because he was greviously pained by the prevalence of drunkenness and its ravages, but in the sense of the cardinal virtue: moderation in all things, excess in none. He had won remarkable control of self by long practice, and was habitually able to preserve an even balance. In dealing with others he followed St. Vincent of Lerin's rule: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." He was so tolerant of the opinions of others, so charitable as to their feelings, and so anxious to make allowance for all the circum-

stances that bring about differences even in regard to the most important matters, that he was frequently spoken of as a liberal, broad-minded man. These terms are misleading if they mean that he ever shaved down or minimized in the least any doctrine of the Church. He was always and above all a staunch, uncompromising bishop of the Catholic Church, walking in the footsteps of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Ambroses and Augustines, and Gregorys and Leos and Piuses of ancient and modern times. The terms are not misleading if they only indicate that he did not quarrel with his neighbor about religion, but accorded to every man that same liberty of conscience which he claimed for himself and all the members of his flock. His unquestionable orthodoxy was shown strikingly in his loyalty to the Holy See. He looked on the Holy Father at all times as the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, and the Visible Head of the Church. Hence he gave him cheerful support and ready obedience. He had the deepest respect for Papal decrees and decisions and carried them out promptly. He never criticized them or tried to lessen their force, and if others spoke in his presence of the difficulties in the way of putting them into practice, he always reminded them of the wisdom and experience of the Holy See, and of the divine guidance which had been promised to it and had never failed.

He had known Pius IX., Leo XIII. and Pius X., and he frequently spoke with admiration of the sanctity and learning of each of them. He remembered especially the peculiar combination of humor and piety in Pius IX., the great learning and business ability of Leo XIII., and the genuine humility accompanied by all the other virtues, because it is the foundation of all, which he remarked in Pius X. He seemed to be drawn most strongly to the present Holy Father, and those who knew them both saw in them many things in common and looked on them as congenial spirits.

The Archbishop was a striking figure at church ceremonies. He always prepared carefully for ecclesiastical functions and was faithful to even the slightest detail. He was very fond of music, especially Irish melodies and ecclesiastical chant, and while not a trained musician he had a beautiful singing voice of remarkable range. He sang the ecclesiastical music with much unction and correctly, but he excelled in the sing-

ing of Pontifical blessings. He was in the habit of assisting at Solemn Mass every Sunday in the Cathedral, and the manner in which he sang the blessing, was a fitting climax to the most elaborate ceremonial.

While zealous in all good work and in the discharge of every duty, the Archbishop was indefatigable in his efforts to provide Catholic education for all the children of his diocese. He was convinced by experience as well as by reason that there can be no true morality without religion; that it is impossible to spread religion in a community unless the seed is planted in the hearts of the young; that this seed cannot be planted in such a manner as to bring forth good abundant fruit, unless it is done from earliest childhood, in a Christian school; that the welfare of the family, the community and the state demands it. Therefore his constant aim was, a Catholic school in every parish as soon as possible after the parish was established. So urgently did he insist on this, that whereas formerly the school followed speedily upon the building of the church, they now go forward step by step. Formerly, when a parish was founded the work was begun by the erection of a temporary chapel, to be followed by the basement of the permanent church, the parochial residence and the school. Sometimes the school preceded the permanent church. In recent years and as a direct result of Archbishop Ryan's zeal for Catholic education—a zeal which has been communicated to the priests of the diocese, the order of procedure in new parishes is, the erection of the first story of the school, which is used as a chapel, the completion of the building for school purposes, the erection of the priest's and teachers' houses, and last, perhaps after several years, the erection of the permanent church.

The Archbishop followed faithfully the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in regard to Christian education and constantly quoted it to the pastors of the diocese. The result of his efforts is shown in the increased number of Catholic schools in the diocese, and the increased number of those who attend them. When he became Archbishop of Philadelphia in 1884 the diocese had 59 parochial schools, they now number 141. Then the schools had 22,000 pupils, now they have 63,612. The Catholic population during this period has increased from 300,000 to 525,000.

In addition to his efforts in school building, he never missed an opportunity either privately or publicly to speak on the subject, and he richly deserves the title of champion of Christian education.

During the last year of his life, and especially during the closing days, almost up to the last moment, he was striving to make the final arrangements for the building of a high school for girls. Indeed, the last official act of his life, was to sign some document which brought the matter to a conclusion, and those who were near him at the moment, can never forget the smile of triumph and happiness that lit his face when he was assured that the building of the high school was certain.

In a direct line with his zeal for Catholic education was his successful direction of the two important Catholic publications of the diocese, the *Catholic Standard and Times* and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.* The former is known throughout the country as one of the best, if not the best, Catholic weekly and the latter has lived faithfully up to the high standard of its first editor Monsignor Corcoran and has kept unsullied its continuous reputation for uncompromising orthodoxy, even when the temptation to be brilliant rather than illuminating has been very great.

The Archbishop's interest in these two publications was much more than passive. He looked on them as valuable teaching agencies, as strong allies of the pulpit, important parts of the diocesan equipment and therefore worthy of every encouragement. He watched them closely, and discussed important questions with their managers and editors and rendered them valuable assistance. They reflect his prudence and wisdom.

Although the Archbishop possessed many gifts and many virtues, he was, perhaps, best known as an orator. He cultivated this gift from childhood. The story of his heading a delegation of school boys to make an address to Daniel O'Connell, indicates his early bent in this direction. History also tells us that while only a deacon in St. Louis he preached so well that he was permitted frequently to preach to large congregations. After his ordination, his powers increased and his reputation grew until it reached every part of this country and even penetrated to the Vatican. While yet a young man he gave the Lenten course of sermons in Rome. He was in-

vited to preach at the most important ecclesiastical functions of his time and he accepted the invitation whenever his other engagements would permit. On several occasions he was asked to go to Europe to deliver sermons. In Philadelphia, he preached in the Cathedral on the second Sunday of each month and people came from far and wide to hear him. The church was always crowded with an audience that followed him with rapt attention. Nature endowed him with all the qualities of an orator. He was tall, well built, with a large head and copious dark-red hair combed back; he had classical features and a mobile countenance; his voice was perhaps his greatest asset; it was rich, musical, strong and resonant; he spoke slowly and distinctly with faultlessly correct inflection. He had an unusual command of the various tones and used them with telling effect. He was a living speaker; each sermon was full of soul. He did not devote much time to exordiums or perorations but promptly attacked his subject and having exhausted it, retired promptly.

He always had at least one oratorical climax in his sermon up to which he worked very skilfully and which moved his hearers deeply. He preached about forty minutes, as a rule, at the Solemn Mass or ordinary occasions, but sometimes even on these occasions, he preached longer. In earlier life he wrote all his sermons carefully; in later life he did not have time to write. He often lamented this, but prepared no less carefully. He took notes with him to the pulpit generally on one small sheet of paper and so peculiar and personal as to be of no value whatever to anyone else.

He was extremely nervous before preaching, although he did not show it. During the last two years of his life he did not preach more than three or four times. He preserved the qualities of the orator which he possessed in so remarkable a degree until the end, and only about a month before his death he delivered the prayer at a public memorial service before a vast audience including the heads of the city government and other distinguished men, in such a manner as to thrill his hearers with all his old time power. It was the last flash; from that moment he failed. Although he was best in pulpit oratory he shone on the lecture platform also, especially in St. Louis. He was very happy in his addresses to children, and he was particularly apt in illustration. He could make

an excellent after dinner speech and was a master in short addresses, at the close of church functions, such as dedications. As an orator and public speaker Archbishop Ryan leaves a void which it will be extremely hard to fill.

He was equally well known as a wit. It has been frequently remarked that it was typical Irish wit. He was naturally of a cheerful sunny disposition, inclined to look at the bright side of things. He quickly saw the humorous side of a matter, and the merry twinkle in his eye prepared one for the witty remark or story that was sure to follow. It was a remarkable fact, however, that there was no sting to his good humor. If it ever happened that anyone was pained however slightly by any witticism of his, he was quick to make amends. He had a large stock of stories because his experience had been wide, and he had a good memory.

In later years, at least, the Archbishop was strongest in reminiscence. His memory for remote events was very faithful and very accurate. His stories of Ireland, Rome and Missouri were extremely interesting and instructive because he related them without any attempt at embellishment and with a simplicity and faithfulness that were charming. So much has been said about Archbishop Ryan as a wit and *raconteur* that one might be tempted to think he was a frivolous man. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was on the contrary, habitually serious; his witticisms and stories were always made to point a moral.

The Archbishop was a public man. He was known to the entire community and he had the respect of all classes and creeds. He was invited to all important public functions, was appointed on many public committees and was often consulted on public questions. His opinion always commanded the highest respect, because it was universally acknowledged that he was wise and good and fair beyond all question. His prudence and conservatism played an important part on such occasions.

His Grace was frequently complimented on his youthfulness. His full hair with no tinge of grey, his soft skin, his ruddy complexion, his complete command of all his faculties, and his unfailing interest in the affairs of his diocese, gave him the appearance of a young man until advanced old age. Indeed, although he was almost eighty years old, it was not until

about two years before the end that he began to be an old man. He was fond of quoting the saying that a man is only as old as his arteries, and then, he said, he could prove to the physicians who examined him at different times that he was growing younger instead of older.

About two years before his death he began to age very rapidly, and those who were near him noted the change. He made a brave fight against it, perhaps too brave, for nature will not be denied, and those who make a graceful submission to her demands fare better. The end came quickly, although the Archbishop had recovered from an illness which disabled him in December last. The rally was only temporary, and for about three weeks before his death, he failed rapidly. During those last days he gave a splendid example of a dying Christian. He put his temporal and spiritual house in order, and then cheerfully, even longingly, awaited the end. When it came, he said: "adsum," and went into the presence of the Divine Master Whom he had served so long and so faithfully, and to Whom he desired so much to be united.

One hundred thousand persons of every rank and station of life passed his bier, and looked on his face with love and respect; three thousand persons, including the heads of city government, the judges of the courts, and men from all the learned professions, filled every inch of space in the Cathedral, to assist at his obsequies; over seven hundred seminarians and priests, many of the latter coming from distant points, chanted the divine office for the repose of his soul; while thirty-five bishops and archbishops with a Cardinal and Apostolic Delegate, came from every direction, to do him honor.

He was laid to rest beneath the high altar of the Cathedral in which he had officiated for more than a quarter of a century. His memory shall live for generations, to give abiding inspiration to his successors.

EAST AND WEST.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

ALL the great emotional conceptions which have influenced the West, asceticism, monasticism, mysticism, the contemplative philosophy, and I know not how many other things of the same kind, have come out of the East; and in the same way all the intellectual and scientific ideas which have reached or are reaching the East have come out of the West.

So it always has been and so it still is. The East is permanently and at heart emotional, the West permanently and at heart intellectual. And so much is this the case that these opposite faculties have gradually worked themselves out into all the circumstances of the life of East and West; have supplied their own standards of success and failure, their own solution of all social and political problems, their own ideals and traditions in religion, morals, and conduct. Intellectualism in the West has built up one kind of solution of life's problem; emotionalism in the East has built up another and quite different solution. No two systems could be more at variance than the whole mass of beliefs, observances, habits, and customs which Eastern and Western life have respectively accumulated, yet each in all its parts is consistent. Both systems possess a certain unity; the Eastern because it is all an outgrowth of the emotional root, the Western because it is all an outgrowth of the intellectual root.

It is as these things affect the lives of the people that they seem to me most significant. Their influence is to be traced through the tiniest channels and verified in the most trivial circumstances. Well do I remember, many years ago though it was, the arrival in our remote village of the first reaping machine. It was painted blue and red, and the farm-hands and neighbors came and hung about it, admiring and wondering, while the farmer, intoxicated with a sudden sense of greatness and the stirrings of a vague ambition, called to the girls to bring cider. Then, while he handed round the jug, he explained to us how in these days a man must keep

abreast of the times; how it was not enough to do as our fathers and grandfathers had done, but that it behooved us to be on the lookout for ideas and catch on to these new inventions and things we heard so much of; and how he was one of that sort and had always had these thoughts and would probably be found more forward in the race than some people expected yet, though he was not one to talk much. And then the rest applauded and admired him, and to all the thought came how splendid a thing progress was and how fine it was to be one with the purpose of the age.

I read in a story once an account of the smash-up of the ice-floe in the Northern seas by the incoming tide; of the pounding and ripping of the huge masses detached and broken up and grinding against each other; and how, to two watchers, far off, the sound came as a faint murmur, and how a shaving of whalebone, which one of them had set up in the near-by ice barely quivered, yet quivered, to the distant shock. Even so the great days of science were heard of faintly in that distant and sleepy village of mine. Yet were they heard of. Men and lads now and again stopped and bent their heads to listen to the far-off sounds, and every little household quivered an imperceptible response to them. We never guessed at the restlessness they were instilling; but by and by one lad left, and then another, drawn by that distant lure. The places that fell vacant in farm and field were filled less often by the young, upspringing generation than by a sort of feckless and spiritless residuum of the rural population which sluggishly circulated about the countryside, deteriorating in quality and quantity as years went by. Everything that had any ambition, any ear for the drum and quickstep of the race, had gone off long ago to join the forward and progressive march of Western intellectual civilization.

And then, from these memories, my thoughts drift to the low countries of Ceylon, and I see in mid-jungle the Cingalese huts clustered under groves of palms, secluded and shut off from the world. I see a life which from day to day and year to year aspires but to repeat itself; which relinquishes itself to the care of circumstances and lets time, flowing by, carry it like a fly upon its current. All details of those scenes, as they glide before me, bear out this sense of a passive acceptance of life. The great fawn-colored gentle oxen

with their slow motion and languid ways, the monotonous, tuneless chant from some figure lolling in the shade of slanting palms, the heavy scented air, the tom-tom's droning throb, the slow-moving glossy river, and, when evening falls, the velvet shadows weaving their spells around and sprinkled with a gold-dust of fire-flies; so in brief all the sights and sounds and scents of those scenes combine to utter that deep but still emotion,

"Felt in the heart and felt along the blood,"

which has penetrated with its influence the Eastern temperament.

And yet how wrong would that European be who should see in this quiescence torpor and insensibility. Passive as this simple village life is there exists among these people a spirit of dignity and gentlenesss which suggests that some influence works for good in them though it is not the influence that acts on Western life.

I have often thought that between these dreamy Indian villagers and the Indian seers and mystics there exists the same sympathy as exists between our own peasants and the leaders of Western thought. The huts on the Kaluganga, like the cottages of my native village, were stirred by thoughts that came from afar. The wisdom of the Hindoo sage, which consists in nothing but pure and perfect receptivity, is popular in the East in the same sense in which the practical knowledge of the scientist or the expert is popular in the West. The race, that is to say, recognizes in that direction its own natural bias and outlet. Eastern life is saturated with mysticism. The anchorites and ascetics, so honored and revered, who make their lonely lairs in Indian jungles, and the wandering mendicant fakirs who prowl along the highways, deal but in degrees of the same gift. Knowledge in their idea is revelation. It comes not of thought or conscious study but is freely given to the contemplative soul which in stillness receives and in stillness enjoys the divine inspiration. This in India is a common thought; indeed it has been laid down as a rule of life there that all men at a certain age, having fulfilled their duties as citizens and to their families, should sever all earthly ties and adopt the vocation of avowed visionaries.

Such people, I say, are understood in India because their

view of life is after all the people's view. That attitude, emotionally sensitive yet too passive almost to be called content, in which the Indian peasant accepts what the days bring, is the raw material, and contains the germ of the whole Upanishad philosophy. It is natural that such a one should feel himself sustained by the presence of these holy hermits, for it is in their wrapt contemplation of spiritual things that his own gentle acceptance of earthly things is countenanced and justified. The one is the complement of the other, and together they pervade the East. Hence the unity of Eastern life. No eager pioneers beckon those docile natives along the path of progress—or if such there be they excite little attention, little enthusiasm—yet are they conscious of dim possibilities of development and growth. They are one with the spiritual instinct which is indigenous in India, and with the more serenity do they in the valleys contemplate their banana trees because their high priests stand upon the mountain tops and contemplate the infinite.

These two tendencies then, as I take it, founded on opposing faculties and pulling opposite ways, are what make the difference between Eastern and Western life and temperament. When we speak of the "wisdom of the East" we have in mind the exercise and effects of the emotional faculty; and when we speak of Western civilization and progress we have in view the exercise and effects of the intellectual faculty. At the head of Western knowledge stand our professors and scientists and scholars and experts of one sort and another, devoted to practical experiment and exact definitions. At the head of Eastern knowledge stand sages and prophets and seers absorbed in abstract contemplation. Down from these, in long array, stretches on the one hand a society, orderly, alert, powerful, progressive, unrivalled in managing, superintending and organizing, yet with a bias in its aims and ideals towards the mundane, the finite, the material; and, on the other, a society gentle, docile, sensitive to spiritual suggestions, but immobile, quiescent, ignorant and ineffective. Both, however, are consistent and of a piece. Western life is of a piece because, broadly speaking, intellectualism is the root of it; and Eastern life is of a piece because, broadly speaking, emotionalism is the root of it. So deep into the roots of thought and character goes the abyss which separates East and West.

New Books.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By G. K. Chesterton. Popular Library of Art. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. Chesterton (who has given us upon many occasions so much) has scarcely given anything more suggestive or stimulating than this little study of William Blake. Now Blake is himself quite bafflingly interesting; for slightly more than a hundred years he has been the delight of the poet, the despair of the critic, and the delirium of the general reader. Mr. Chesterton's Blake is all this—only more so. It is, briefly, the historic Blake—poet, revolutionist, artist, mystic, madman, seer; and then at far greater length it is the *ideal* Blake; which, as our critic points out, is beyond all computation more actual and more significant than the real. Thus does the strange, wise, foolish eighteenth century Londoner become a symbol of certain ideas and ideals, a text from which the twentieth century Londoner preaches a rarely pointed sermon. He warns us that any real biography ought to begin with the beginning of the world; and the present volume (although, because of the weakness of the flesh, it inclines to greater brevity) can scarcely be said to end short of the consummation of the world.

One of the most pregnant passages in this study is its final antithesis of Oriental and Occidental mysticism; of pessimism against personality, dissolution against immortality and the resurrection of the body, nihilism and infinity against the humble Incarnation—in one word, Buddha, the great negative pole of the universe, against Christ. "The wise man will follow a star, low and large and fierce in the heavens;" ends this really great and essentially Patmorean summary, "but the nearer he comes to it the smaller and smaller it will grow, till he finds it the humble lantern over some little inn or stable. Not till we know the high things shall we know how lowly they are. Meanwhile, the modern superior transcendentalist will find the facts of eternity incredible because they are so solid; he will not recognize heaven because it is so like the earth."

There are a thousand temptingly quotable passages in the little volume; that upon the illiteracy and unreliability of the

specialists for example; that upon mystery and mysticism, on caricature, on the nature of Blake's mental obliquity, on the poetic truth of the common sense of humanity, on "fads" or heresies, *et cetera*. But for all these delectable things we commend the reader to the book itself.

Mr. Chesterton has often been acclaimed as master of the paradox. Surely the ultimate paradox of all is, that a writer so drastically Catholic as Mr. Chesterton should still be—not a Catholic.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Essay on the Constitutional History from the Accession of Domitian to the Retirement of Nicephorus III (81 A. D.-1081 A. D.). By F. W. Bussell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Vols. I., II. $9 net.

These two bulky volumes form a notable and original contribution to the study of the constitutional history of the Roman Empire. The author makes no idle boast in his introduction: "I have not essayed a task which has been before successfully attempted within similar limits, nor have I consciously built upon another man's foundation" (Vol. I., p. 22). He begins with Domitian, because the classical age of the Empire has been adequately treated by such scholars as Finlay, Gibbon, Bury, and Hodgkin; he ends with 1081, because the period after Alexius I. belongs "rather to medieval and European history than to the old Roman Empire of Constantine, Trajan or Augustus" (Vol. I., pp. 2–17).

This is not a history of battles, of palace intrigues, of religious controversies, of the public exploits or the private lives of the rulers of the East and West. On the contrary, the writer appeals solely to the scholar who has all these details on his finger ends. "It is the impersonal interest in the commonwealth and its destinies which forms the theme, embodied as it is in personal representatives; and through imperceptible and gradual transformation changing its outlines but never altering its countenance beyond recognition" (Vol. I., p. 17). The viewpoint throughout is that of the subjective, as distinct from the objective, historian; that of the political philosopher as distinct from the chronicler or annalist. The treatment is tentative, suggestive, critical, with a tendency at times, as the author seems to admit, to be a bit dogmatic.

Volume I. deals with four distinct periods:

(a) The Pagan Empire, the Civilian Monarchy, and the Military Reaction (Domitian to Constantine, 81–337);

(b) Problems of the New Monarchy and the New Subjects; or the Limitations of Autocracy and the Bulgarian Offer; (The Sons of Constantine—Leo I. 337–457);

(c) Reconstruction and Collapse under the Houses of Justin and Heraclius. Victory of Civilian and Reaction to Military Forms, (Leo I.–Justinian II., 457–711);

(d) Zenith and Decline of the Byzantine Monarchy under Asiatic Influence: Roman Tradition, the Court, and the Feudal Nobility (Justinian II.–Nicephorus IV., 711–1081).

Vol. II. is divided into two sections:

(a) Political Influences Moulding the Nominal Autocracy of the Cæsars (400–1080);

(b) Armenia and Its Relations with the Empire (520–1120).

Bussell gives as the reasons of the Empire's permanency its strict impartiality, its uniform justice, and its equalization of burden and of opportunity (Vol. I., p. 8). The Romans ever boasted "that they lived under a constitution, and were ruled according to law" (Vol. I., p. 209); throughout the entire period "the enterprise and policy of the sovereign and the welfare of the state were identical and synonymous" (Vol. I., p. 237). In all its seven stages, the Empire was consistently "democratic" as opposed to the aristocratic and exclusive basis of later European society (Vol. II., p. 167). "The Roman people was no more servile in its attitude toward the sovereign than the American people to-day in its genuine admiration for a tireless and outspoken President" (Vol. I., p. 202). "The Roman system was to an extent undreamt of to-day founded upon moral influence, upon confidence in the subject's loyalty, which events justified. It betrayed the same laudable weakness before foreign aggression as China; because these two monarchies alone in human history contemplate peace as the normal condition of mankind" (Vol. I., p. 195). The Romans always demanded personal service in their ruler; "he must work and govern as well as reign" (Vol. I., p. 47). "Roman history had two springs of movement; the internal development towards bureaucracy, centralism, and caste distinction, inseparable from any advanced civilization; and the exterior pressure of the new races" (Vol. I., p. 366). "Strictly speaking, the imperial system is with us to-day modified and transformed, but still

potent" (Vol. I., p. 191). "Religion was ever regarded by the Romans as a mere department of the state" (Vol. I., p. 56).

It is impossible in the short space allotted a reviewer to mention even summarily the many topics discussed or the ideas suggested in this political history of the Empire. In a few illuminating pages the author outlines the strong personal rule of the plebeian Domitian, the steady working of the administrative machine under the Pseudo-Antonines, the centralized absolutism of Diocletian and Constantine, the restoration under Justinian, and the orthodox crusade of Heraclius. He brings out clearly the economic, social, and political characteristics of every period, and is rather fair and unprejudiced, until he ventures out of his province to discuss Iconoclasm and its attitude towards monasticism, celibacy, and the reverence due to images. He discusses well the problem of Empire versus nationality, the ethics of East and West, the ever changing policy toward the barbarians, the fiscal question, the law codes, the dominancy or effacement of the military power, the influence of Teuton and Armenian, the power wielded by court officials and palace favorites, the results of the Persian wars, the causes of the inroads of Islam, the corruption of the provincial officials, etc., etc.

We welcome his meagre praise of Western monasticism (Vol. II., p. 155), his estimate of the French Republic's tyranny (Vol. I., p. 161), his condemnation of Socialism (Vol. I., p. 360; Vol. II., p. 352), his view of the political character of the Reformation (Vol. II., p. 123), his refusal to acknowledge the Albigenses as the forerunners of Protestantism (Vol. II., p. 395). Occasionally, however, the author's Protestant bias makes him forget the impartial character of the historical critic. He cannot understand the celibacy of the monks (Vol. I., p. 294), he fails to grasp the Catholic doctrine of the veneration of the saints and their images (Vol. I., p. 294; Vol. II., pp. 116, 134, 151, etc.), he is continually praising the intolerant Asiatic Iconoclasts like Leo III. and Constantine V. for their so-called patriotism (Vol. I., p. 294; Vol. II., pp. 74, 89, 116, 123, 345, etc.).

His views on modern democracy and his estimate of the republican form of government read for the most part like the utterances of an Austrian autocrat in the days of Metternich's

supremacy. "Apart from a monarch no sound conception of the state has been possible; the people cling with pathetic tenderness to the hereditary principle" (Vol. I., pp. 260, 126). In a republic "the people are excluded from any real share in the government beyond the payment of taxes and the surrender of power to compact and irresponsible minorities" (Vol. I., p. 5); "they are cleverly diverted from the main issue of a political campaign by the dexterity of rival politicians" (Vol. I., p. 119). "To say that the people have the power is to utter a truism or a fallacy; to say that an autocrat exercises absolute authority is to say nothing at all" (Vol. I., 139). "A republican state is only a headless and disorganized militarism" (Vol. I., p. 359). "The chief effect of the recognition of Republican ideas is the denial of the rights of a minority" (Vol. I., p. 89). "Indeed of all governments, a republic is that which is least conformable to human nature, least intelligible to the average man, etc." (Vol. I., p. 132). He insists frequently on "the mocking formulas of free institutions," "the nominal and insincere democracy of to-day" (Vol. I., pp. 161, 90), and after pointing to "the striking and cynical immunity" of the arrogant wealthy class of the United States, he asserts with dogmatic omniscience "that the war against privilege and abuse can never be carried on with effect except under monarchical institutions" (Vol. I., pp. 161, 260, 261; cf, Vol. I., 40, 98, 252, Vol. II., 165 etc.).

Bussell more than once acknowledges his indebtedness to other historians who have dealt with the Empire, such as Gibbon, Finlay, Diehl, Bury, Lebeau. Again he gives proof of his knowledge of the old annalists like Procopius, Psellus, etc. (Vol. II., pp. 39—48, 358, 249, 254, 297, 303, 343). However, he is always on his guard in citing them, and frequently criticizes their viewpoint or questions their "facts." Finlay whom he quotes most of all, and commends highly for his erudition, sympathy, insight and political acumen (Vol. I., p. 230) is called to task for his fanciful speculations on the end of the Empire under Justinian II. (695 A. D.), his false notion of Thomas' revolt (820 A. D.), his confused judgment on the success of the Comnenians (1057 A. D.), etc. He calls Gibbon's verdict on the Byzantine populace "superficial and unfair like his entire treatment of later Roman history," mentions his ignorance concerning the anti-Bulgarian campaigns of Zoe

(914–920 A. D.), finds fault with his odious "taste for scandals, etc." (Vol. II., pp. 41, 176, 201, 210, 473, etc.). Equally unfair is Mommsen's view of Cæsar as "the clear-sighted and consummate statesman with a definitely outlined plan of government" and Ferrari's theory of the imperial "arch-opportunist always embarrassed by his unexpected success" (Vol. I. pp. 147, 148).

The author's subjective method lends itself to constant repetitions, although a few days of careful revising might have eliminated most of them. The style throughout is very heavy and turgid, abounding in elliptical and involved sentences, pedantic in its constant use of rarely-used or obsolete words from the Latin, and often faulty in its use of the transitive verb (temulence, peregrine, decanting, chace, inspired, defeats (Vol. II., pp. 196, 274, 357, 391, 477, etc.).

He anticipates our objection to the lack of references by stating that "the whole emphasis of a subjective appreciation of a period is lost by the leaden sediment of footnotes—which in our heart of heart (?) we distrust by instinct, yet have rarely the leisure to verify" (Vol. I., p. 17). We hope the next edition will be bettered by a thorough bibliography, an index of the first volume, and the addition of some maps of the Empire in its various stages. We hope that in an age like the present, when "concentrated and continuous reading is becoming obsolete" (Vol. I., p. 3) there are still thinkers enough to justify a second edition of this important history.

NON-CATHOLIC DENOMINATIONS. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.

Those who have St. Alphonsus of Liguori's *History of Heresies*, translated into English by that brilliant Irish Franciscan, Father Mullock, who afterwards became lost in obscurity as bishop of a Newfoundland diocese, will find in the presest volume of Father Benson an amplification of the later periods of the older book. Father Benson divides his work into two main parts: Episcopal and Non-Episcopal Sects. In the portion of the book dealing with the former classes we find, as we should naturally expect, that he enters more thoroughly into the deeper and inner aspects of their doctrines and practices, and very enlightening is some of the information that he gives us. The same thoroughness is not notice-

able in connection with his chapters on the Non-Episcopal sects, but all through he shows generosity and kindness. Indeed these are the predominating characteristics of the book.

We have a detailed exposition of the tenets of the "Historic High Church" party, of the "Moderate High Church" party, of the "Ritualists," the "Extreme Ritualists," the "Low Church," and the "Broad Church." While he shows a friendly tone towards these, he demonstrates at the same time the contradictions and peculiarities of all those who are bonded by the one link known as "The Establishment." The idea of Queen Elizabeth to gather all Christians—"Papists" excluded—within one fold has become a merciless reality, and the greatest diversities of opinion exist even on fundamental doctrines of Christianity. And there is, apparently, no way out of the difficulty, for there is no authorized person, or collection of doctrines to which appeal may be had.

All the parties within the bosom of the Establishment hold views special to themselves, with the exception of the Moderate High Church party. "Its characteristic is," writes Father Benson, (p. 22) "that its principles are almost impossible to define. . . . It disregards Corpus Christi; it celebrates Harvest Festivals with a wealth of pomp and pumpkins; it does not elevate the Host; but it elevates the almsdish. It is very clerical; but not at all sacerdotal . . . the Moderate High Churchman is the despair of all other parties in the Establishment who have definite principles." Into the motives, ideals, and tendencies of the other parties comprising Episcopalianism we cannot enter. But we cannot help noting in passing the absurdities into which logic drives the Ritualists. They hold that in England "Catholics" (Anglicans) are bound to be in communion with Anglican bishops, and that they are guilty of grave sin if they frequent the services of "The Italian Mission," an ignomious term for the Catholic Church, and coined—if we mistake not—by Father Benson's own father. But—when these same "Catholics" cross the Channel for a holiday they are to frequent our Catholic Churches on the Continent and pass by the Anglican churches. Nay, they may even go to confession and receive Holy Communion in our churches, and that without acquainting the confessor that they are Anglicans. This certainly will open the eyes of Catholics as to how far Ritualism is prepared to go.

Among the Non-Episcopal sects mention is made of the Presbyterians, the Congregationists or Independents, Baptists, and Methodists. These are all treated of fairly well, but we confess to have felt some dissatisfaction at the brevity with which the doctrines of Methodism were treated. This is one of the points where the method adopted by the author of not repeating a doctrine held by a sect previously spoken of shows its shortcomings. After all the *Westminster Library* is for students, and it is a little disconcerting if a person in search of an explanation of the doctrine of Conversion, or wishing to learn what is necessary for "holiness," and what the term carries with it, will fail to find one word in the chapter devoted to Methodism, but will have to begin at the first page of the book and work onwards until an approximate doctrine will be met with in the chapter on the "Low Church." And it is also because of the advertised aims of the series that we think the editors should be subjected to sharp criticism for not providing the volume with either an index or a synoptic table of contents.

Father Benson shows the same generous treatment and liberality of view in all the chapters and sections concerning the various sects; indeed, in some places we think that he goes very near straining a point to bring out the goodness of a sect. Still this is to be commended, for it is better to allow the shadows to show themselves when the clear light is demonstrated, than to seek murkiness and leave unnoticed the rays of the sun. The author sees in Spiritualism a possibility that it will become the most dangerous opponent of the Catholic Church. In this we are one with him. And we agree entirely with him also that Catholics and particularly priests should not look with self-satisfied amusement on the practices of Spiritualists. Undoubtedly there is an amount of charlatanism in it, but there is also much that needs explanation. And we have no hesitation in saying that Catholics should be taught the dangers to soul and body arising from any unlawful curiosity in this direction.

If any person wishes to see the innumerable ways in which the principles of the so-called Reformation may be applied, he has only to read this book of Father Benson's, which we commend to him.

A PRIEST AND HIS BOYS. From the French, by Alice Dease. London: R. & T. Washbourne. 75 cents.

The priest who wrote this book is certainly a hard-working man, and it is rather sad to think that all or nearly all his labors will apparently disappear. He is a curate in a French country village of seven hundred people of whom only about fourteen men practice their religion. To instill into the village boys' minds some idea of religion the priest turns his house during the winter evenings into a kind of boys' club, and there teaches them the practices and doctrines of religion. In this book he tells us how he proceeds with his work, and we must say frankly that we do not care for his methods, which to our mind are too sentimental and tend towards mawkishness. It seems to us that his boys are too good to persevere; there is too much exhibition of their religion; too much evidence of their little self-imposed penances; and one of them at least appears to have the making of a first class hypocrite and scoundrel in him, though the Abbé makes sure to quote his piety and penitential practices. The book is rather sorrowful reading, as it unconsciously shows up the lamentable state of Catholicism in France, even in the rural sections; and according to it the women are nearly as bad as the men. The slight insights which the author gives us are far from pleasant or inspiring. With all the evident sincerity and holiness of the priestly author we should not like to see his methods introduced among our children. But his book will prove interesting reading to those who are following the development of affairs of the Church in France.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. By Charles Franklin Thwing, LL.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

In tracing the history of educational endeavor since the Civil War, President Thwing has ventured beyond his usual field of the college and university into other parts of our educational system. He has seized upon the vital problems of our schools, and presents them in a clear and impartial manner. His work is, therefore, valuable, not alone to the teacher, but likewise to the layman who is interested in this most important phase of our national life.

Much light is thrown on several mooted questions of the day. When we are reminded, for instance, that the area of knowledge has vastly increased in recent years, and that the curriculum has, as a result, been considerably broadened while the capacity of the human mind to receive learning has not increased in any appreciable degree in a generation, or, indeed, in any one generation since the beginning, we are better prepared to understand the oft-repeated charge that the graduates of our schools are no longer well grounded in the essentials of knowledge.

The prime importance of moral character as the aim of education is recognized, and the moral constitution of the individual is regarded as of supreme importance. Two methods of nourishing moral character are recognized; the first indirect, the second direct. The first seeks indirectly through the ordinary school studies, and through the routine of the school itself so to direct the student that good character and righteous conduct shall normally and unconsciously follow; the second seeks the same end by direct instruction in morals, such as is given in the public schools of New York City.

Owing to the fact that religious teaching is barred from the public schools, however, it is difficult to see what is the ultimate basis or sanction for this carefully planned system of moral training. We look in vain for the answer in President Thwing's treatise, as we likewise do for any notice of the magnificent system of Catholic parish schools which has made such wonderful progress during the last forty years. Surely a school system which comprises over 1,000,000 pupils, over 20,000 professional teachers with more than $100,000,000 worth of property, and with an annual expenditure in the neighborhood of $150,00,000 is worthy of consideration.

EARLY STEPS IN THE FOLD. By F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.

Many converts just within the threshold of the Church, still strangers in a strange land with many questions on their lips, will find in Father De Zulueta's book a much needed "guide, philosopher, and friend."

With truly maternal prescience and solicitude the author forestalls their difficulties, answers their questions, and directs

their "early steps" towards the inner life of Catholic faith and practice.

Comprehensive in subject matter, simple and direct in style, it is admirably calculated to fulfil the purpose outlined in the foreword and "develop in the newly found sheep that sense of 'at-home-ness' in the one True Fold which conduces so powerfully to inward peace and happiness and is—especially in the case of less robust souls—so necessary for growth and expansion in the service and love of Christ."

EDUCATION. HOW OLD THE NEW. By James J. Walsh, M.D. New York: Fordham University Press. $2 net.

With only one reservation we have nothing but praise for this book. It is just as well to state what we think a fault and be done with it. Dr. Walsh disarms criticism by saying in his preface that certain repetitions occur owing to the addresses having been originally delivered orally. This, though not offensive, is quite apparent in several places; but we think Dr. Walsh would have done well had he omitted altogether the address on "The Church and Feminine Education," for it is only a retelling of what he has already plainly told in a preceding address, and its presence has the damaging effect of urging readers to skip much good matter that succeeds it. Here our fault finding ends.

The first address from which the book derives its title is splendidly done. In it Dr. Walsh goes back to B. C. 3500 and introduces us to a work by Ptah Hotep which is full of wisdom and common sense. From this Dr. Walsh proceeds to show that those remote ages could give us of the enlightened twentieth century many lessons in various departments of knowledge. In jewelry, for instance, the Egyptians were past masters, whilst we cannot produce anything original in the same craft. In other things also the Egyptians were remarkably advanced. They understood mathematics; geometry and arithmetic were in general use. And in medicine they had made extraordinary progress. A papyrus is quoted in which seven hundred different substances are stated to have medicinal and remedial qualities. The Egyptians knew how to administer drugs in various forms. Their doctors specialized, "some for the eyes," as Herodotus tells us, "others for the

head, many for the teeth, not a few for the stomach and inwards." They had clinical teaching, a course for medical students, and the old temples were used after the manner in which we use health resorts.

This theme is continued in the second paper on "The First Modern University." And we find the first modern university to be that of Alexandria founded as a legacy of Alexander the Great. Its great library is known to all of us as the largest and most important collection of antiquity. But in addition to its library the University had some great names connected with it. Euclid and his "Geometry," Archimedes and his many inventions, Appollonius of Perga and his conic sections, Heren and his discoveries in hydrostatics (the greatest of his inventions being the turbine engine), and Ptolemy the astronomer. To this list may be added names of those who were famous in medicine and surgery.

The lectures following may be grouped together since they show some connection between the ideal popular education, the education of women, and the work of the Church in both fields. The central point of Dr. Walsh's treatment of ideal education is the work of the medieval guilds compared with our much talked-of modern methods. Workmen then gave all their talents to what they had in hand, and never shirked difficulties. They knew more than their descendants of to-day know. Many of their arts are lost—the burnishing of gold on vellum so that it would retain its lustre, the production of ruby glass, and of a blue glass that would not fade with strong light; these are some of their secrets that have disappeared. Then, again, the guilds were places of education for their members, and amusements of an elevating kind were held in their quarters during the winter months. True fraternity between workman and workman prevailed. If a man became injured, members of his guild came every night to watch by his bedside and care for him. There were about 30,000 of such guilds in England in the fifteenth century, and when the great Robbery, called the Reformation, took place these associations of workmen were ruthlessly despoiled by the King and Parliament.

We should like to dwell at some length on the addresses concerning the education of women, but we must leave that pleasure to readers of the volume. The addresses are full of

valuable material, and must inevitably provoke thought among serious-minded women who may read it.

The remaining papers also are valuable, especially to those interested in the history of medicine. Dr. Walsh is a loyal champion of Catholicism, the kind we wish to meet, and our only desire is that we had a few more like him.

LITTLE BLOSSOMS OF LOVE, KINDNESS, AND OBEDIENCE. By Sister Mary Agnes McCann. Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio: Sisters of Charity.

Two recent volumes of religious lyrics are with us: often similar in matter, but in manner as different as souls, or as womanhood itself. The *Little Blossoms* of venerable Sister Mary Agnes McCann are cheery with the singular domestic brightness of the cloister—always, to those in the world, a phenomenal thing. Their themes, in the main, are found in the mysteries of our Faith, in its feasts and fasts, its saints and shrines. But Sister Mary Agnes has been ever ready with her pen, and scarcely an episode of convent life—of friendship or of fealty—is without its memorial.

THE UNFADING LIGHT. By Caroline Davenport Swan. Boston; Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.

Caroline Davenport Swan is already favorably known to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The dreamy delicacy of her style, the devout and tender sincerity of her thought are not strangers to us. Through the present volume there is a noticeable avoidance of the storm and stress of life; a shade, perhaps, of weariness; yet persistent serenity of hope. Miss Swan has her own subtlety; and her "unfading light" is found upon quiet horizons—in a golden monotone which speaks of the immense silences of God.

MEZZOGIORNO. By John Ayscough. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

In *Mezzogiorno*, by John Ayscough, author of *San Celestino*, we find a Catholic novel of the highest type. It is a fine, firm piece of work, and has a secure excellence of style and treatment, very rare in these days of hurried fiction

writing. The story is of England, and is thoroughly English in tone. Both in development of plot and in character analysis it bears a strong resemblance to the work of George Eliot; a like resemblance may be found, in the stern idea of retribution, of the grinding of the mills of the gods. But George Eliot, self-bound in Positivism, could never attain the subtle grace with which John Ayscough has outlined the spiritual awakening of his heroine, and her slow turning to Catholicism. Gillian Thesiger is an unusual heroine; one believes in her personality. And, what is more of a compliment to the author, one believes in her difficulties. *Mezzogiorno* is an exceptionally capable book. We urge our readers to hasten to enjoy it.

HOME RULE. Speeches of John Redmond, M. P. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Twenty-four selected speeches made by John Redmond during twenty-five years of the struggle for Home Rule have been edited and arranged in one volume by R. Barry O'Brien. In an introduction by the editor they are properly said to be "persuasive, dignified, skillful in arrangement, clear in exposition, logical and incisive in character." More than half of them were delivered in the House of Commons. If that body were influenced by forcible and lucid argument, these speeches would have great practical value as a means of winning Home Rule. They should be read by every one who wishes to make up his mind and form a judgment about the somewhat conflicting opinions current regarding Ireland's surest road to prosperity. He is the official exponent of the views held by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and that Party holds the views of an overwhelming majority of the Irish people. The central idea to which all others are referred or from which they radiate is this: Ireland can never prosper until she enjoys the freedom of making laws for the nation and executing them in accordance with the dictates of her own peculiar genius. Experimental proof of this is drawn from the complete failure for more than a century of English rule, so that self-government is claimed on the ground of expediency as well as on that of right. Abundant facts are given and statistics produced to show the wretched condition of the country, and solid reasons advanced to prove that it cannot be otherwise, under the

domination of an alien government. The case of Canada is brought forward to exhibit Home Rule as a remedy for discontent and as the condition of prosperity. For various reasons Mr. Redmond has become thoroughly convinced that Irish autonomy is now inevitable. The masses of the English people are not opposed to it, the attitude of Ulster has undergone a favorable change, the British Parliament can transact its own business only by granting it, most of the popular prejudices against it have died out or been killed. A favorite and influential objection to it was the alleged unfitness of the Irish for managing a government of their own; this has been refuted by successful administration of the Local Government Act. The working out of this Act has also demonstrated how futile were the fears entertained for the Protestant minority left to the mercy of a Catholic majority. Every year now brings new evidence that Home Rule for Ireland is near at hand.

ROBERT KIMBERLY. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.30 net.

This novel will be of special interest to Catholic readers because the plot turns largely upon the influence of the Church in the lives of a man and woman. Alice MacBirney, Catholic by birth and education, has been married five years to a non-Catholic. Through his hostile influence she has ceased to practice her religion, but has not lost her faith. She meets her husband's new partner, Robert Kimberly, a multimillionaire and a financier of note. He falls in love with her, but for a time she repulses him; her conduct however, is apparently directed, by ordinary ethics rather than by Catholic principle. At last, after enduring neglect and insult from her husband, she leaves him, obtains a divorce, and promises to marry Kimberly. She admits that she would like to obtain the Church's blessing on the marriage, so that she might return to the practice of religion, but adds that she fears it to be impossible. Kimberly, as an American millionaire, is in the habit of overcoming the impossible, either by money or by influence, and promptly decides to consult the Catholic Archbishop. The interview is most interesting. In the kind, firm explanation given by the Archbishop of the utter impossibility of obtaining the permission of the Church for a second mar-

riage while the first husband lives, the author states very clearly and sympathetically the Catholic attitude and teaching on the subject of divorce. Kimberly and Alice are disappointed at this verdict, but are not at all hindered in preparations for their marriage. It does not take place, however; Alice is seized by an attack of cerebral lesion, the result of a blow dealt by her husband, and dies in a few days, recovering consciousness only long enough to grasp her crucifix. Heartbroken at her death, Kimberly finds consolation in the Church, and immediately after his conversion leaves for Molokai to devote himself to the work of nursing the lepers.

We believe that this is the first novel that Mr. Spearman has written since his own conversion to the Church, and it will be of undoubted interest to Catholic readers. With the character of Robert Kimberly he has succeeded splendidly, but his herione, Alice, gives the effect of unreality. Religion is a vital thing to a Catholic woman, even if she has sinned against it; it is not a thing of second-class sentiment, to be taken or left after a melodramatic, but half-hearted struggle. After leaving her husband Alice's strongest instinct would have been to return to the faith of which he is supposed to have "robbed" her, and without which, we are told, she was unhappy. Only a tremendous passion, which she is not once represented as feeling for Kimberly, would have driven her to what she knew was a sinful marriage.

Mr. Spearman's presentation of Catholic beliefs and teachings is always accurate; his non-Catholic readers will get some correct, and, we hope, illuminating information. They will probably be impressed by the superiority of the Church to the American idea of the "almighty dollar." To Catholics the book will surely be most interesting, but in no way enlightening, except as another argument against mixed marriage.

We cannot refrain from adding that if Mr. Spearman's priests really *must* use Latin phrases, they should at least use correct ones.

CHRIST AND THE GOSPEL. By Marius Lepin, S.J. Philadelphia: John J. McVey. $2.

By an elaborate scientific examination of the first three Gospels this book shows what critical history has to tell us

regarding the Person of Jesus Christ. At the same time it furnishes material for forming a judgment upon the method, labors, and conclusions of contemporary critics engaged in the study of those Gospels. The capital question involved is this: What does genuine history say as to Christ's divinity? Whose Son is He? Is He the Son of God and equal to His Father? Both the unbelieving critic and the believer enter upon the examination of documents with contradictory convictions, neither of which springs from the study of history; for the one they are based upon philosophy and for the other they are founded on faith. But this does not necessarily preclude a fair statement of historical facts or just reasoning upon them, and a conclusion will be perfectly legitimate if logically derived from premises which contain it. What vitiates the scientific method in the handling of history is that it allows an antecedent conviction affecting the conclusion to take part in the process. This book is singularly free from that vice, which is more than can be truthfully said of the unbelieving critics. In fact these openly declare that whatever is supernatural cannot be historical; the author cites their very words. An indirect but important effect of the book is the impression it produces that the critical method, which rejects the evidence supplied by tradition, is powerless to satisfy the mind. The modicum of light its application sheds upon the Gospel histories, while it contributes in turn to the great light of the accumulated testimony of nineteen centuries, is of itself utterly impotent to reveal the truth. Nevertheless, the author's laborious undertaking has shown that the critical method, so far as it avails, inclines the historical student of the Gospels towards the conclusion that the historic Personage, Jesus Christ, was no other than the expected Messiah of the Jews and no less than the true Son of God.

AT HOME WITH GOD. By Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

The meaning of this title is the author's invitation to a fully developed childlike relationship with God. The book, not a large one, is a manual of reverent familiarity in one's private dealings with the heavenly Father. In its twenty-four chapters which sum up the principal aspects of our kinship with the Deity, Father Russell instills "at home-ness" of feeling into our prayers and meditations. One is here aided by thoughts

of vital encouragement along the entire journey of the spirit, from the avoidance of petty deceitfulness to the achievement of the supreme and final goal of perseverance.

It is many years since this author began to make it a pleasant thing to be hard on self and generous with Jesus; he wears the enviable laurels of a veteran in the gentle warfare of conquest by love. He does not fear to be misunderstood by using such terms as "easy spirituality," for, like Father Faber, his bright writing and his gift of adornment of style are introductory to the solid teaching of the Gospel. His skill of expression is wholly expended in exhibiting the beauty of virtue, which to many minds is well learned without dwelling much on the hatefulness of vice.

To be strongly devotional and yet not strongly sentimental, or rather to be sentimental without forfeit of reason's guidance and faith's stability is a great boon. We believe that Father Russell's volume contributes materially to this end.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN EUDES. By Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

To many this interesting sketch of "a great priest who in his day pleased God," will come as an introduction to a Founder whose foundations are familiar to all. Who but knows of the Houses of Refuge and of the Good Shepherd, yet how few know of the man whose yearning for sinners gave birth to this Apostolic work. Father Eudes' life gives another instance of the travail in which new religious families see the light. It was arduously spent in troublous times.

Like St. Philip Neri and St. Vincent de Paul, the great preoccupation of his mind was the need for "a holy race" of priests. To this end he wrote and labored and prayed; this drew him to the Oratory, and thence to form the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, especially devoted to the work of seminaries.

His biographer calls Blessed John Eudes "one of the letter-writing saints," the two last volumes of a twelve volume edition of his works being devoted to letters. Father Russell has fully appreciated the impossibility of doing justice to such a full life in a sketch of less than two hundred pages; he but presents an outline portrait which will inspire every priest, and impel the layman toward increased loyalty and reverence for those "who break unto him the Bread of Life."

ANDROS OF EPHESUS. By J. E. Copus, S.J. Milwaukee: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. $1.25.

Sustained interest and much instruction are to be found throughout the chapters of this story, the scene of which is laid in Ephesus during the early years after the Ascension of our Lord. The theme is one of love. Andros, a well-to-do shipowner falls in love with Lydda, who has another admirer in the person of Aratus, a suitor more desirous of the dowry that will go with Lydda than of herself. As one would naturally expect, he becomes the villain of the book, and lays a plot for the destruction of Andros; but the course of love runs smoothly, happiness coming in the end.

The particular interest attached to the story lies in the picture of the early Church, a sharp distinction being drawn between the conduct of those who worship Diana, and the followers of Christ. St. John the Apostle is introduced with some effect, but we confess that the portion relating to the Blessed Virgin falls short of what we should desire. And we feel inclined also to find fault with the scanty treatment of the plot hatched by Aratus; for, after all, a good plot is the life of a book. With these exceptions the reading of *Andros of Ephesus* has been a pleasure, and we recommend it to readers of light literature.

NONE OTHER GODS. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

From Father Benson one expects the extraordinary. His latest book, *None Other Gods*, is unspeakably strange in theme and treatment; religiously it is quite unconventional. The story is of the Honorable Frank Guiseley, second son of an English nobleman, and, in the first chapters, student at Cambridge. Frank has become a Catholic, and in consequence has been cast off by his father without even the proverbial shilling. He startles his friends by announcing an auction sale of his furniture, books, and clothes; later, armed with the resultant thirteen pounds and his *exeat* from Cambridge, he "takes to the roads" very literally and determinedly. To the remonstrances of his friend Jack Kirkby, Frank's reply is, "I'm going to find out things for myself."

Frank is as good as his word. He does find out things

for himself, but the roads that he travels are cruelly hard. He meets privation and hardship and suffering, and, most unnerving of all, heartless desertion from the girl he has loved. The two companions with whom he has taken up, Major Trustcott and Gertie, are constant torture to his sensibilities; yet he accepts their sordid vulgarity and endures unspeakable humiliations because of them. All this is a part of the scheme of renunciation which he is resolutely following out, and which he now believes imposed upon him by something higher than himself. He feels that he is meant to rescue Gertie from the life she is leading.

He finally succeeds in bringing Gertie back to her home; he does it simply because his will is stronger than hers. But —and this seems the most dully tragic bit in his history—he effects no repentance, no conversion in the girl. On the journey to her home she begs Frank to take her away with him instead. Her life does not seem worth redeeming (there is no question of converting her soul) at the price of Frank's own life. For that is the terrible price that he pays; the Major kills him in a fit of drunken anger at Gertie's loss. That, briefly, is the story, and very harsh it seems in outline.

Father Benson makes us believe that Frank was specially guided by Divine Grace, that it accompanied him always in a mysterious, unmistakable way, and that through renunciation and failure he finally attained his self-realization and union with God.

The book has subtly dramatic incidents, showing vivid against the background of detailed realism. Father Benson's style is always refreshing; in this story we find, as usual, the quick, short-lined character drawing, the sudden parentheses, and the singularly chosen, much-connoting phrases of psychical or spiritual experience.

MELCHIOR OF BOSTON. By Michael Earls, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.

Melchior of Boston by Michael Earls, S.J., is that wonderful thing, a story with an original plot. Mr. Earls—he is a scholastic, we believe—has written something unusual, something really worth while. He takes a typical Boston business man, gives him a Catholic wife and children, and throws him into circumstances which result in his playing the part of

Melchior in a morality play of the Three Wise Men, given by his son's class in a Jesuit day-school. Then, by a pretty bit of symbolism, the author shows his hero's awakened religious interest and his search after truth in the face of a rather surprising opposition from his business partners, as parallel to Melchior's following of the Star. The idea has real beauty in it. The style of writing is not at all free and the author handles the story rather awkwardly. But he is a beginner, this being, we believe, his first attempt in prose; practice will bring ease of style and construction. And in the meantime *Melchior of Boston* will command praise for its really unusual merits.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

The Broad Highway, a novel by a new writer, Jeffery Farnol, was approved with unusual warmth by London critics, and has already met with much praise in America. The time of the tale is the early nineteenth century, the scene rural England, and the hero, one Peter Vibart, who tells his own history most engagingly. Disinherited, as he believes, by his uncle, Peter sets forth on the "Broad Highway" in search of a livelihood and of adventure. The first he finds as blacksmith in a Kentish village, the second rushes upon him in various and startling forms. Love comes to meet him, too, and he tells of it with an amusing, careful candor that recalls Blackmore's hero, John Ridd. In fact, the whole story, suggests *Lorna Doone*, but the resemblance is vague enough to be pleasant.

More charming than the narrative, however, are the detached descriptive passages sketching the travelers met by Peter on the road, and the quaint rural types of his later experience. The author has rare powers of character-photography.

The book might be improved by the omission of the one chapter in which Peter voices a belief which seems to be a wild combination of Christian Science and Unitarianism. Such theories are utterly incongruous with his character, and with the story.

TALES OF THE TENEMENTS. By Eden Phillpots. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

The rather ambiguous title may lead some to suppose

that this book is the autobiography of a New York settlement worker; the reader of taste will, of course, foresee that it deals not with the "Lower East Side," but with those ancient homesteads on the banks of the Dart in the country which is now inseparably linked with the name of Eden Phillpotts. Many of the old abandoned farms which travelers see in Cornwall and Devon date from Tudor days, and folk tales still clinging about the names and places in the ancient Royal Forest of Dartmoor form the substance of this present book. Presented in the author's entertaining and characteristic style they make a readable volume.

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2 net.

We cannot but feel deeply resentful that Mr. Hutton permitted himself to disfigure his precious book with a nasty page from Boccaccio. Adding O. F. M. Ward's well-chosen and finely executed illustrations—sixteen in color, twelve in monotone—to a clear and exhaustive description of one of the loveliest and most memorable art centers of Italy, the author has constructed a satisfying work of beauty which we should have liked to declare without a flaw. We mention as particularly discerning his analysis of the Sienese school and his refusal to compare the work of Buoninsegna's followers with that of Giotto's disciples.

GUIDA DEGLI STATI UNITI PER L'IMMIGRANTE ITALIANO. Di John Foster Carr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 25 cents.

The philanthropy of the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution and the zeal of Mr. John Foster Carr have combined to put at the disposal of the Italian immigrant a booklet in his native tongue replete with the sort of information most useful to him. An apt illustration likens it to the *Baedeker* which we found so indispensable in our traveling. Innumerable practical difficulties find their solution in this book.

Two suggestions we venture upon. Experience proves that more detailed information than is here given about American marriage laws would be required in order to ensure the enlightenment of the immigrant on this matter so hard for him to understand. Again, though perhaps we could hardly ex-

pect the graciousness of the D. A. R. to extend so far, the book would surely be of greater practical assistance to the Italian immigrant if it contained a list of the clergymen ministering to Italians *and a clear statement of the Church to which each clergyman belongs.*

The book deserves to be circulated for it will further the performance of an arduous and praiseworthy task. It is unfortunate that so many of the people to whom it would be most useful are handicapped by inability to read even their own language. Of 135,080 male Southern Italians entering this country during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, there were 71,240, over fourteen years old, who could neither read nor write. The previous year there were 30,268 out of 73,824. But this only goes to show how diligently we must co-operate with the author of the booklet in spreading the information he has here so conveniently brought together.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING. By Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 65 cents.

Here is another book to be added to the Catholic family library. Its title, after reading a page or two of the text, is made clear and tells the contents of the book. Everything that touches on marriage and the home is spoken of, and there are valuable helps to happiness. Father Kane seems to have the subject at heart, and evidently speaks from his large experiences as missionary.

On nearly every other page are to be found helpful ideas; truth set forth in plain homely language; and abundant evidence of the kindliness and warmth of the author's priestly heart. There is nothing narrow, petty, or repellant—as not infrequently happens in writings on this subject—in these lectures, which are of course thoroughly in harmony with the teaching of the Catholic Church. We do not think that a Catholic after reading them can help giving considerable thought to some of the serious problems of modern life. And, certainly, the author's desire that the work may be a cause of happiness to some Christian homes will be brought to pass.

A perusal of *The Plain Gold Ring* may be the means of making some women halt in their rush after so-called emancipation. Father Kane will make enemies among these folk, for he says rather bluntly, but none the less truly, that "Those

who advocate the extreme theories of Woman's Rights seek unconsciously to limit their power and lessen her influence."

Here and there Father Kane's Irish wit peeps out, either in his selections, as his quotation from St. Clement of Alexandria on women using false hair, or in the paper on the homeless where he gives keen thrusts. He wants marriages, plenty of them, and between young people. "A nation where early marriages are almost universal will have plenty of sons and daughters of sturdy frame and healthy mind, and such a race shall command a triumphant success in peace or war. . . . Old bachelors deserve no pity." He closes his book with a very good paper on education, and makes a vigorous plea for love of children. He would like his boys to be brave and manly; the girls to have "exquisite maidenly modesty, thrift, tidiness, and taste."

ALLEZ A LUI. By Abbé Frédéric Rivière. Paris: Pierre Téqui. 6 *fr.* 50.

The aim of this book, which may be read between breakfast and supper, is to "faire un peu de bien aux ames." Doubtless it will edify the reader, though it can hardly lay other claim to his attention. It treats of frequent Communion, and this makes it opportune. As for the treatment, it is barely mediocre. What is original in the book lacks spirit, deals chiefly in generalities, and betrays no firm grasp of unifying principles. Unless every book dealing with religious truths in a religious way and composed with a zealous purpose be commendable, there is no call for such a production as *Allez à Lui*.

THE non-committal monosyllable, *Pat*, is the title of a gay, red-covered book that comes from B. Herder, St. Louis. And the author's name, Harold Wilson, is, we confess, equally unenlightening. On investigation *Pat* proves to be a readable, rather pleasant story of school and university life in England. It is of the usual variety, with football and card-playing for the main issues, and a heroic runaway rescue thrown in. The price is 50 cents.

A SHEAF OF STORIES, by Joseph Carmichael, is a collection of amiable, mid-Victorian tales, whose consistently Catholic atmosphere is their chief claim to merit. St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents.

L. C. PAGE & CO., of Boston, have published a very desirable volume, by Charles Livingston Bull, describing and picturing animal life in the Guiana wilds. The title is *Under the Roof of the Jungle.* The many drawings from life by the author add interest and value to the volume. $2.

THE Irish writer, Rev. Joseph Guinan, author of *The Moores of Glynn,* has written a new story called *Donal Kenny.* Father Guinan's drawing of rural life in Ireland has been warmly praised, and deservedly so. This latest story is so simply and charmingly told that one can forget the triteness of the plot. Benziger Brothers are the publishers. $1.10 net.

THE *Year Book of the Catholic Settlement Association of Brooklyn, New York* is a modest, though hopeful record of the activities of the Association in the field of charitable work. The spiritual aim of the society is to bring under Catholic influences the emigrants of any and all races.

THE eighth volume of the admirable *Round the World* series published by Benziger Bros. (price $1) has come to us. Like its predecessors, it contains a series of interesting articles on a great variety of subjects and is profusely illustrated.

BRIGHT IDEAS FOR ENTERTAINING by Mrs. H. B. Linscott gives two hundred forms of amusement or entertainment for social gatherings and various suggestions for holiday festivals. It is well arranged with a complete index and may be purchased from George W. Jacobs, Philadelphia, for 50 cents.

FOR a knowledge of English literature, and particularly of English poetry it is necessary to make students acquainted in some measure, at least, with the myths of antiquity. A book which we may recommend for such a purpose is: *Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art,* by C. M. Gayley, Boston: Ginn and Company. The present volume is a new edition enlarged and revised. Dr. Gayley gives an abundance of quotations from English writers that illustrate the employment of myth. His book includes sketches of the Odyssey and the Iliad and of Wagner's version of the Ring of the Nibelung. The book abounds in illustrations, has a

pronouncing index and a full index of subjects treated and of the English authors from whose works selections have been taken.

WE are pleased to note a second edition of *The Groundwork of Christian Perfection* by Rev. Patrick Ryan, published by Benziger Bros., New York. We have already called the attention of our readers to this excellent little volume. It sells at 70 cents net.

THE CENTURION, written by A. B. Routhier, and translated from the French by Lucille P. Borden, (St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50) calls itself "a historical romance of the time of the Messias." It is a careful, scholarly piece of work done with painstaking zeal, but it is not likely to commend itself widely. The fictional element is quite without merit; the historical part, however, which is based upon the Gospels, deserves praise as orthodox and deeply reverent. Yet we cannot but ask, what is the need of any enlarged or changed repetition of the most beautiful story in the world, already told in the most beautiful language in the world?

DR. FREDERIC ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., has attempted in his *French Secondary Schools* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), to extricate what he considers the real history of education from its patriotic and religious elements—a rather impossible task, we believe. Nevertheless, though we take emphatic exception to the primary assumption of the author, we wish to say that Dr. Farrington has produced a painstaking book, full of interesting detail with regard to the State secondary schools of France, and one that will be valuable to the special student.

ARE OUR PRAYERS HEARD? by Joseph Egger, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder, is a well-written and a well-printed booklet of 64 pages and sells at 15 cents per copy.

JESUS ALL GREAT, a companion volume to *Jesus All Good*, has just appeared by Father Alexander Gallerani, S.J., translated by F. Loughnan and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons (cloth, 50 cents, leatherette, $1). To the cultivation of love this little book adds that of reverence and leaves no

room for doubt as to the practical influence on public, as well as private life of a reverential love of "Christ, the power of God." Like its precursor it is full of devotion and the fear it inculcates is the loving filial fear which "is the beginning of wisdom."

A TEXAS BLUE BONNET by Emilia Elliott. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50, tells the experience of a fourteen-year-old mistress of a Texan ranch, who comes to spend a winter with her New England relatives. The story is harmless enough, with a happy ending that will please all little girl readers.

A COURSE of lectures given at the Catholic Institute of Paris is *The Assyro-Babylonian Religion*, by Le P. Paul Dharme. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. These lectures have been considerably developed for book publication, although the work does not claim to be an exhaustive treatise of so vast a subject. Mythology, magic, and divination are designedly left in the background. They study in particular the basis of religious psychology, that is to say, the idea of the Divinity and the relations existing between it and the world, the sentiments arising therefrom in the heart of man, and man's own desire to strengthen the bond of union between humanity and superior beings. The volume belongs to the series of *Etudes Palestiniennes et Orientales*, of which it forms a valuable and interesting number.

THE Religion of Ancient Egypt, *La Religion de l'Ancienne Egypte*, by Philippe Virey Paris: Beauchesne et Cie., is simply the reproduction of seven conferences given in 1909 at the Catholic Institute of Paris on different subjects relative to the Egyptian religion. It is a general view of the religious ideas of ancient Egypt rather than a precise and methodical exposition of the Egyptian religion in all its manifestations. To the many interesting problems suggested by this religion the author has not failed to propose a solution. He has considered also the questions of monotheism and polytheism; but his attention has been especially directed to the dogma and religious thought of the Egyptians, while he notices also their religious literature, especially the Book of the Dead and the texts of the Pyramids.

IN *La Vérité du Catholicisme* (Bloud et Cie, Paris: 3 *fr.* 50). Abbé Bricout treats of the historical value of the Gospels, points out how Loisy may be effectively answered, and gives consideration to the question of how one may be scrupulously orthodox and still love his century and his country. The volume will give much serviceable material to apologists.

THE panegyrics, oftentimes unduly exaggerated, delivered by l'Abbé Coubé on Joan of Arc are published in the volume *L'Âme de Jeanne d'Arc* (P. Lethielleux, Paris: 4 *fr.*) The volume concludes with the studies previously published by the author under the title *L'Idéal.* The author discusses in detail such questions as; Was Joan a Shepherdess? Did she act under hallucinations? Was she burned by the Church?

LA VIE INTERNATIONALE. By Vte. Combes de Lestrade. Paris: Victor Lecoffe. 2 *fr.*, is a careful study by an eminent historian and sociologist of the various ways in which nations are to-day brought into contact with other nations. Travel, circulation of foreign periodicals, etc., have done much to produce a cosmopolitanism that is an effective safeguard of peace, and a scholarly study of these phenomena is to be welcomed.

THIS little book of 170 pages (*Essai sur la Foi*, by Abbé Snell. Paris: Pierre Téqui), treats of the historical development of the Christian idea of divine faith. Until the birth of Protestantism, and for some time after that event, the traditional notion of faith as an assent of the mind to revealed doctrine, was commonly held. But Protestantism contained the seed which has since germinated and produced an abundant crop of concepts regarding faith that gainsay its intellectual nature. As a consequence belief in the supernatural has no standing in the field of reason, being merely an affair of the heart, having no concern with dogma. This is a radical departure from the ancient idea and no true development. The Catholic concept of faith, on the contrary, is substantially the same all through the centuries, and its growth in distinctness is genuine evolution. The reading of this Essay is recommended to those desirous of forming a proper estimate of the many theories regarding religion without dogma, popular at the present day.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (4 Feb.): "New Legislation for Religious Orders." The Sacred Congregation of Religious has just issued a new decree regulating the admission of lay brothers. They may be admitted as postulants at the age of seventeen; they cannot become novices until they are twenty, or solemnly professed members unless they have attained their thirty-first year.——"On Personal Service," by May Quinlan. A Catholic social centre has been opened at Southwark and an appeal has been made not only to the Catholics at this place but to the faithful throughout England to take up social work and by their civic influence, writings, visitations, and prayers combat the Rationalistic and Socialistic tendencies of the age.——A Bill providing a Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine has passed the first reading in the German Reichstag.

(11 Feb.): King George V. opened his first Parliament and made the Accession Declaration in the new form provided by the Amending Act passed last year.——The new *régime* in the Congo State is effecting very happy reforms. "Peace and confidence now reign where formerly there were war and trouble."——"In Pursuit of a Shadow," by A. L. Cortie, S.J. The writer deals with his proposed expedition to Vavau, an island in the Sonthern Pacific, to observe, as one of the official British astronomers, a total eclipse of the sun, which will be visible from that point in April.——"News from France" gives a summary of Mgr. Duchesne's address to the Academy and of M. Étienne Lamy's reply to the distinguished new Academician.

(18 Feb.): "Taxation of Spanish Religious," by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. The first move in the anticlerical campaign of continental politicians is an attack on the Church's outer defences—the religious orders. A proof of this is seen in the recent measure enacted in Spain, forbidding an increase in the number of religious houses. Father de Zulueta takes up and refutes in order the

arguments offered in support of the measure and then suggests that there is another motive in the minds of those who wish to procure the ruin of the Orders, namely, the realization of "Universal Freemasonry."——"The Holy See and Germany,"——Mgr. Butt, the new Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, was consecrated on Friday, February 24.

The Month (Feb.): "The Ethics of Subscription," by Rev. Sydney F. Smith deals with the recent oath taken by the clergy. The text of the oath is given in full.——"Gheel Colony for the Insane," by Alice V. Johnson, describes the treatment of alienation cases in the Belgian colony.——The Rev. H. Thurston contributes an article entitled "The Medieval Primer." This article refutes a paper appearing in a recent issue of the *Guardian*, which asserted that Mariolatry never took root in the hearts of the English people. By numerous quotations from the "Primer," the common prayer book for the medieval layman, the author shows that devotion to our Lady was bound up with the religious practices of all classes.

(March): J. Elliot Ross, M.A., under the caption, "The Consumer's Opportunity," emphasizes the great power that lies in the hands of the consumers for the betterment of social conditions. The author gives a brief account of the origin, aims, etc., of the Consumer's League, an institution which strives, through the consumer, to bring about better conditions for those employed in the sale and manufacture of goods.——"Iconoclastic Criticism," by Rev. H. Thurston is a review of a paper, written by the Rev. Fedele Savio, professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Gregorian University. Father Savio considers various religious traditions and devotions in no wise connected with the deposit of faith. He scores those hostile critics who maintain that "these devotions are stuffed down the throats of all," and are placed upon the same footing as the dogmas of faith because their exposure would lead to great loss of revenue and truth. He further shows the admissibility of criticism toward these and maintains that corrections have been made in books, traditions, etc., which goes

to show that no infallible authority is claimed for their historicity.

The Expository Times (March): "Light from the Ancient East," by the Rev. James Iverach, D.D.——"The Tradition of the Elders," by the Rev. G. Margoliouth.——"The Life of Faith," by the Rev. W. W. Holdsworth.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Feb.): "University Students Afield." Rev. James P. Clenaghan, B.A. The author asks: "If the world is to be brought back to Christian ideals and Christian principles, what is to be Ireland's share in the great movement?" And he answers the question thus: "The spirit of the young men and women who come forth from the new universities will go far to decide that question." The spirit with which they should go forth, the author says, should be that of Frederick Ozanam, whose life and works he sketches briefly. He urges them to engage in the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul saying: "that society embraces within its program the remedy of all the evils that threaten Christ's earthly kingdom at the present day;" and "Nothing that can promote the glory of God's Church and the salvation of souls is outside the work of the society."——"The Arians and the Greek Schism," by Senanus. In this article the schism of Cerularius, in A. D., 1053, is traced back step by step to the abuses originating in the Arian Period, A. D., 328–378.——"Pre-Reformation Archbishops of Cashel," by W. H. Grattan Flood, Mus.D. This article is an extended review of a recently published book on the "Pre-Reformation Archbishops of Cashel," by St. John D. Seymour, B.D.

The National (March): A Unionist Free Trader under the caption "A Democratic House of Commons 1906—1910" discusses both the negative and positive qualities of the Lower House of which he has little that is good to say. ——Writing in strong opposition to "The Declaration of London and Its Surrenders to Germany" H. W. Wilson says that the "Declaration is a lamentable proof that the spirit of Pitt and Palmerston is disappearing from British diplomacy."——"Canada and American Reciprocity," by Albert R. Carmen.——Austin Dobson contributes a historical and descriptive sketch of the

once famous Buckingham mansion known as Stowe.—— In the spring of last year a battalion of eight hundred blacks, with women and children, arrived in Algeria. Discussing this event Philippe Millet says: "It proves that the French government has started a new military policy which consists in building up a black army large enough to be used in North Africa and even in case of need, in European battlefields."——"The Girl Graduate in Fiction," by R. Reinherz reviews several recent novels. Of these the author says: "the stories are frankly disappointing; we have not seen one of even passing interest or met a single heroine worth remembering."——"American Affairs" by A. Maurice Low.——"The Genius of Mr. Thackery" is an appreciation contributed by H. G. Biron.——The present system of "Elementary Education" is reviewed by D. C. Lathbury.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): "Chambord and the House of France," by Prince Sixte de Bourbon relates the history of Chambord Castle with a description of its architecture. ——"Whither are We Tending?" by H. Korwin Milewski is a review of the posthumous work of the same title by Count Albert Dzieduszycki treating of the political and social life and also the religious and moral life of Poland.——"The Fortification of Flushing," discusses the question proposed recently to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France by M. Delafosse. Flushing, a strip of territory between Holland and Belgium, was made neutral territory in 1839 by the Great Powers of Europe.——"The Juvenile Courts," by Edward Julhiet, presents a study of Juvenile Courts with its methods and results in United States, France and other European countries.——"The Plays of M. De Porto-Riche," by Peter Lasserre reviews and discusses the works of this play-writer illustrating his remarks by quoting from the works under consideration.——"A New Method of Teaching to Read," by Abbé Felix Klein explains the phonetic method for teaching children to read the work of Arnauld and Lancelot.

(25 Feb.): "The Public Spirit in Germany," by Henry Moysset discusses the attitudes of the various political

parties of Prussia and Germany towards electoral reform. ——"The First Step in the Reign of Terror," by Dauphin Meunier presents another view of this period, from papers found among the effects of the Jacobin leader Mirabeau.——Leander Vaillat presents the life of the Italian artist, John Segantini, in brief, as recorded in the artist's diary and personal letters.—— "Anonymous Heroism," by Jane Mairet describes an expedition of exploration on the Gunnison River to divert its current thereby rendering fertile a portion of the sterile lands of the Great American Desert.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Feb.): "Preaching," by H. Lesetre. The article treats of the declaration of the present Pope on preaching, and discusses many practical points.——"M. Branly, of the Academy of Sciences," by F. Nau. M. Branly is the subject of a short and eulogistic biography. His work as a scientist began in 1865. Since that date M. Branly has written many works on physics.

(15 Feb.): In the September issue a *résumé*, of the arguments presented by M. Guibert for a reawakening in the study of Latin was given. In a November number an author signing himself G. R. takes exception to them. The present article, by J. Gimazane, is an answer to G. R.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb): H. Bremond, reviewing the Abbé Humbert's "Origins of Modern Theology," says he is unable to understand much of the language the Abbé has used. As a whole, the book has for the reviewer the effect of a "long, brilliant, and deceiving contradiction."

Revue Thomiste (Jan.–Feb.): The first of a series of papers on "The History of Proofs in the Middle Ages for the Existence of God," by Père Henry, P. B. is the leading article of this issue. The author begins with Isidore of Seville and covers the period down to the end of the twelfth century, dealing with such men as St. Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, and Richard of St. Victor. M. S. Gillet, O.P. writes on the efficacy of Catholic Moral Theology and the intelligibility of her dogma, treating the subject first negatively from the point of

view of Agnosticism and Pragmatism, and then from the Catholic standpoint.——"Liberalism," by R. P. Hedde, O.P., is a logical and a psychological study of the nature of a concept, and is the continuation of a previous article on Nominalism and Idealism by the same author.——"Adam and Original Sin" is interestingly handled by Père Hugueny, O.P. First he gives the definition of the Council of Trent on the subject, and then among other things dwells upon the effects and transmission of the sin of Adam, the condition of primitive man, and finally the question of Redemption.

Études Franciscaines (1 Feb.): Father René of Naples begins the life of Father Joseph of Morlain (né de Kerven) "A Breton Capuchin" of the seventeenth century.——In "New Lights on the Priestly Vocation," Father Jules d'Albi cites scripture, the Fathers and the Sovereign Pontiffs, to refute M. Lahiton's contention that it is pure subjectivism to claim, as the source of vocation, a personal interior call from God——Serviam, taking up the present criticism of Taine's estimate of the Jacobins in *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, argues the truth of the estimate from the principles and conduct of the Radicals of to-day who boast their descent from the Jacobins. He arraigns both Jacobins and Radicals for insufferable egoism of pretention, "feudalistic" concentration of power and usurpation by the state of the natural rights of the individual.——The study of "The Mystical Spirit of St. Francis" as shown by Ossuna and Duns Scotus is continued.——"A Monograph of the Foundation of the Capuchin Clarisses in Paris" by M. Denis opens with a sketch of Louise of Lorraine to whose devotion and generosity this establishment is due. ——Father Gabriel reviews five new books of "Meditations of the Clergy."

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1911, No. 2): Chr. Pesch, S.J., under the title "Intellectualism and Anti-intellectualism" points out the dangers of the present reaction against rationalism. An underrating of reason's importance is apt to lead to the position that it makes no difference what a man believes.——E. Wassmann, S.J., writes on "Professor Branca and Fossil Men."——"The Contents of the Oath

in the *Motu Proprio*, '*Sacrorum Autistitum*' of September 1, 1910," by J. Bessmer, S.J., takes the view that the points herein enumerated have already been authoritatively decided by the Vatican Council.

La Civiltà Cattolica (18 Feb.): "The Principles of Christian Education" are explained in an important article dealing especially with that theory of "self-education" which finds so much favor with many modern pedagogists. The writer shows how unacceptable is that theory from the Catholic point of view.——"The Revolutionary Internationalism of Free-masonry" is to be described in a series of articles, the first of which points out that the true inwardness of masonic teaching, wrapped up as that teaching is in high-sounding phrases of Biblical and generally religious character, is utterly opposed to true religion and is entirely humanistic. The value of Masonry's grotesque and apparently silly symbolism is pointed out.——"The Oath against Modernism" is further treated in a second article which exposes a number of the more common sophisms current among modernists. It also clearly describes the nature and scope of the Church's teaching authority in connection with the case of Miss Maud Petre in England and shatters the case of those who try to draw fine distinctions between what is *de fide* and what is not and who endeavor to convict the church of confusing merely human opinions with dogmatic teaching.——"The Chronology of the Gospel Story" is continued by Father Murillo, S.J., who describes the distribution of the facts contained in the period between the first and the fourth Paschs, among the four Evangelists giving references from which a connected account can easily be made for the three years.——"Revelation according to Theosophy" is discussed at length, the works of Mrs. Annie Besant being mainly used for the purpose.

(4 March): The series on "Organized Labor" is continued in an article treating of collective bargaining, the influence of labor organizations on legislation, and the plans suggested by Duthoit for giving organized labor a definite political function in the State, and removing it from among the forces which threaten disorganiza-

tion of society—"Good reading" is a plea for the necessity of utilizing the printing press in aid of Christian civilization.——The authorship and date of composition of the Psalms is treated in a further article by Father Luciano Mechineau who discusses at length the fifth, sixth and seventh decisions of the Biblical commission—A further instalment of the study of "Leo N. Tolstoi" is devoted to his experiments in pedagogy, his family life, his capacity as a writer and his early religious aberrations. The many contradictory aspects of his character, his intolerance of opposition, the impracticable nature of his pedagogical attempts based on the utter abandonment of discipline, and the unevenness of merit in his writings are well described by the writer of the article.——The study of "Orpheus" by Solomon Reinach is concluded in a paper which deals with his theories of resurrection from the dead, more particularly with the story of Osiris and Adonis. The critic sums up Reinach's methods as a combination of superficial analogies, wild hypotheses and extravagant generalizations. Notwithstanding this the author seeks to have his doctrines imposed upon the schools of France! ——The principal book reviews of the number are Bruschelli's "Celibacy of the Clergy" and the publication "St. Charles Borromeo" which was issued monthly from November 1908 to December 1910 in connection with the Centenary of the Saint.——An abstract of the remonstrance addressed by the Azione Cattolica Italiana in connection with the proposed reform of the primary schools by the Daneo-Credaro law shortly to be voted on by the Italian senate. The memorial points out that the true method is not to weaken but rather to strengthen the individual communes.

Recent Events.

France.

The retirement of M. Briand, for it would not be right to call it a fall, is likely to inaugurate harsher treatment of the Church. The *politique d'apaisement* advocated, and to a certain extent practised, by M. Briand was distasteful to a large number of his supporters. As long ago as last October M. Combes, a strong opponent of the Premier, was elected President of the Executive Committee of the strongest party in the House of Deputies, and a resolution was passed condemning M. Briand's policy. Ever since then an opportunity has been sought to make this condemnation effective. This opportunity was afforded on the occasion of an interpellation with reference to the application of the laws of 1901 and 1904 with regard to religious orders. A deputy made a violent attack on the way in which those laws had been applied, or rather, as he alleged, ignored. Teaching establishments were being opened with the connivance of the government in every part of the country by members of the expelled communities. A Jesuit school had been re-opened with the consent of the authorities. The *politique laïque et sociale* had been abandoned. All this had been done in order to curry favor with the Centre Parties of the Chamber. All of these allegations were denied by M. Briand, and a leading Catholic Deputy declared that the Catholics were not conscious of any conspicuous laxity in the enforcement of the laws. When the question of confidence came to the vote the majority in favor of M. Briand was only sixteen. Although this majority was made up exclusively of Republican votes (for M. Briand threw himself entirely upon their support), the Premier decided to resign. M. Combes when Premier had remained in office for a long time with a majority of no more than twelve in which were included the members of his ministry. But M. Briand has higher aims than the average politician; he wishes to represent the mind of the country, and to carry out its ideas, not to be a mere office-holder. The country, he believed, was weary of the policy of anti-clericalism *à outrance*. He has been overthrown by its supporters in the

Assembly, but still holds a strong position outside the Chamber. His successor as Premier is a Radical of an extreme type who held office in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet. The Cabinet which he has formed is of a fairly homogenous Radical type the members of which seek their inspiration and guidance from M. Combes. No small anxiety is felt in many quarters as to the future. Catholics can expect little fair treatment at the hands of a Ministry of which their chief assailant is the adviser, and in which the leader of the recent attack on M. Briand is an office-holder. Supporters of law and order against the attacks of revolutionary socialists and labor organizations have every reason to fear the outcome when M. Jaurès is loud in his praise of the new Ministry. The departure of M. Pichon from the Foreign Office renders the attitude of France in external relations somewhat uncertain, and the fact that M. Delcassé is included in the Cabinet as Minister of Marine has excited criticism in Germany and Austria, for he is considered in those countries to be not unwilling to promote a militant foreign policy. M. Briand in resigning office said that he had found himself unable to consolidate the majority of the Chamber in support of a policy of social progress, of order, and of security, and of what he looked upon as a tolerant and reasonable *laïcization*. The country is declared by staunch Republican journals to be wearied of belligerent anti-Catholic action. The present Ministry may perhaps represent the last efforts of extremists to prevent the triumph of a more reasonable policy.

The *entente cordiale* with Great Britain although surviving with undiminished strength has for the first time been subjected by some leading authorities to a certain amount of criticism. It has been declared to have been sterile of results, and its value to have been impaired by the death of King Edward, and by the constitutional conflict in which England is engrossed. But no serious importance is attached to these utterances. The navy of France has relatively lost in strength and its administration has been faulty in many respects. But recently successful efforts have been made to correct the latter evil; and a programme of new construction has been adopted, of which M. Delcassé the new Minister of Marine was the ardent supporter. It is therefore likely to be carried into effect.

State ownership of railways has suffered great loss of

reputation in consequence of the deplorable chaos which has ensued since the assumption by the government of the management of the Western Railway. A long series of accidents have taken place several of which were serious. The matter has been taken in hand by the government, but the proposals of reform meet with no small criticism.

Germany.

Germany pursues her way steadily increasing both her army and her navy, and thereby adding not only to her own burden but also to that of other nations. Last year every man, woman, and child in Great Britain and Ireland had to pay nearly five dollars each for the building and maintenance of their navy, a sum larger than ever was paid before and chiefly due to the fear which is felt of Germany's designs. Little has been heard of late about the work on the German Navy, but there is no reason to think that any relaxation of efforts has taken place.

Further additions are to be made to the Army. Its strength on peace footing is to be increased during the next five years by about 10,000 men at a cost of about 25 millions of dollars, although it is said that 35 millions is nearer to the mark. Yet large as is the cost of the army, it is no more than 15½ per cent of Germany's total expenditure, whereas France devotes to the Army 34 per cent. of her income. Little opposition was offered in the Reichstag to the government proposals, which were, as it is always said now-a-days, all in the interest of peace. Europe never before was armed as it is now, and never before was there so much talk about peace. Out of a house of 321 only 63 voted against the proposed increase. Socialists, Poles, and three Catholic members of the Centre forming this minority. Never before has there been less opposition. The old Liberalism seems to have died. The improvement in the financial position of Germany is indicated by the fact that the increase of cost is not expected to involve the raising of a loan, but will be defrayed out of revenue.

The examination in Committee of the proposed Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine has resulted in important changes having been made in the government proposals. The effect of these changes, which were supported by the Centre Party, is to give further privileges to the Province. It is to be

made a Federal State, and to have three votes in the Federal Council. So far the government has offered a determined opposition to these proposals. It is hoped that a compromise may be made. If not, the probability is that the Bill will be withdrawn, and the second attempt at Constitutional Reform of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg will have failed.

Taxation of unearned increment which for many years has been adopted for municipal purposes has been accepted by the Reichstag as an Imperial Tax, and a step looked upon by many as tending towards Socialism has thus been taken. The Socialists themselves have lost their distinguished leader, Herr Singer; but the apprehensions felt that his funeral might be the occasion of disturbances were not realized.

No change has taken place in the relations of Germany to foreign powers, nor have the exact terms of the agreement between Germany and Russia, the result of the Potsdam meeting been disclosed.

To a meeting of agriculturists the Emperor gave an account of the way in which he had reclaimed land on one of his estates. He is going to pay a state visit to England in May; he is not going to pay a visit to Rome this year,—the Jubilee year of the declaration of Italian Unity. The Crown Prince is to take his place.

Austria-Hungary.

The Delegations have been holding their meetings and the Ministers of the common departments have been rendering to them accounts of their stewardship and the estimates of expense to be incurred. Count Aehrenthal has had to meet another onslaught of the Professor Dr. Masaryk, who repeated his accusation of forgeries in connection with the annexation of the Provinces, and offered what seemed to be proofs. Count Aehrenthal denied all complicity both of the representative of Austria in Servia, and of the Foreign office at Vienna with the concoction of these forgeries. Doubtless each side will judge according to its preconceived opinions. It is announced that two months leave of absence is to be granted to Count Aehrenthal for the sake of rest after his arduous labors. There are those who think that this may be a prelude to his being permanently relieved, nor are those wanting who would not grieve were this to be the case.

Greece.

Greece, there is reason to hope, is on the way to being reconstructed. Efforts, at least, are being made with this end in view, and these efforts have some promise of being successful. It will be remembered that when her keen rival, Bulgaria succeeded in attaining to the dignity of an independent kingdom, Greece found her army so weak and disorganized and the whole country in such a state of decrepitude, that it was out of her power to secure any compensating advantage. Not even the annexation of Crete, so long sought for, could be effected. In these circumstances the Army League was formed and was allowed to assume a virtual dictatorship, under a semblance of constitutional forms, and to prescribe to the legislature scores of laws and regulations. The League itself, however, soon became unpopular, and, on the advice of M. Venezelos, it was decided to call a special Assembly for the revision of certain parts of the Constitution.

The League thereupon dissolved itself, leaving the field clear for the man who seemed to give promise of becoming the savior of the country. This man, M. Venezelos, was appointed Premier, and the Assembly which had been elected having proved itself incapable of doing the work to his satisfaction, the King, upon his advice dissolved it. A new Assembly was chosen, consisting of a large majority who were in favor of the plan of reform suggested by M. Venezelos, although the old political leaders threatened, by abstaining from voting themselves, and by trying to induce their adherents to adopt the same course, to deprive the new Revisionary Chamber of moral weight. They did not however succeed in this attempt. The great mass of the people voted, thereby showing that the nation was roused to a just appreciation of the necessity of effecting reforms, and of passing a condemnation upon the old political methods. Six sevenths of the Assembly were elected as supporters of M. Venezelos. He is therefore the master of the situation, if the deputies do not change their minds—a thing which looking to the past is not impossible, for the modern, like the ancient, Greeks are inclined to be very fickle.

The modifications of the Constitution proposed by M. Venezelos include the re-establishment of the Council of State which originally formed part of the Constitution, but which had been

abolished. Its chief function will be to prepare and revise new laws and decrees. Greece is one of the few countries which has a single-chamber Parliament, the results of which should serve as a warning to advocates of this system. The revival of the Council may be meant to serve as a corrective of the uncontrolled House of Deputies. A more complete revision is not within the power of the present Assembly, since it is not a Constituent but a Revisionary Assembly. Among the proposals of reform are the appointment of all judges for life, and most of the public officials are to be made irremovable. The number of deputies is to be reduced from 150 to 110, and the age of the Deputies from 30 to 25. Officers of all ranks and managers and directors of banks are to be rendered ineligible. Elementary education is to be made compulsory. Newspapers and other publications which might expose the state to danger are to be made liable to confiscation. It is to be made lawful to appoint foreigners to government services, and the French Army officers and the British Naval officers whom it is proposed to employ will be permitted to exercise their functions. Such are the principal proposals. They do not seem to be very drastic, nor do they go to the root of the matter; the real evil is in the character of the people and this cannot be touched by any law made by parliament. It will be interesting to watch the course of events as well in Greece as in Portugal, for they are both engaged in the attempt to regenerate their political systems. Both countries have had the misfortune of having had to suffer for a time under absolute rule which in theory declares mankind incapable of self-government, and in practise makes it so. To both has been given a constitutional form of government, and in both this Constitution has broken down more through the fault of the politicians than of the ruler. The question is which will be the more successful in carrying out the necessary reforms.

The relations of Greece with Turkey, which at one time indicated the outbreak of war, have improved to a certain extent. This is to be attributed to the pressure put upon the Porte by the Powers who are interested in the preservation of peace, rather than to any good will towards Greece on the part of the Young Turks, for they would like nothing more than to be given a free hand to inflict chastisement upon their

troublesome neighbor, and thereby compensate Turkey for the independence of Bulgaria and the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This attitude of Turkey has drawn together, if not into an alliance, at least into a close understanding and sympathetic union, the two Christian States, Bulgaria and Greece, which have hitherto hated each other more than their now common foe, the Turk. The Cretans seem to be as far off as ever from attaining that union with Greece upon which they have set their hearts. It must come in the course of time, but it is more likely to be the result of the war of which the desire of this union will be one of the causes.

Persia.

The attempt to establish a constitutional form of government in Persia is still being made. The prospect of success is not of the brightest, but, on the principle that while there is life there is hope, it would be premature to give way to despair. The death of the Regent some months ago, was followed by the choice, as his successor, of the one person in whom anything like confidence was placed by the holders of power in the country. This was Nasr-ul-Mulk, who received part of his education at the University of Oxford and is a Balliol man. He was not at all anxious to accept a position involving so much anxiety, and so likely to result in failure, and it took him more than four months to reach Persia and to assume the reins of office. His reluctance was certainly justified, for the country is almost in a state of chaos. In the South commerce has almost been paralyzed by bands of robbers and of warring chiefs of tribes. Great Britain, although friendly to Persia and especially to the attempt at constitutional rule, was forced to send a note insisting that an end should be put to the state of anarchy on the route from Bushire to Shiraz and Ispahan. If this were not done within three months' time, a police force would be raised controlled by Indian officers in the name of the Persian government. This interference naturally raised a great outcry, an appeal being made by a number of Persians to the German Emperor, as the Protector of Islam, to shield Persia from the nefarious designs of Great Britain. No response was made to this appeal, but as the interval was employed by Persia in taking the requisite steps for the establishment of order, the proposal has not

been carried out. In the North the Russian troops are in possession of several places; but as they have been withdrawn from one of these places which has been held for some time, hopes are entertained that they will soon depart from the rest. Notwithstanding all their weakness, the Persians resent nothing more than interference on the part of foreign nations in their internal affairs. Money is the crying need of the government, and the want of it paralyzes all of its efforts to establish order. But it would not accept a loan from Russian and British financiers, because conditions of control were imposed which were thought to be derogatory to the independence of the government. It has, however, consented to the appointment of foreign experts to advise upon methods of taxation and of raising revenue, and it is to this country that recourse has been made. It must have been a mortification to this national feeling that the making of railways in Persia should have for so long a time been the subject of negotiations between Germany, Russia, and Turkey.

China.

Turkey and Persia are not the only Asiatic countries that are undertaking to make the fundamental change from absolutism to Constitutionalism. A few years ago the Imperial authority of China announced its intention to grant to the subjects of the Empire the right of self-government in a more or less restricted form, and to summon a Parliament at the end of ten years. There were those who called this, to use a vulgar expression, mere "bluff"; but it seems to be in the course of realization much more quickly than was at first proposed. The way for the complete Parliament was to be prepared by Provincial Assemblies in the first instance, to be followed by a National Assembly. All these bodies have been organized, and in most cases have shown themselves business-like and capable within the sphere assigned to them. The National Assembly has been holding its meetings in the course of the last few months, and has proved itself strong enough to force the hand of the Imperial Government, and to bring about the summoning of the Parliament at a much earlier date than was originally proposed. As a result of its agitation a Cabinet is to be formed in the immediate future. In the course of the present year a Privy Council is to be

instituted and civil, commercial, and criminal laws issued. In 1912 a Parliamentary Budget is to be framed, and regulations made for the elections. In 1913 Parliament is to be definitely established.

In other ways China under the leading of a large body of reformers is striving to raise itself from the slough of corruption and inefficiency into which it has for so long a period been plunged. The old methods of education have been superseded, and an almost universal desire is felt for Western culture and modes of training. The cultivation, and even the use, of opium are strictly prohibited, and, what is more, there is reason to believe that in many of the provinces of the Empire the prohibition is being enforced. The long-established but barbarous custom of foot-binding is also being abandoned. The National Assembly at its recent meeting petitioned for the abolition of pig-tails, but this was going too far; the Crown turned a deaf ear to this appeal. Notwithstanding the strong desire to adopt Western educational methods, a widespread antipathy has grown up towards foreigners. Hence it was feared by those familiar with the state of feeling in the country that this might have led to a war with Russia when the latter country sent the rather surprising *ultimatum* a few weeks ago. The Chinese authorities, however, thought it prudent to make the soft answer that turns away wrath. This it was more easy for them to do, for China seems to have been in the wrong in the matter in dispute.

The future of China, both internal and external, is, of course, one of the great problems of the day, and no one with any sense of the difficulty of the question, or with any knowledge of the history of the recent past, will venture to offer even a conjecture. A widespread dread has long been felt that if she became strong, the rest of the world might suffer from her desire to find an outlet for her surplus population, but this need not be the necessary result, for within her own borders there is, good authorities assert, room for at least double of the present population.

With Our Readers

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.

WRITTEN IN 1901 BY LIONEL JOHNSON.

Ordinavit in me caritatem, says the Church in the Canticles, signifying that the spirit of charity works in her by organized method, by co-operation, by disciplined harmony of aim and effort, not by individual, isolated accident or caprice. Mr. Pater tells us how the young Church of Rome, in the gracious autumnal Antonine age, contemplating the charitable enterprise which is one of its winning notes, seemed to say to that age of wistful paganism, "You don't understand your own efforts;" there lacked the motive power and the sure foundation, the appeal in the name of a more than human pity, of a divine compassion "sweetly and strongly disposing all things." Mr. Adderley writes of St. Vincent de Paul:

It is no exaggeration to say that in the Church we owe wholly or in part, directly or indirectly, to St. Vincent, the following precious institutions: active communities of Sisters of Mercy, Ten Days' Missions for both clergy and laity, theological colleges, and the enlistment of the rich and well-to-do Christians as active workers—for example, as district visitors, hospital visitors, etc. In the State we owe to him the initiation of, or at least the stimulation of such works as foundling hospitals, workhouses, casual wards, night shelters, prison reform, and charity organization. I am not conscious that the above is an over-estimate of Saint Vincent's work.

Again, dwelling upon the secret of his influence and success:

Just as among commercial men there are some, head and shoulders above the rest, who have a genius for trading. Perfectly honest and straight forward, they yet rise far above the rest, through sheer force of generalship, insight, foresight, and power of application. So St. Vincent stands among the great men of the Church; the most successful of organizers, a general commanding vast charitable armies of men and women, handling enormous sums of money; the life and soul of countless schemes in Paris, the provinces of France, and in almost every country of Europe, and beyond it; yet, for all that, much more than an organizer. He is not merely a genius, who would have shone in any walk of life, but who happened to find himself in the Church, and so shone there; not merely one who, if he had been a statesman, would have been Prime Minister, or, if he had been a soldier, would have been commander-in-chief. No doubt this would have been the case, but with St. Vincent it is more; it is ecclesiastical success founded upon genuine Christianity, as all ecclesiastical success should be. It is sanctified genius.

Sixty-five years ago a young French Catholic, nineteen years old, founded a society to aid the poor, and working lads especially. He had a handful of helpers, and nothing more. This was Frederic Ozanam, afterwards famous for his writings on Dante and the Middle Ages; his society to-day counts upwards of 85,000 members, is spread all over the the world, and is known as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It is not the least of the works achieved in, and by, the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, though he *ex vita in cœlum demigravit*, as the Pope has it, nearly two centuries and a half ago.

It is a notable story, that of a poor peasant's son, born in the melancholy region of the Landes, in the far southwest of France, who lived to speak with authoritative simplicity to wearers of the royal purple of France and the sacred purple of Rome, a man of the people to the last, but an equal of the greatest by the dignity of his priesthood and the zeal of his apostolate among the poor. Though he died, with a name revered throughout Christendom, in his eighty-fifth year, he might well have been lost to Christendom, if not to life, before he was thirty. St. Teresa, at the age of seven, fired by lives and legends of the martyrs, prevailed upon her brother to set out with her for Africa, there to win martyrdom among the followers of Mahomed; as Crashaw sings of her, it was "Farewell house and farewell home. She's for the Moors and martyrdom." But the chivalrous little enthusiasts of Spain had not journeyed far from the ancestral house and home in Avila of Castile when they encountered an unwelcome and prosaic uncle, who promptly restored them to father and mother. The "undaunted daughter of desires" had before her a long life's work, too precious to be lost by baby martyrdom. But a boat in which St. Vincent was sailing from Marseilles to Narbonne was swooped upon and captured by three Turkish pirate galleys; the saint, severely wounded by an arrow, was taken with his companions to Tunis, and there they were sold in the square for slaves. His inborn feeling for all poor wretches "fast bound in misery and iron" must have been quickened by this brutal experience, from which, in touching and romantic circumstances, he escaped within two years.

At the date of his capture he had been five years a priest; but though known by friends and neighbors for a man of holy life and spiritual wisdom, he had made no visible mark upon the world. Henceforth his career was an unbroken series of good and great works, each enough to absorb the entire time and thought of one man, yet all successful, all vigorously bearing fruit to-day. It is well to hold in admiring remembrance the unwearied labors of a Howard in turning prisons from homes of obscene squalor and insensate cruelty; but St. Vincent did the work of a dozen Howards.

Wherever—to use the noble phrase of a religious vow, which he admired with a sweet envy—wherever "our lords, the poor" were neglected, oppressed, forgotten, exposed to temptation, forced among evil surroundings, there was St. Vincent; and where St. Vincent was there soon would be ready helpers won to his side by his boundless gift of sympathy. "They dreamed not of a perishable home, who thus could build," says Wordsworth, in a famous sonnet. The same is true of St. Vincent's works, not in stone or marble, but in flesh and blood; in his creating and moulding of institutions for the exercise and application of Christian charity, which in spirit, if not in form, though often in both, should endure and multiply. He was at one time tormented with doubts about the faith; had those doubts triumphed, he would not have lost his instinct of charity, but he would have felt himself crippled and powerless. His Christianity was St. Vincent's lever, wherewith to raise the fallen, and to move the inert world to a sense of its responsibility for all preventable sorrow and wrong. "I am a friend of the unfriended poor," cried Shelley, and he was; but St. Vincent would have smiled and sighed at his Utopian beautiful frenzies of a mankind regenerated by dreaming. *Disaliter visum:* to St. Vincent Christianity was a hard fact, and its gospel a gospel of work done under divine sanction, with divine graces to strengthen human weaknesses and to console human disappointments.

Organization, whether in Church or State, can be the best of things and the worst. Organization that has stiffened, mummified, petrified itself into a semblance of life without suppleness and ease, or which is somnolent and sluggish, with clogged blood in its veins and a feeble pulse, is disastrous in religion. St. Vincent toiled at a time when France, the "eldest daughter of the Church," could boast of some great saints, of innumerable great sinners, and of a vast middle class to whose indifference or negligence was due a mass of social miseries and evils. His remedy was simple; all heroism is simple.

There are scores of poor fellows in our London, some in the buoyancy of youth, others fanatic grey-beards, brooding day and night over perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, the flatness of the earth; and there are hundreds of religious and social reformers as insane as they. St. Vincent was not as these; his sublime common sense and measureless energy spent themselves upon the reanimation of the existing forces for good provided by the doctrine, discipline, and organization of the Church. He made the dry bones live: "They came together and stood on their feet, a very great army." And, with all his consuming fire of love, his intensity of earnestness, he was a man of prudent forethought and careful scru-

tiny and meditative deliberation; he would have feared something rash in Father Mathew's celebrated "Here goes, in the Name of God!"—that blessed but unpremeditated exclamation. It may often have been some sudden single sight that awoke St. Vincent to the realization of this or that iniquity; a perishing gutter-child, all bruises and vermin and starvation; a chained gang of convicts *en route* to the galleys; some beggar's rags and wretchedness, or hopelessness and gray hairs; and the horror of it all, and the horror of all that it implied, may have inflamed his soul. None the less, he did not start out the next morning with a brilliant plan for the instant abolition of suffering and sin. He "possessed his soul" in holy patience, and, if in impatience also, the impatience was also holy. His conception was invariably broad; he had none of the tendency most incident to ecclesiastics, towards identifying "the Church" with its clergy; he recognizes that, whilst the clergy may be, or should be, the salt of the Church, they are "a contemptible minority" of Churchmen; and lay ministrations of personal service, both from rich and poor, he prized and was indefatigable to secure. He was the saint who "had compassion upon the multitude" and who "considered the poor and needy," being himself, like his Master, a child of poverty.

IT is generally thought that Socialism, the radical kind, that would uproot all our institutions, is alone the dangerous foe of the Christian religion to-day. That radical Socialism is such a foe, no one will dispute. Yet it is well to know that there are many (who would utterly reject the title of Socialist) who are propagating doctrines just as subversive, as those of the radical Socialist, of the principles of Catholic faith and consequently of social order and well-being. Or it may be more exact to say that because of the chaotic condition of the non-Catholic world in matters religious, certain religious doctrines of the radical Socialists are being put forth in very respectable company and in well-appearing garb. We should not blind ourselves to this. The religion of the Socialist—the self perfectibility of man; the religion of achievement in so called social progress; the leveling of the God-man Jesus Christ to the rank of a mere social reformer—is no longer a matter of the few and the unknown. It has its spokesmen among the literary lights of the day, and for its forum the best of our secular American magazines. We will give but two recent examples. In the *Survey* of March 4 appeared some pages of a forthcoming book by Simon N. Patten, entitled *The Social Basis of Religion*. The character of the book and its complete variance with Christian teaching may be seen from the following extracts: "Religion does not begin with a belief

in God but with an emotional opposition to all removable evils." "Sin is misery, misery is poverty and the antidote of poverty is income."

Mr. Patten robs Christ's death on the Cross of any unique value and uproots the foundation of the Christian faith when he adds: "If Christ's doctrines had been handed down to us by a Plato instead of a Paul, . . . Christ to us would be a social leader." "Salvation through sacrifice would be a repugnant idea from the dread of which He wished to free the world." "This glaring antinomy must be removed before social religion can be put on a sound basis."

Our second quotation is from the April *Century* which contains an article by Will Irwin, one of his series on "The Awakening of the American Business Man." In the course of it he writes:

"Efficiency is a kind of religion with the corps of engineers who are working out the basic principles of industry after industry, making them operative in factory after factory. And I use the word 'religion' as more than a metaphor. The 'spiritual unrest' which prevails in these times has driven many to supplant or supplement the formal church creeds with working creeds of their own, looking toward a practical application, in our new, complex time, of the moral and social principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth. And these men, also, have gone at their work with this kind of spiritual fervor. Their object is not only the increase of production, but the ultimate happiness of the world—satisfied stomachs, shod feet, light hearts, untroubled souls. Each believes in the system not only as a means of industrial output, but as a means of social grace."

A PAMPHLET containing a vulgar and bitter attack upon marriage was sent us some little while ago, with the request that we answer it. It does not merit an answer; it refutes itself. To the man who wrote it might be applied Mrs. Berry's words in *Richard Feverel*, "But matrimony's a holier than him. It began long before him, and it's be hoped will endoor long's the time after, if the world's not coming to rack—wishin him no harm."

In its issue of December 31, 1910, giving a review of the last decade, *Rome* says:

Even as late as ten years ago most sensible men would have smiled at you if you told them that you expected to see men flying through the air from London to Paris, and now the same persons will yawn over accounts of such everyday events; we have touched one of the great secrets of nature in the discovery of radium; we have improved marvellously on our means of intercommunication; we have made great progress all along the line of physical research; we have had a great war between Russia and Japan; we

have had the greatest disaster in all history—in Messina and Calabria two years ago; we have looked on at the murders of Kings, Princes, and Presidents, in Servia, Portugal, and the United States; we have seen an ancient monarchy disappear ignominiously in a burlesque revolution; the great, new menace of Socialism has swollen prodigiously under our eyes in most civilized countries; the Eldest Daughter of the Church, to the horror of all Catholics, has turned upon her Mother to rend her; anti-clericalism has fastened its tentacles deeper and deeper upon many European countries, and especially upon the Eternal City itself, adding a new and most imminent danger for the Papacy.

But the most striking manifestation of the last decade in the religious world has certainly been the development, outbreak, and suppression of Modernism. On that momentous night, ten years ago, it had not yet given itself a name, but it called the new century its own and struck the stars with its sublime head. It was to have seven years to take a definite shape and a definite name—and then to wake up one morning to find itself shrivelled and old. The first decade of the twentieth century has seen the central government of the Church wisely reformed; several hundreds of dioceses transferred from the missionary status, under the jurisdiction of Propaganda, to the common law of the Church, the creation of an immense number of new Dioceses, Vicariates, and Prefectures Apostolic. The decade has revealed many signs of decay in some of the old Catholic countries, but many wonderful signs of vitality and fruitfulness in the new. When you live in Rome and see what is happening day by day in Italy, France, and Portugal, you are inclined to be a pessimist, but when you look out upon the world and count up the profit and loss, the balance of the decade is upon the right side. . . . It is legitimate to draw some important deductions from the course of events during this first decade of the twentieth century. And one of them is this: When you look around you and observe how the forces of irreligion, socialism, anti-clericalism, and freemasonry have been consolidating their forces in the Latin countries, how their attacks on religion have been growing more and more openly successful, without losing anything of their malignant subtlety, and when on the other hand you see that the resistance to them is growing more and more feeble, and if at the same time you have private knowledge that you dare not print that throws further light on the situation, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that the early part of the twentieth century is likely to be attended by events of very sinister significance.

FIFTY years ago, during one of the violent persecutions in Tonkin, a young French priest, Théophane Vénard, was arrested; and, after judicial sentence, was beheaded on refusal to deny his faith.

In May of 1909, this young martyr, together with more than thirty others, nearly all of the Mongolian race, received Beatification honors at Rome. Had this event not been overshadowed by the triumph of Jeanne d'Arc, two weeks before, the blessed martyrs of

the Far East would have drawn world-wide attention and emphasized the fact, too little realized, that the nineteenth century was one of many martyrs.

Among all who were beatified on that occasion, no name is so well known as Théophane Vénard's. His letters, which have been published in French, English and Italian, are charming in their revelation of a soul full of human sympathy based on love for God.

We have often regretted that in the lives of our saints, the human element has been, as a rule, quite eliminated. We need to touch occasionally at points of human interest if we would soar aloft with the blessed. When their flight is constantly in the realms of the supernatural, we are liable to lose heart and fall back to earth in our efforts.

Théophane Vénard was human. His letters reveal a tender affection for his family and friends. They draw a sympathetic reader at once into the intimate circle, out of which he will not pass.

These letters were gathered originally and prepared for publication by the martyr's brother, Eusebius, to whom several of them had been addressed. Lady Herbert translated many into English and a few years ago, a new edition of her work, revised and enlarged under the title of *A Modern Martyr*, was edited by Father James Anthony Walsh, of Boston, a personal friend of the martyr's brother. More than five thousand copies of *A Modern Martyr* are already in circulation.

We are now in receipt of a new French edition (Paris, Pierre Téqui), prepared since the beatification, also by Canon Eusebius Vénard. This edition contains facts and interesting details brought out in the Apostolic process and published for the first time.

After a brief *résumé* of the early life, it carries the reader at once to the mission field, relating in detail Théophane Vénard's labors, his capture and martyrdom in Tonkin.

This is supplemented by a history of the Beatification process and a record of the several feasts which followed the declaration itself. It has several illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Short Course in Catholic Doctrine: For Non-Catholics Intending Marriage with Catholics. By J. F. Durward. *The O'Shaughnessey Girls.* By Rosa Mulholland. $1.50 net. *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.* By Jean Pierre Camus. Translated by J. S. $1 net. *A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.* Vol. I. and II. Edited by John Hagan. *The Son of Man.* By Placide Huault, S.M. $1.10 net. *Spiritual Instructions.* By Reginald Buckler, O.P. $1.15 net. *Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin.* By A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated by W. Humphrey Page. $1.35 net. *Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette.* By Bernard Vaughan, S.J. 35 cents net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Art of Living. By W. Foerster. Translated by Ethel Peck. 90 cents net. *Idola Fori.* By William Samuel Lilly. $2.25 net. *Paul of Tarsus.* By M. T. Kelly. 25 cents. *John the Beloved.* By M. T. Kelly. 25 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Intellectuals. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. $1.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Rosemary. By Vincent Huntington. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

Alarms and Discursions. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

The Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge: Vol. IX.

THE SURVEY (RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION), New York:

The Steel Workers. By John A. Fitch. $1.50 net.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, New York:

Holy Week Manual. 10 cents.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, New York:

The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly.

NEW YORK CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, New York:

Seventh Annual Report of the New York City Visiting Committee of the State Charities Association.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Christ's Social Remedies. By Harry Earl Montgomery. $1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Education of a Music Lover. By Edward Dickinson. $1.50 net.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

A Captain of Raleigh's. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. $1.50.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor.

BIBLIOTECA SACRA COMPANY, Oberlin, O.:

The Origin of the Pentateuch. By Harold M. Weiner.

St. BERNARD'S SEMINARY, Rochester, N. Y.:

A Short Catechism for Those about to Marry. By Andrew Byrne.

JOHN LONG, London:

The Other Wife: By Olivia Ramsey. *6s.*

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

The Principles of Moral Science. By Walter McDonald, D.D. *7s. 6d.*

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris:

Geoffroy Chaucer. Par Emile Legouis. 2 *fr.* 50. *Leçons de Théologie Dogmatique.* Tome I. Par L. Labauche. 5 *fr. Lourdes. Les Pèlegrinages.* Par le Comte Jean de Beaucorps. 2 *fr.* 50. *La Jeunesse de Shelley.* Par A. Koszul. 4 *fr. Fénelon. Explication des Maximes des Saints.* Par Albert Cherel. 4 *fr. Les Soeurs Brontë.* Par E. Dimnet. 2 *fr. Qu'est-ce-qne le Ciel?* Par Wilhelm Schneider, Adapté par Germain Gazagnol. 0 *fr.* 60. *Exposition de la Doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique.* Par Bossuet. 3 *fr. Examen de Conscience.* Traduit de l'Italien par Jean Triollet. 0 *fr.* 60. *Harnack et le Miracle.* Par Hermann Van Laak. Traduction de l'Italien par Ch. Senoutzen. 2*fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Le Royaume des Saints. Par Louis Perroy. 3 *fr.* 50. *L'Ame d' un Grand Catholique.* Par G. Cerceau. Tomes I. et II. 7 *fr. Discours Eucharistiques.* Première Série. 3 *fr.* 50.

THE

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THE SYMBOLISM OF DANTE.

BY WILLIAM TURNER, S.T.D.

SIDE by side with the rationalizing tendency to explain spiritual truth in terms of human thought, and to render the mysteries of faith acceptable by showing in a scientific manner the grounds for believing, there has gone on in the Christian Church from the very beginning the tendency to represent revealed truth by the devices known to the plastic artist. The catacombs and the early Christian basilicas, the specimens of ecclesiastical art and the few samples of church utensils which have come down to us from the first century, bear evidence of the faith which the first Christians professed in the divine nature of Christ, in the teaching authority of His Church, in the reality of His presence in the Eucharist, in the superior prerogatives of Mary the Mother of God. This, it may be said, in passing, is not an unimportant line of apologetic proof which often supplements the effort of the theologian and the historian to establish the continuity of Christian belief.

In representing spiritual subjects by means of material devices such as painting, sculpture, and the silver and goldsmith's art, the Christian artist encountered a difficulty not unknown to religious artists in other forms of religion. The purely spiritual eludes material representation. A soul cannot be portrayed in its immaterial essence. A virtue, such as justice,

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can neither be painted nor sculptured nor carved in wood nor chiselled even in the finest gold. Much less could any Christian artist hope to put on canvas or on church apse or clerestory the light that sheds its effulgence around the triune God; and when he traced its participated splendor radiating round an angel or a saint, he felt the inadequacy of his skill and the disproportionate inferiority of the materials at his disposal. There was only one expedient available. That was to use material things as signs or emblems of things spiritual. Thus Christianity was forced to adopt symbolism. In so doing, it met a demand of human nature. Deep down in the heart of humanity was the need of conventional representation. By custom, almost universal, a crown or mitre signified a king, a sword was the symbol of a warrior, a crooked staff was the emblem of a shepherd, and the presentation of earth and water was the sign of submission to a conqueror on the part of a vanquished city or province. Christianity, with its wealth of new spiritual ideas, felt the need of conforming to this tendency, and it did so, freely and generously both along the line of Christian art and along the parallel line of Christian devotion and liturgical practice.

Christian art was content at the very beginning with portraying the person of Christ and the well-known traditional features of the great saints, such as St. Peter and St. Paul. Almost at once, however, the need of symbolism was felt. Christ, the Redeemer was painted on the walls and vaults of the catacombs as the Good Shepherd carrying the lost sheep on His shoulders, or as Orpheus drawing the world towards Him by the power of His redeeming grace or as the ἰχθυς, the mystic fish, a sign which only the initiate understood. The soul was represented as a dove—an emblem probably borrowed from Egyptian mythology—and the rich and beautiful symbolism of the Eucharist was introduced—the grapes, the bread, the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the water turned into wine at Cana, the offering of bread and wine in the unbloody sacrifice of Melchisedek. Then came the introduction of emblems, the lion of St. Mark, the eagle of St. John, the pilgrim's staff of St. James, the gridiron of St. Lawrence. These served to identify the saint or to indicate the mode of martyrdom, as in the case of the wheel of St. Catherine. More urgently still was the need of symbolism felt when the

Christian artist came to depict abstract qualities or spiritual entities. The lily of purity, the red rose of charity, the sword and scales of justice, the anchor of hope, the laurel wreath or palm of martyrdom are familiar instances. Advancing a step farther, Christian art came to attach to natural colors a fixed spiritual significance: white signifies light, purity, innocence, candor, joy and triumph; red means love, fervor, and martyrdom; violet or purple is the color of penitence; green is the emblem of growth, life and hope; gold or yellow signifies splendor and magnificence; and blue is the color of heaven, truth, consistency and wisdom. Numbers, too, acquired a spiritual meaning: one stands for the unity of God, two for the mystery of the Incarnation, three for the Blessed Trinity, four for the evangelists, and so on. By the time we reach the end of the Middle Ages, Christian art has built up an elaborate and most beautiful system of signs or symbols by which the immaterial, the spiritual and the supernatural are rendered capable of representation in painting, sculpture and architecture.

Of equal importance, however, for our present purpose, is the parallel development of symbolism in Christian liturgy and in the practice of devotion. First of all there is, of course, the sacramental system, in which material things not only convey grace to the soul but also signify the graces which they confer. Water, which in baptism washes away the stain of original sin, is the natural symbol of cleansing. The oil used in Confirmation and in Extreme Unction typifies the process of strengthening and healing. The ring which, though only an accessory to the sacramental ceremony, is part of the liturgical celebration of marriage, is, according to some, an emblem of the perpetuity of the nuptial contract, though, according to others, it signifies exclusive possession. The symbolism of the Eucharist and of Holy Orders, especially in the solemn ceremonies connected with these, is beautiful, elaborate and full of spiritual meaning. In the sacramentals, too, there is constant and almost essential use of symbolism. Holy Water, the Sign of the Cross, the use of liturgical bells, the use of light and fire, incense, palms, ashes, medals, rosaries, scapulars and agnus deis,—all these are, as Catholics understand them, instances of the employment of material things for the sake of a spiritual efficacy and meaning which they

are believed to possess. Needless to say, during the Ages of Faith, these—or those of them which were then recognized—were not only in general use among the faithful, but were generally understood, and their meaning appreciated.

Thus did Christian art and Christian practice tend to establish and maintain an elaborate system of symbolism in which material things represented or conveyed to the mind things spiritual. And we should not underestimate the educational value of all this. The medieval Christian lived in an atmosphere of art, and could not help being educated by his environment. He knew his Bible far better than many a modern Bible Christian. Old and New Testament were spread out before him on the magnificent façade of his village church; scenes from the Scriptures were carved on the choirstalls, sculptured on the rood screen, or frescoed on the walls and vaults of the sacred building. By these same means the symbolism of ecclesiastical art was brought to bear on his everyday life, and even though he heard no sermon, his visit to the House of God had an uplifting effect on his mind and character. The mention of preaching brings us to one more point which must be touched on before we come to the symbolism of Dante.

The principle underlying all symbolism, namely, the use of material things to represent spiritual subjects, was an acknowledged canon of sacred oratory during the Middle Ages. It was recognized that in order to make spiritual truths intelligible, and especially in order to bring them home to the minds of the rude and unlearned, the best device is to convey them in the form of natural truths which symbolize them. As a fourteeenth century writer says: "It is not possible that our wit or intendment might ascend unto the contemplation of the heavenly hierarchies immaterial, if our wit be not led by some material thing, as a man is led by the hand: so by these forms visible, our wit may be led to the consideration of the greatness or magnitude, of the most excellent beauteous clarity, divine and invisible."* The village pastor and the wandering friar were obliged in their sermons, to come down to the level of the agricultural laborer and the rural artisan. They did so by presenting spiritual truth in the form of animal stories. The demand gave rise to a supply of very peculiar literature.

* *Medieval Lore.* Ed. Steele (London, 1893). Prologue by Trevisa, p. 12.

There sprang up a number of writers who composed little treatises on animals, plants, and minerals, for the use of the village preacher—to supply him with illustrations for his sermons. The original source of all these was a Greek treatise known as *Physiologus*, which was early translated into Latin, and in time done into English, French, and Italian, according as the need arose. This is the origin of the so-called "Bestiaries" or "Beast-books" of the later Middle Ages, which, as contributions to natural history are wonderful productions, indeed. The following are a few specimens: "If elephants see a man coming against them that *is out of* (has lost) the way in the wilderness, for they would not affray him, they will draw themselves somewhat out of the way, and then they *stint* (stop) and pass little and little before him, and teach him the way. And if a dragon come against him, they fight the dragon and defend the man."* Again: "The lion spares them that lie on the ground and suffers them to pass homeward that were prisoners, and come out of thralldom."† Any lover of dogs will believe Fra Bartholomew, when he says: "We have known that hounds fought for their lords against thieves, and were sore wounded, and that they kept away beasts and fowls from their masters' bodies dead." But, it taxes our faith in the good Franciscan naturalist, when he adds: "And that a hound compelled the slayer of his master with barking and biting to acknowledge his trespass and guilt."‡ The truth is, the writers of such books as Fra Bartholomew's *On the Properties of Things* cared little whether the incident or the description was true to nature; their aim was to show the instinct of protection in the elephant, the generous disposition of the lion, and the unswerving fidelity of the dog. This was the medieval view of the animal kingdom. The world of animal life was a great repertory of moral and spiritual lessons. This was St. Francis' view of the matter, as is well known even to those who know little else about St. Francis. And it was as we, shall see, Dante's view.

Dante, then, fell heir to all the symbolism which the Catholic Church had built into a system. He fell heir to the symbolism of Christian art, which he understood and felt without any special training, just as a child in modern Italy or Spain understands it spontaneously and naturally, because it comes

* *Op cit.*, p. 127. † *Op. cit.*, p. 131. ‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 122.

to him like the atmosphere which he breathes. Dante fell heir to the symbolism of the Christian liturgy and of devotional practice, and this, too, in a manner direct, not reflexive, spontaneous, not critical, *naïve*, childlike, and soul-compelling, not self-conscious, mature, and half-hearted. Fortunately, he appeared before the Christian Church was broken into the rival sects of Protestantism; he was innocent of any knowledge of comparative religions; he took the Catholic Church for granted, with its vast and splendid ceremonial and its picturesque practice of piety. Finally, he was born into, and always lived in, the medieval view that the world of nature is subordinate to human nature, and human nature esssentially ordained for God. His world, like the Gothic cathedral, that other great product of medieval times, is heaven-pointing; man looks towards God as his destiny, and animal and plant look, as it were, in the same direction, pointing the way to heaven. One has only to contrast him with Milton to see how much he gained by this inheritance. The poet of Puritanism shared the spirit of those who distrusted art because it led to idolatry, condemned ritual as mummery, and shut their eyes to the symbolism of nature, so anxious were they to concentrate their attention on their own conscience and its rigorous demands. Milton was the oracle of the party that despoiled the Church and overturned the throne; and his world, as a consequence, is to Dante's what a confiscated cathedral without altars, statues, and other Catholic emblems, is to the interior of St. Peter's in Rome when the Supreme Pastor of Christendom, amid all the pomp and solemnity of a state occasion, comes down to the tomb of the Apostles to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. There is a spiritual grandeur in Milton that is owing to this severity; but there is a more imposing completeness of spirituality about Dante that is due to the warmth and color of his Catholic tradition.

By symbolism, then, in general, is meant the employment of material objects or concrete personages to convey a spiritual meaning. To enumerate particular instances of this would be to recite a very great portion of the *Divina Commedia*. A few examples will suffice. At the very outset of his journey, Dante finds himself in the "wildering wildwood," the "*selva selvaggia*." This, as all the commentators agree, is a symbol of the sinful state of soul in which he found himself at one stage of his life. It is a symbol, too, of the state of the sin-

ner in general—a wild, trackless wood in which the wanderer, shut out from sight of the sky above, finds no path to guide him, no voice to direct him. To Dante then appear the three beasts, the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf, emblems of worldly pleasure, ambition, and avarice, which bar the way to true repentance. How Virgil, the symbol of human reason, was sent by Beatrice, Divine Revelation, to save him from this plight we shall instance later as another kind of symbolism. All through the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* there runs a symbolic meaning in the modes of punishment: "the carnal driven to and fro by ceaseless winds, the gluttons lashed by rain, homicides plunged in boiling blood, schismatics rending their own flesh, flatterers immersed in filth, hypocrites wearing cowls of gilded lead, pride sustaining heavy weights, the intemperate tantalized with fruit they cannot reach."* The details of his descriptions are often full of spiritual meaning; for instance, his description of the gate of Purgatory:

> Thither did we approach; and the first stair
> Was marble white, so polished and so smooth,
> I mirrored myself therein as I appear.
> The second, tinct of deeper hue than perse,
> Was of a calcined and uneven stone,
> Cracked all asunder, lengthwise and across.
> The third, that uppermost rests massively,
> Porphry seemed to me, as flaming red
> As blood that from a vein is spirting forth.
> Both of his feet was holding upon this
> The Angel of God upon the threshold seated,
> Which seemed to me a stone of diamond.
>
> (*Purg.* IX., 95 *ff.*)

Here we have what Symonds well calls the finest allegory, combining, as it does, most perfect subtlety and fitness with the dignity and splendor of a picture striking to the mental eye. "The white and polished marble is purity and sincerity of soul, perfect candour, without which all penitence is vain. The dark slab, dry and rugged, represents a broken and a contrite heart: its rift is crosswise, indicating the length and breadth and depth of sorrow for past sin. The sanguine-coloured por-

* *Introduction to Study of Dante.* Symonds.

phry is love, red as heart's-blood, and solid for the soul to stay thereon. Upon the last step, the threshold itself, of adamant, which signifies the sure foundation of the Church, the angel sits as on a throne. In his hands are two keys—the golden is said to mean authority, the silver the science of the confessor and absolver."* If we turn now from the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* to the *Paradiso*, we find there a symbolism softer, sweeter, more befitting the scenes of joy and gladness. One of the most beautiful occurs in *Paradiso*, XXIII., 1 *ff.*

> Even as a bird, 'mid the beloved leaves,
> Quiet upon the nest of her sweet brood,
> Throughout the night that hideth all things from us,
> Who, that she may behold their longed-for looks
> And find the food wherewith to nourish them,
> In which, to her, grave labors grateful are,
> Anticipates the time on open spray
> And with an ardent longing waits the sun,
> Gazing intent as soon as breaks the dawn:
> Even thus my Lady standing was, erect
> And vigilant.

What a picture of waiting in hope! How exact, how delicate, how exquisite in feeling, how vivid in effect. It is like one of those fine miniatures in the corner of some illuminated initial in a medieval manuscript. And yet, some say the Middle Ages had no true sympathy with nature! This portrayal of a state of mind by means of a scene from nature is not peculiar to Dante. What is peculiar is the elaborateness of detail and the striking fitness of the comparison. In the *Purgatorio* he gives two images of the instability and worthlessness of fame:

> Naught is this mundane rumor but a breath
> Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
> And changeth name because it changeth side. . . .
> Your reputation is as the colored herb
> Which comes and goes, and that discolors it (the sun)
> By which it issues green from out the earth.
>
> (*Purg.* XI., 100–117.)

* Symonds, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

What is most characteristic of Dante, is the elaborate pageants which he introduces, in which historical personages, mythical heroes, and emblems and signs pass before us in procession, all of which have a definite spiritual or moral meaning. The best example of this is contained in the concluding cantos of the *Purgatorio*. There, Dante, nearing the end of his journey through the region, "*Ove l'umano spirito si purga*," is at last brought face to face with Beatrice the type of divine revelation. She is seated on a chariot signifying the See of Peter, which is drawn by the mystic gryphon, whose twofold nature of eagle and lion represents the divine and human natures of Christ. On her right are three virgin forms, Charity, Hope and Faith.

> Three maidens at the right wheel, in a circle
> Came forward dancing; one so very red
> That in the fire she hardly had been noted.
> The second was as if her flesh and bones
> Had all been fashioned out of emerald.
> The third appeared as snow but newly fallen.
> (*Purg.* XXIX., 121 *ff.*)

On the left are the four cardinal virtues:

> Upon the left hand, four made holiday
> Vested in purple, following the measure
> Of one of them with three eyes in her head.
> (*Purg.* XXIX., 130 *ff.*)

The lady thus endowed with more than a pair of eyes is Prudence, who sees past, present and future. The chariot is preceeded by twenty-four elders, crowned with lilies, who, marching two and two, represent the books of the Old Testament. Immediately after the chariot are the four mystic creatures mentioned by Ezechiel, emblems of the four evangelists. Last of all comes St. John of the Apocalypse, rapt in prophetic vision. What distinguished company for the Lady Beatrice! Incongruous, the modern critic exclaims. And yet, for Dante it was perfectly natural. He had seen many a pageant in Florence and elsewhere in Italy during his exile, in which the same subjects were represented symbolically; and

neither he nor his contemporaries saw anything incongruous in them. In the manuscripts which he was so fond of reading, he could see the virtues and the sciences represented as women, each somehow conveying by looks or dress or gesture the subject she represented. A lively faith demands clear-cut mental images, and the definite always calls for pictorial representation. Fortunate for us, in any case, that Dante believed so profoundly and saw so clearly. His poem would be robbed of much of its power to please if, like some petty anti-clerical sindac, he forbade the Church to come out and display the grandeur of its ceremonial and the richness of its symbolism in solemn pageants. The scene that is here described, in part, is really a compendium of the Church's history, as Dante saw it, and of his conception of the whole divine economy.

These instances, however, are what we may call examples of minor symbolism. There is in Dante a major symbolism which is not introduced for the purpose of ornamentation, nor in order to add picturesqueness and vividness to the narrative or the doctrine, but is essential to the action of the poem and furnishes the key to the understanding of its meaning and purpose. We should remember that Dante intends above all to teach moral and spiritual truth, and secondly, though no less essentially, to exalt his lady-love and honor her as no woman had been honored before. In accordance with the first part of this plan he enters in vision the "city dolent," comes up through the mountain of suffering, and finally ascends to the limits of the light that sheds its radiance round the Godhead. And all this in order to show the consequences of sin, the nature of penance and the joys of blessed immortality. In accordance with the second portion of his plan, he makes Beatrice to be the emblem of Divine Revelation, his guide to a vision of heavenly beatitude. Virgil, human reason, can direct the poet's steps through the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, but when Dante comes to the threshold of *Paradiso* he turns to her of whom he wrote:

> From the first day that I beheld her face
> In this life, to the moment of this look,
> The sequence of my song hath ne'er been severed.
> (*Parad.* XXX., 28.)

The Blessed Virgin, the *Mater misericordiæ*, is the emblem

of pity, and is moved at the sight of his wretched state in the "wildering wildwood"; St. Lucy, the type of illuminating grace, bears the poet away in sleep to the gates of purgatory, where he is to expiate his sins; but his chief guides are Virgil and Beatrice.

The reasons why Dante chose Virgil to typify human reason and to be his guide through the lower regions are not far to seek. Virgil was the poet whom Dante most admired and imitated, the master of whom he wrote:

> Thou art my master, and my author thou,
> Thou art alone the one from whom I took
> The beautiful style that hath done honor to me.
> (*Inf.*, I., 87 *ff.*)

Besides, he was the poet of the Latin world, who saw in vision the future greatness of the Empire, the restoration of which was Dante's fondest hope. He exalted the power and dignity of the Emperor, and, above all, as Dante thought, he foretold, though unconsciously, the coming of Christ. Moreover, he had descended once before in fancy to the world below, and was on that account an expert, so to speak, in the matter. He knows now much more than he knew then; with sorrow he confesses how much he feels the fact that like Plato and Aristotle, he did not live in the light of revelation. Through it all, he preserves his identity as a poet and as a man. He is for Dante "Leader, Lord and Master" (*Tu duca, tu signore e tu maestro*). He honors every art and every science (*Tu che onori ogni scienza ed arte*); he is "the height of virtue" (*O virtù somma*), "the sun that healeth every troubled vision" (*O sol che sani ogni vista turbata*); he is hailed as "the sea of all-wisdom" (*Il mar di tutto il senno*) "my comfort" and "my sweet teacher" (*il mio conforto, il dolce pedagogo*), "our chief muse," "our wise counsellor," "Virgil, sweetest father, Virgil to whom for my salvation I gave myself" (*Virgilio dolcissimo padre, Virgilio a cui per mia salute diémi*). "Towards this great master," writes Dean Church," the poet's whole soul is poured forth in reverence and affection. To Dante he is no figure, but a person—with feelings and weaknesses—overcome by vexation, kindling into wrath, carried away by the tenderness of the moment. He reads his schol-

ar's heart, takes him by the hand in danger, carries him in his arms and in his bosom, like a son more than a companion, rebukes his unworthy curiosity, kisses him when he shows a noble spirit, asks pardon for his own mistakes. Never were the kind, yet severe, ways of a master, or the disciple's diffidence and open-heartedness drawn with greater force or less effort."*

It was no easy task to present a consistent picture of Virgil. He was at once a symbol of reason, the messenger of Beatrice, the teacher of Dante, the pagan poet, the panegyrist of the Empire, and the historical person Virgil. Yet all these views of him are harmonized, synthesized, and presented with a naturalness and force of conviction that not only compel admiration but also strike our vision with a vividness and an intellectual satisfaction as if we saw a real person before us, taking Dante by the hand, answering his queries, soothing his fears, dissipating his doubts and dispelling his ignorance. The symbol is just as convincing as the personage, and the union of both is effected with rare psychological insight and the highest poetic skill.

The same is true, only in a higher degree, of Beatrice, the symbol of Divine Revelation. This celebrated lady has been the subject of much discussion among the critics and commentators of the *Divina Commedia*. Some have even doubted that such a person ever existed except in the mind of the poet. Others not only admit that she existed but go so far as to refer to her prosaically as Frau Bardi, the wife of Simone Bardi. The consensus of opinion now is that Beatrice was a real person. All that we know of her is briefly told. She was the daughter of Folco Portinari, a Florentine and a neighbor of the Alleghieri family. When she was eight years old and Dante was nine, they met at a family gathering, a wedding-feast, probably, and, the effect on his youthful mind was instantaneous and lifelong. Dr. Döllinger says, "Dante's relation to Beatrice, to this combination of the earthly and the heavenly, of abstract symbolism with the most living personality, is something quite unique, unexperienced in any other human life,"† or as Dr. Moore expresses it, it was "an effort to anticipate that ideal state where they neither marry nor

* *Essay on Dante.* Reprinted in Dinsmore's *Study of Dante*, p. 376.
† *Studies in European History*, p. 92.

are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."* Dante met her on one or two subsequent occasions, chiefly at wedding feasts. A few years after their first meeting she was married to Simone Bardi and in 1291 or 1292 Dante himself was married to Gemma Donati. The death of Beatrice in 1290 plunged Dante at first into inconsolable grief; then, all at once, in the *Vita Nuova* she begins to appear as the "youngest of the angels," and then little by little to assume the *rôle* of an ideal and a symbol. As an ideal, she is, naturally, the embodiment of all womanly perfection, the inspiration of his poems, what Laura was to Petrarch, and in general what the "*donna gentil*" was to all the troubadours. The last reference to this ideal is the determination to honor her as no other woman had been honored, and that determination is the source of the *Divina Commedia.* In the *Commedia* itself she is, so to speak, present always and everywhere in the threefold character of a person, an ideal and a symbol. Dante refers to her as the one "who saw me as I am," "Her from whom no care of mine could be hidden," "The sun which first warmed my heart with love," "The sweet guide who smiling burned," "The sun of my eyes," "That pious lady who guided the pinions of my wings," "O love of the first lover (*i. e.*, beloved of God), O goddess" (*O amanza del primo amante, O diva*). As a symbol she stands for divine revelation, the grace of faith and the beatific vision. In this character she sends Virgil, that is reason, to Dante's aid to free him from the dangers of the forest, lead him through suffering and penance to the gates of Paradise through which she herself is his guide. To her, then, he owes his salvation, as he freely confesses:

> O Lady, thou in whom my hope is strong,
> And who for my salvation didst endure
> In Hell to leave the imprint of thy feet,
> Of whatsoever things I have beheld,
> As coming from thy power and thy goodness
> I recognize the virtue and the grace.
> Thou from a slave hast brought me unto freedom,
> By all those ways, by all the expedients,
> Whereby thou hadst the power of doing it.
>
> (*Par.* XXXI., 79 *ff.*)

* *Studies in Dante*, 2d. series, p. 120.

As Divine Revelation, she possesses by intuition all the knowledge that Virgil has through reason and research, and surpasses him in knowledge of things spiritual. Thus, in *Purg.* VI., 43 and XVIII. 46–8 Virgil confesses that he cannot answer Dante's question and refers his pupil to her more comprehensive lore:

> Verily, in so deep a questioning
> Do not decide unless she telleth thee,
> Who light twixt truth and intellect shall be,
> I know not if thou understand: I speak
> Of Beatrice.
>
> What reason seeth here,
> Myself can tell thee: beyond that await
> For Beatrice, since 'tis work of faith.

All during the long and dolorous journey in the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* Dante's thoughts are turned towards the moment when she is to appear. And when that moment comes, she calls to him from the sacred car, surrounded as she is by the virtues and the angelic host.

> Look at me well: in sooth I am Beatrice.
> (*Purg.* XXX. 73.)

Enough has been said to show the symbolism of Dante as it really is. In almost every detail of the poem as well as in the grand lines of its general plan we find the poet using objects and persons from the world of nature around him and from the rich world of his own experience in order to convey spiritual truth. What is unique about this symbolism is its naturalness. The symbols are real things and real persons. There is, therefore, a double truth in the narrative, the truth of fact and the truth of allegorical interpretation. Other poets have created their world of symbols out of their own imagination; Dante takes them as he finds them in the world of nature and of history and uses them without apology or explanation. In this he is a true product of the Middle Ages, of the ages of faith. He saw clearly and he felt deeply. In an old Cornish poem on the Passion of our Lord it is stated that the

bursting asunder of the body of Judas was the effort of the demons to drag the wretched soul from the corpse without bringing it through the mouth, for it could not pass through the lips which Christ had kissed. There are many such touches in Dante, touches of fine feeling, which no poet could attain by reflection but only by spontaneous faith. The efforts to dissociate him from the Middle Ages and to present him as the champion of revolt or the prophet of anti-papal Italy have not met with success. He belonged to the golden age of religious insight and religious feeling. Yet, in a sense, he belongs to all ages. For there is in him the divine, which is eternal, and the human which is of enduring interest. A line of Watson's poem on the "Sovereign Poet" applies with literal truth to him:

> He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
> With the world's secret trembling on his lips.
> He asks not converse nor companionship
> In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.
> The undelivered tidings in his breast
> Suffer him not to rest.
> He sees afar the immemorable throng
> *And binds the scattered ages with a song.*

WHAT THE GARDEN BROUGHT TO BLOOM.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

UPON the gate of *Notre Dame des Rochers*, which was the gate of a fortress, someone had painted in red, "*À bas les Voleurs!*" The summer visitors found it sinister and threatening. Not so Pamela L'Estrange. She had known the convent when it was a hive of industry, of prayer. To her the inscription was a cry wrung from the depths of a heart suffering intolerable wrong, intolerable injury.

She listened to the buzz about her at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Ragazin and smiled quietly to herself with her eyes on her plate. They were talking about the convent, the nuns, these English visitors, whose emancipation from the narrowness of their country people took the form of having no religion at all. Once or twice she lifted her eyes and contradicted a glaring misstatement, set right a wild conjecture. Then she retired into her shell again.

She was very much out of the life at the Hotel Ragazin. She had come expecting to find a little inn in a fishing village. She found—a caravansery crowded to the doors, gossip, love-making, amusements of all kinds in full swing. They amused themselves with a grim determination, these English people. They danced and sang and flirted and played billiards into the small hours. They dressed, how they dressed! Pamela L'Estrange, coming for quietness, for rest, was dismayed at the hurly-burly into which she had dropped.

She hardly knew why she did not go on. One could get away from the people. There were miles of sand-dunes, splendid cliffs, on the face of them in great white letters the cry of the fishermen as they go out into the storms: "*Notre Dame de la Pitié, priez pour nous!*" There was no difficulty in finding a solitude. Her house-mates were on the beach when it did not rain, enjoying the delights of mixed bathing with an entire emancipation from decorum. Only the lark above her head to know where she was.

And there were the churches—solitary gray places, the gaunt crosses, blown one way by the sea-wind, creeping up to the gables as though for shelter, for support.

The hotel itself was thoroughly distasteful to her. She was poles removed from it all. A man here and there was disposed to be friendly. One, an artist, made surreptitious sketches of her pure profile, of her figure as she glided past the noisy people in the courtyard. She dressed in cool, pale linen, with a wide black hat. She was in gray of evenings, filmy gray that gave her a twilit air. The artist drew her in silver-point, with a veil about her head that had a star half-hidden in it.

Why did she not go on? She hardly knew. She had a sense of waiting for something which grew with the days. She liked the old fortified town. It was partly because of the fortifications she had come. She was an artist by profession. Quite contrary to what one would have expected of her, her subject was soldiers, soldiers of all nations, in dress and undress; marching, bivouacing, drilling, at play. Her ambition was to paint a battle picture. She was always sketching—soldiers and horses and guns. In the old fortified town there was a battalion of French infantry. Fortunately for her their barrack faced the church which all the artists sketched, the church, and the centuries-old fountain with the magnificent lion's head, through the mouth of which the water flowed. Her sketch-book grew full of characteristic aspects of the *piou piou*.

One day a shadow darkened her sketch-book as she sat. Someone, passing by, had looked over her shoulder.

"I say, that's awfully good, you know. I beg your pardon. I couldn't help seeing. Hamilton must see it."

She looked up and smiled into Anthony O'Grady's face. Most people smiled when they looked at Anthony O'Grady, because he was, as a questing sister had said once, "so pleasant." He had a richness in his accent when he spoke that prepared one for the Celtic name. He had come to the Hotel Ragazin the night before. She had seen him arrive in company with a tall, dark young man, who carried a fat, sleepy little boy on his shoulder.

She had been conscious of an interest. She adored children, and the fat, sleepy little boy clinging to his tall father's neck, had delighted her. The contrast between the two men, the elder, swarthily dark, the younger, golden-fair, appealed to her

artistic instincts. She had seen nothing so pleasant since she had come to the hotel.

Anthony O'Grady seemed to have no mind to move away. He watched the soldiers in their working suits of dirty-white going to the fountain for water, ragging a bit, harmlessly, like frolicsome puppies.

"Not as clean as our Tommies," he said, "but a better looking lot. That's awfully good!" he indicated a sketch of a soldier teaching a dog tricks. "Jack must see it. My cousin, who came with me last night, I mean Jack Hamilton. You must know his work?"

Jack Hamilton? Why, of course she knew him. He painted in the manner of the great modern French masters, *genre* pictures, interiors. He could endow inanimate things with a spiritual beauty. A picture she had seen this spring, just a haystack in a field, seen in half-tones of twilight or dawn, had conveyed the most extraordinary impression of loneliness, of sadness.

"You are a countryman of mine," she said, smiling at the boyish face.

"County Limerick," he said.

"And I, County Clare," she replied joyously. "We are next door neighbors."

After that meeting Pamela L'Estrange was lonely no longer. She had two men at her beck and call. The hotel was very willing to make much of John Hamilton. The girls looked with an assurance of welcome at Anthony O'Grady. The two were not to be drawn into friendship. They spent long days out on the dunes, in the golden corn-fields, with Pamela L'Estrange, and small Ian, that bullet-headed boy, with the color of the South, who was John Hamilton's darling, the one thing his wife had left him when she had slipped through the open door into another world some five years before.

The two artists drew and painted and asked each other's approval of their work. Anthony O'Grady would play with the child or lie on his back in the hot sun, his straw hat drawn over his eyes, while the others under their sun-umbrellas sketched and talked. He had an unbounded admiration and affection for John Hamilton. He began to include in it Pamela L'Estrange. While he lay half-asleep in the heat, his hat drawn over his eyes, he listened to the low murmur of their voices.

Once he lifted his hat from his eyes and saw that Jack was sketching the girl, little Ian asleep in her arms. He smiled to himself lazily as he let the hat cover his eyes again.

There came a day when the cousins joined a couple of other men on a long expedition. They were gone before Pamela L'Estrange had come back from the seven o'clock Mass at the little church out on the dunes, which she attended every morning. They had taken Ian with them. The comfortable-looking Scotchwoman who was Ian's nurse, must have found her position something of a sinecure, since Ian and his father were practically inseparable.

It promised to be a lonely day for Pamela L'Estrange. She found that she had been learning to depend on the companionship of the two men and the child. She wondered how she was going to do without it when autumn should send Anthony back to Sandhurst, John Hamilton to Paris, herself to her tiny flat in a towering block of workmen's dwellings that overlooked the railway somewhere down Hammersmith way.

One of the women at the hotel suggested her joining them. They were going over the old convent. The lady shivered with delightful anticipation at the thought of the convent's mysteries. Dungeons, walled-up nuns, uglier things even, were in her anticipations.

Pamela L'Estrange opened wide eyes.

"I know the convent well," she said. "My own cousin, Bridget Shannon, was its Reverend Mother. They were holy women. All you have heard is lies. They were always holy, the nuns: benefactors of the place and the people. Ask the townspeople."

The lady was not abashed.

"Oh, then, if you know the place you must come with us," she said. "You will be able to tell us what everything is. And,—*Monsieur le Maire* says that if we stray from the guide we shall infallibly lose our way. There are miles and miles of it."

"I couldn't help you very much there," Pamela L'Estrange said coldly. "I know, of course, only the reception rooms. It was very cheerful when I was there. The gardens were lovely behind those high walls. The whole place was so clean and bright. It has been empty for two years. I dare say there are sad changes."

She slipped away to the walled town and spent some time sketching the market in the place. About three o'clock,—she had had her modest lunch of a cup of coffee and a roll at one,—she was turning her steps towards the road that led to the village and the hotel. It took her round two sides of the convent. The convent was so dominating a fact in the little walled town that you could hardly get anywhere without skirting it or its *Externat.* And behold, the door of the chaplain's house stood open! The exploring party, she supposed, was gone inside.

Something drew her footsteps within. Dear Father Michel, she remembered him quite well. He had been walking in his own little garden when she had first seen him. A very fat white poodle had trotted at his heels. There had been a big crucifix in the midst of the garden. Around it there had been masses of roses in bloom, beautiful pinky-white roses, with sharp, thick spines. He had picked a bunch of roses for her. Then he had invited her into his little sitting-room, and had given her a glass of anisette, while Reverend Mother stood by and smiled. A dear, benign old man. He had a whole flock of canaries in cages which he let free. They settled in a yellow cloud on his cassock and pecked crumbs daintily from his tongue.

She wondered what had become of him. She knew he had not accompanied the nuns to their refuge in Protestant England.

She was in his little hall now, which she remembered as having a case of butterflies hung on the wall. There had been an ordered neatness. Beyond was the sitting-room, which she remembered as light and austere. Marie, monsieur's *bonne à tout faire*, had looked from the kitchen, amid her shining pots and pans, a welcome to Mademoiselle.

Now there was an incredible disorder. Dust and litter were thick under her feet. Torn papers, debris of all sorts was ankle-deep. The shutters were closed, but the bright daylight pierced the chinks revealing a disorder that was depressing, almost terrifying. The spiders had hung their webs from wall to wall. The grate was rusted, filled with old medicine bottles, rags of one sort or another,—disgusting. The Republic had swept over the clean austerity she remembered, with a vengeance.

She stooped to pick a holy picture from the disorder on the floor. It was the Blessed Mother with seven swords through her heart. Some passing foot had trampled it. She brushed away the dried mud as well as she was able, kissed the picture and put it away gently into her little hand-bag.

She went on into the chaplain's garden. It was prairie now. The grass had crept up the crucifix, almost enclosing it. Here and there the roses trailed a long branch from amid the grass and weeds and flung it on the path.

She shivered with a sense of desolation. She had some strange sense of a presence, as though eyes were upon her. All around were the convent windows, the lower ones muffled so as not to intrude on Monsieur's privacy,—the upper, long ranges of window after window, showing as blank as dead eyes.

She shivered. In the distance she heard chattering voices and she turned, and went back into the chaplain's house. She thought of the old man with his beautiful manners, the poodle, as it endured with comical patience the trial of having to stand quietly, a canary on his head.

She would have gone into the kitchen, anywhere to escape the voices coming nearer, but the kitchen door was fastened, the seal of the Republic upon it. The same with the little door that closed the foot of the stairs leading up to the chaplain's bedroom.

The voices had retreated,—scattered, died in distance. She went back through the ruined and desecrated garden, by the swing door, into the convent itself. A long, long corridor stretched before her; at the far end, a broken door, where the nuns had made their last stand.

She went on through it, looking into one room after another as she passed. This was the kitchen floor. She remembered those brown-panelled rooms with cupboards in the walls. They had been storerooms of many kinds, wash-houses, dairies, pantries. The convent had had its population of five hundred souls.

Ah, there were the kitchens, which she remembered so warm and glowing. Now they were cold, dismal; the windows covered with dust and cobwebs. A starved rat smelt about in the rubbish on the floor and scampered at her approach. She peeped in the wine cellar. It was like a crypt.

She became aware that the air was heavy, stifling. Everywhere the windows were closed and barred and the air had been undisturbed for ages. Probably the convent was unsanitary. It was hundreds of years old and it was enclosed by a wall fifty feet high. Constant cleanliness, many fires, had kept it at least with a simulation of wholesomeness while it was lived in. Since the nuns left, the poisons had been imprisoned, allowed to grow unchecked.

She was glad to come upon the cloisters and to find air, fresh, or comparatively fresh, blowing in her face. Those who went before her had left a door open. She could hear them now in distance, their shrill voices raised in wonder, in excitement. She shrank from joining them. She imagined the things they would say, the foolish and ignorant profanation of holy things. She could not have borne it.

She stood in the cloisters, looking about her. The open door gave on to such another tangled wilderness as the chaplain's garden. The graves of the nuns of long ago were under her feet. She trod on their blackened brasses. Some of them bearing English names had lived and died there while yet Calais was English, before Mary Tudor's heart had broken for the loss of that with other things.

She was glad to leave the dim cloisters for the comparative freshness of the garden, where a statue of St. Roch with his dog lay face downwards amid the ruin of the rockery which he had dominated.

The voices again sent her flying,—this time upstairs to a long corridor where the little doors of the nuns' cells opened in a long dwindling perspective. The chaff which had been the nuns' beds was knee deep in the corridor. She glanced into one or two of the cells. Nothing left except the coffin-like frames that had held the bags of chaff and the little picture of the Sacred Heart on the doors, forgotten in the panic of flight.

The afternoon sun shone down the long corridor as she left it and ascended to yet another. The lower panes of the windows from which one might have looked were muffled; but the sun came in dazzlingly through the upper panes. At the foot of the stairs by which she ascended and descended was a small arched door set deep in the wall. She pushed it; it was locked. She became aware suddenly that she no longer

heard the voices in the distance. There was only the long, long corridor, filled from end to end with the chaff, the long line of open doors, the dazzling afternoon sunshine. Suddenly she was afraid.

She could not have told what she was afraid of. She reminded herself that here saintly women had lived and died, that these little cells had been nests of praise and prayer, that here the Blessed Sacrament had been carried to the dying, the blameless lives been sped. But she was afraid. Perhaps she had been afraid all the time. The desolation of the place had crept into her spirit. Only the cheerful vulgar voices in the distance had kept it at bay.

She went downstairs, with difficulty refraining from headlong flight. She listened in the cloisters for the voices. No sound reached her ears. The cloisters ran round four sides of a square. Doors opened in all directions. The cloisters were continued in long dark corridors, running four ways.

There was not a sound to be heard. She had lost the clue of the open door to tell her which way she was to return. It had been shut to, by the wind perhaps. There was a door to each side of the cloisters. She opened one and was again in the enclosure. It was at the bottom of a well. All around were ranges and ranges, one over the other, of the blank windows.

She heard a door bang somewhere and turned eagerly in its direction. Perhaps they had gone that way. She took it, only to find herself after interminable wanderings in the community-room of the nuns; beyond it the chapel, a heap of stones where the altar had been, the niches showing a gash where the statues had been torn from them, inscriptions defaced, the glimmering windows high up coated with a thick deposit of dirt; desolation everywhere.

If only the windows had not been out of reach. They looked, at least on one side of the chapel, on to the street. But they were very high up, quite out of reach.

Her head began to swim. Perhaps it was the bad air. She thought she had been walking for hours. She was frightened and lonely and cold. The chapel was very dark.

She climbed to the organ-loft where she could see the sky beyond the windows. It had become suddenly dun-colored. A storm was impending. While she looked the lightning flashed.

She sat down on a step in the organ-gallery and covered her eyes with her hands. She was frightened. Just beyond the walls there was the cheerful bustle of the Place. If she could only see the life outside—communicate with it. But she was as far away from it as though she were in her grave.

The storm roared and rumbled. Again and again the cold, gray light of the place was shot through by the blue glare of the lightning. She sat and shivered. The place was very airless, stifling; she nodded.

She came to herself with a jerk. Had she only nodded that minute or had she really fallen asleep? The storm was gone by. The sky outside the window showed a cold and watery light.

As though to answer her the clock in the Place boomed out six steady strokes and the Angelus sounded from the church tower.

She started to her feet in a panic. Six o'clock! It had been three o'clock when she had turned aside so easily from the busy Place to follow the party from the hotel into the convent. By this time they must have finished their explorations, unless—she remembered the garden full of delicious fruit—green figs, apricots, pears, peaches. In all her wanderings she had not come upon the garden. Doubtless it would detain the party from the hotel for some time, if they had discovered it; if the fruit had not been picked. She would not listen to the insistent fear that knocked at her heart that they might be gone leaving her behind. Why they would have taken the keys with them—she would be locked in. She would die there of hunger. They would find her bones some day. That way madness lay. She must not so much as think of it.

Fear lent wings to her feet. She flew down the stairs from the organ-gallery back by the long corridor the way she had come. Now and again she paused to listen if there were voices. She heard only the thumping of her own heart in her ears.

How dark the place was growing! The sun would not set this hour yet; but it was sinking towards the horizon. The fifty-foot wall of the convent brought a premature night within its shadow.

At last the garden. An open door met her suddenly

where she least expected it; and there was the garden beyond. A deplorable place. The fruit-trees torn from the walls and lying across the beds. The flower-beds, the grass-plots, the vegetable beds indistinguishable for the growth of grass. The little grottoes she remembered dismantled; the holy statues gone from the niches in the trees.

Everywhere there had been wanton destruction. Her feet stumbled in the branches of the boughs laden with green figs—unripe. Doubtless the ripe ones had been taken away by the afternoon's visitors. The pear and apricot and peach trees in like case. She remembered the garden, a glowing place of fruit and flowers against a green background. Now it was almost as dreadful as the rest of the place.

She said to herself that if the worst came to the worst she could creep into the grotto in the garden from which Our Lady of Lourdes used to look. It had a narrow opening in front. She would creep in and ask Our Lady to keep her from the terror that flieth by night.

Too late she realized that she ought not to have left the chapel. It was close by the chaplain's house as she knew from the outside. If she had not gone in the opposite direction she must have come upon it. It was her one hope of exit.

She went back into the convent where the long passages were now almost dark. She turned to the left, the direction from which she had come, and hurried along the passages. The store-rooms on each side, the various closets and cellars and passages, were now something menacing and dreadful. A door slammed somewhere in the labyrinth and she was wild with fright. She seemed to have walked miles and had not come upon the chaplain's garden. Once she thought to have discovered it and found the graveyard of the nuns, with the mournful Calvary at the centre, the little crosses all but disappeared in the growth.

She fled from it in terror. It was like being in a maze. She tried to find some clue, and after hurrying along innumerable passages, came out at the point she had started from. She remembered a chance speech at the *table d'hôte.*

"*M. le Maire* says that if you were not conducted you would require to take a ball of string, tie it to something at the starting point and find your way back by means of it."

A foolish speech she had thought it at the time. The

convent, as she remembered it, busy and happy, full of light and warmth, the chubby pupils, the peaceful nuns in these corridors and rooms, had had no suggestion of this dreadful labyrinth in which the darkness gathered and thickened.

She had no illusions now about her being alone in the convent—alone of living people, for she heard the rats scurry and squeal in the darkness. Of living people! She heard the door bang again somewhere nearer, with a dreadful suggestion. And at last she saw quite close at hand, the Calvary, the glimmering, pale roses of the chaplain's garden.

Alas, the door that led in the chaplain's house was fastened securely against her. She looked at the shuttered windows. No hope that way. The high convent walls rose on three sides of the enclosure, all the blank, dark window-spaces looking down at her full of terror.

She beat at the door of the chaplain's house with her two hands. She was beside herself, distraught with fear. Somewhere she heard a dog bark and had the delusion that it was Pompon, Père Michel's poodle.

"Let me out, Père Michel, let me out!" she screamed, beating a tattoo upon the door. Only the echoes answered her, flung back from those gaunt walls.

In the midst of her terror she had a thought. Why had she left the garden behind? After all the wall abutted on the lit street with the people walking about. If she had screamed and screamed someone would have heard her despite the fifty-foot high wall.

She fled back to the interior of the convent, the thought driving her that it was her only chance. She might scream herself mad in the chaplain's garden. No one would hear her. The sound would be thrown back, fall dead from those pitiless walls with their rows upon rows of windows like eyeless sockets, watching her misery.

In mid-flight she paused. She looked back. She had reached the cloister where the nuns in the days of the occupation had been buried. Something was coming, following her, hurrying.

She had reached the limit of her endurance. She flung up her hands and with a soundless cry she fell down on the brasses of the dead nuns.

She came to herself in a room flooded with the gold of the

after-sunset. There was a big crucifix on the wall. Someone was leaning over her. She was lying on a sofa. Some furry thing was close to her face. As she moved she felt the unmistakable lick of a dog upon her hand.

She stared. Why it was Père Michel. Père Michel, with his air of cheerful benignity, his thin, white locks, his cassock and bands. And it was Pompon who was licking her face.

"Ah, that is better, that is better," said Père Michel. "Take a sip of this. The excellent Madame Delort at the *Lion de Flandres* sees that I want for nothing. It is very good wine. So, poor child, you were left behind, lost in the convent. No wonder you were frightened. See you—I am allowed to stay here, till I die or they pull down the convent. *M. le Maire* is kind, if he is a *libre penseur*. His wife is a good woman. But all the world must not know. It would go ill with *M. le Maire* if some knew that he had bowels of compassion for a poor old priest. So I creep here—I hide myself. I break the seals of the Republic. It is dreadful down below, is it not? But I dare not have order. I dare not work in my garden, for that would give away the secret. I enclose myself here, with Pompon for company, except when I steal out to Mass."

He helped her to her feet.

"Ah," he said, "that is better. Poor child! I am going to take thee home across the dunes to the hotel. You will not betray me, nor *M. le Maire*. If some folk up in Paris knew, why . . . we might have a worse mayor. Gaston Remy is a good fellow though he is a *libre penseur*, for the moment."

Suddenly there was a tremendous assault on the door downstairs. The noise of it reached them in this quiet upper room that looked across the Place to the façade of the church.

"It will be thy friends coming to seek thee," said Père Michel. "See, thou wert not forgotten after all."

He hurried down to open the door, and found outside it Jack Hamilton and Anthony O'Grady, with mine host from the Hotel Ragazin.

"Ah, but it is a madman, this one," said M. Ragazin indicating Jack Hamilton. "If you had not opened, Monsieur, this one had had the door down. But they are mad, those English!"

"No more English than yourself," said Jack Hamilton, striding into the hall where Pamela, pale and tearful, looked just beyond Père Michel's shoulder, "but a good Irishman. And what is more a good Catholic."

He dropped his somewhat imperfect French as he took Pamela's hand.

"My poor little girl!" he said. "What you must have suffered! Auguste who drove the party over, saw you enter after them. He was too stupid to remember for a time that he had seen you go in and had not seen you leave. Fortunately when he did remember he came round to the hotel with the story just at the moment when Tony and I were setting out in search of you. I was like a madman till M. Ragazin assured me that the chaplain still had his old rooms unbeknownst to anyone except the town generally and a considerable portion of the country. Did you think, darling, that you were going to be locked in all night?"

The "darling" was whispered in Pamela L'Estrange's ear; but for some reason or other the other three men began talking to one another with a polite aversion of their gaze from the black head bent over the fair one in the back of the dreadful little hall.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hamilton, on their way back to England from a somewhat prolonged honeymoon, sought their friend, Père Michel they found him in the upper room of the *Lion de Flandres*, with Pompon between his knees, and the two as disconsolate as ever were man and dog.

The convent had been bought for the town. It was to be levelled; and houses and shops erected on its site; and Père Michel had had to quit lest he should get his friend, the free-thinking mayor, into trouble for connivance at his residence in his old quarters.

"Alas," said Père Michel, "I thought, and so did Pompon, to spend our days in that place where we were so happy once. To be sure it was not the same, the good old nuns being gone, and my house was frightful. I had to send away my good Marie, and but for the gardens of the people I must have starved."

"You shall come back with us to England," said Jack Hamilton. "We shall find your nuns for you. You shall be

their chaplain again if you will. It is not all fogs in England. No indeed; you will be able to grow your roses and keep your bees and your birds in England far better than you did at *Notre Dame des Rochers.*"

Père Michel was understood to say that his nuns were established in Sussex and that the Reverend Mother had begged him to come but he had felt himself unequal to the uprooting.

"I had thought I should die of it," he said. "See you, I was chaplain to the convent for forty years. I have not died of it. Pompon and I go in and out as we will. I believe he likes it better than to be in prison, the rascal. But I should dearly like to see my children again."

Père Michel is established in a rose-covered cottage not so far inland that from his windows he cannot catch a glimpse of the blue waters of the Channel and the distant white cliffs of his own land. He ministers once more to his nuns, and their pains of exile are sweetened by having their old chaplain. And Pompon runs about at will over the short flower-diapered grass of the cliffs and trots in and out as of old, a privileged pet with the nuns and their pupils. Père Michel has confided to John Hamilton, who has a bungalow on the cliff close at hand, to which he and Mrs. Hamilton go and come:

"*Notre Dame des Rochers*—I thought to have died there as I had lived. I was broken, see you, my friend, by those violent changes. I thought I could not endure to be transplanted at my age. If I had stayed there I should very soon have been in the next world. And the nuns need me—never shall I forget their joy when I came. Old! Sixty-five is not so old. I shall live to see many a one down. It was our Lady herself who sent Madame that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon. Her Son had work still left for me to do on earth. Is it not so, my friend?"

NEWMAN'S DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHERAN.

JOHN RUSKIN in a celebrated passage of the *Fors Clavigera*, writes as follows: "after careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism, I am persuaded that reverence for the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of holiness of life and purity of character. There has, probably, not been an innocent home throughout Europe during the period of Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the duties and comfort to the trials of men and women. Every brightest and loftiest achievement of the art and strength of manhood and womanhood has been the fulfillment of the prophecy made to the humble Lily of Israel—'He that is mighty hath magnified me.'"

One characteristic of the remarkable man, John Henry Newman, to whom English Catholicism and English letters owe so much, is the warm devotion invariably shown through his long life, toward the Blessed Mother of God. As a rule, the English convert does not readily grasp the true meaning, nor does he easily respond to the true spirit, of this Catholic devotion. It may be explained in part as a result of the ingrained prejudice which Protestantism planted and developed in the human breast toward the Blessed Virgin—a prejudice so hard to overcome. It may also be ascribed in some measure to the natural temperament of Englishmen; for their attitude toward woman is not so chivalrous as it might be; certainly not as chivalrous as that of the Latin race. They are accustomed to regard woman as a creature of inferior rank, a creature whose activities should be confined strictly to the home circle, and while the highest respect and honor are shown to woman as queen of the household, there is nevertheless a strong tendency to carry out the wishes of St. Paul who counseled in her behalf a very salutary restraint. The present struggle of English women to assert their rights and to gain a larger measure of

freedom is in fact a rebellion against the old Teutonic instinct still strong in the Saxon breast—the instinct on the part of man to rule woman with an iron hand and an iron law. Without discussing this problem in any detail, it is only fair to state that Englishmen are, perhaps, a little too stern and uncompromising; just as many Americans are apt to be too lenient and too prone to make dangerous concessions to feminine fancy. Here as elsewhere the golden mean is, the dictate of right reason and of sound judgment. But this attitude of Englishmen is an attitude almost hostle to any ideal exaltation of woman and explains much of the reluctance which an English convert feels when he is invited to kneel at our Lady's Shrine and recite the Rosary. If we add thereto the prejudice of creed, already noted, we have a full explanation of his difficulty. For from childhood he was doubtless accustomed to listen to blasphemous attacks upon the mother of God; by a strange perversion, the very mother perhaps who bore him was loudest in her denunciation of the "superstitious" Catholics who honor the Queen of Heaven, in her blind bigotry overlooking the fact that Catholicism in the exaltation of Mary has done more to exalt true womanhood throughout the world, than any other living institution.

But in the case of Cardinal Newman, strange to say, there was no such antipathy. From the beginning of his conversion he took kindly to such Catholic prayers and customs as cluster round the shrine of our Lady. He was proud to be enrolled among her most devoted children. In his letters, sermons and public addresses covering a period of more than forty years, he refers, time and again, to the Virgin Mother and pays to her the homage of a devoted heart; her name is charmingly associated with that of the Blessed St. Philip Neri, whenever he would invoke a favor upon the little Community at Egbaston. "The Fathers of the Oratory," said Dr. Rider who was one of them, "often heard their dear Cardinal recite for their delight and edification the glories of Mary." And the story is related of him that when traveling in Sicily, shortly before he wrote the immortal hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," he took refuge, one day, from a blinding storm in the recesses of a large church and found himself before a shrine of the Virgin. A solitary taper glimmered before the statue and served to make more awful the gloom around. A tropi-

cal storm with vivid flashes of lightning and intermittent thunder raged outside. But a wilder storm raged in his soul; he was tortured by doubts and fears, those fearful wrestlings of a human spirit turning upon a bed of pain; terribly in earnest about its eternal salvation and beseeching heaven to rend the veil. The prayer of the Grecian hero seemed to tremble on his lips: "Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more." The modern hero who was to shake or rather restore a nation's faith, sat silently before the Madonna and the calm beautiful face carved in the richest Carrara, lit by the taper's glow, seemed to be gazing as from another world.

He looked up at that winsome countenance, as countless mortals in trouble have done before, but not as yet with the eye of Catholic faith. It was the taper at her feet that suggested the title of his hymn—the "Kindly Light" that came through her favor to enlighten those who sit in the valley of the shadow of death.

There is a large amount of writing scattered through the many volumes written by Cardinal Newman—writing which deals with the manifold graces and virtues of the Mother of God. It was the celebrated Thomas of Aquin who wrote: "In us justice is not without warfare; but in Mary justice consisted in *perfect peace.*" And the wonderful philosopher of a past age goes on to explain how Mary sanctified justice by suffering and although a greater sufferer than all the saints put together, never allowed her sorrows to disturb for an instant the perfect peace which possessed her soul. One may easily see how a storm-tossed mariner like Newman who had sailed so long the uncharted seas, who had been for years tossed hither and thither by the winds and the waves of every doctrine; one may easily see how, as he came to harbor, he would choose the type of perfect peace for special veneration and esteem. It is strongly asserted by the most profound students of the spiritual life—such authors as Saint Alphonsus Liguori, Saint Teresa and others—that, after years of trial and suffering, the finest flowering of the spiritual state results in a serene contentment and the exaltation of soul—a peace which no worldly trouble can reach or impair. It seems to be a foreshadowing of that confirmation in grace, which marks our entrance into heaven. Newman after a hard novitiate reached the peaceful goal which the Blessed Virgin had at-

tained on the day of her birth. For us sinful and weak mortals who follow the saints *haud equis passibus*, sometimes with scarcely the grace of attrition, it is almost impossible to realize the spiritual exaltation of those favored children of God. We are dwellers in the valley, and our gaze is shortened by mist and shadow; whereas they enjoy the proud advantage of the clear upper air on the mount of vision.

Together with a most gentle and amicable nature Newman possessed in later years the sweet serenity of soul which he admires so much in Mary, and refers to it as one of her crowning gifts. "On Calvary," he writes, "her heart was pierced with the sword of the most poignant sorrow; yet we do not read that she wept or swooned away; she uttered not a word, but suffered in silence. She stands calm and motionless, fearing not the rudeness of the soldiers nor the rage of an infuriated populace. The most terrible anguish that could afflict a human being, does not disturb the sweet *serenity of her soul.*" In his book of Meditations, the Cardinal writes:

> The storm does not last always; darkness does not always overspread the earth. The hour of adversity passes away. To the most bitter winter succeeds a cheerful spring. After the most fearful tempest comes a most restful and gentle calm. If now thou pinest in the prison of the flesh, beset and tormented with many afflictions, look up to Mary, the Mother of peace and consolation. Ask from her the peace that this world cannot give, the blessed peace given to her, first, by Our Divine Lord and afterward to His Apostles—the peace which she has so often sent down from heaven to wounded human hearts.

Over and over again the great Cardinal turns this fruitful idea in his matchless prose.

Another point that linked the soul of Newman to Mary was the virtue of humility. The true scholar is always humble; and the deeper his scholarship, the more profound is his humility. The important lesson which he tries to teach a shallow, noisy world is found in the language of the Great Teacher: "learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart." And so the Cardinal dwells upon the humility of Mary:

> She kept apart from her divine Son when He went out to preach to the world; she seated not herself in the Apostolic chair; she took no part in the Priest's office; she did but

> humbly seek her Son in the daily Mass of those who though her ministers in heaven, were her superiors in the Church on earth. She did not ask her Son to publish her name to the ends of the world or to hold her up to the world's gaze. It became her as a creature, a mother and a woman to stand aside and make way for the Creator, to minister in all humility to her Son and to win the world's homage by sweet and humble persuasion. It became Him who redeemed mankind, to be enthroned in His Temple, for He was God; it became his Virgin Mother to remain out of the world's sight, the lowly and humble maid of Nazareth.

A careful examination of the lives of the saints reveals a similar humility in Saint Philip Neri who of all other saints was chosen for a patron by the English scholar and recluse—chosen, we may hazard the conjecture, because he practised so rigidly the virtue of humility, exemplified, as never before, in the Handmaid of the Lord. Newman with unrivalled literary skill contrasts Philip with his celebrated contemporary—Savonarola. It is necessary to have a dark background; for as Lord Bacon affirms, light colors look best upon such a canvas. Now there can be no objection to the painting of Philip as an Angel of light, but the peculiar rhetorical arrangement does scant justice to the great Dominican. However, there was a sharp contrast between the fiery orator, ever in the public eye, thundering against a city "wholly given to idolatry; whose chalices were gold but whose prelates were wooden; whose people were in bondage to the world the flesh and the devil"—a sharp contrast between him who ruled Florence for ten years and burned her monumental folly in the public square amid the groans and the tears of a repentant populace—a sharp contrast between him and the gentle mild-mannered stranger who worked a similar but more successful reformation from the dark catacombs and recesses of Rome. As Newman declares:

> It was the whisper of a gentle air after the wind, the earthquake and the fire; his look was hidden and despised and men esteemed him not; when he preached he did not contend nor cry out, nor break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. He sought not golden mitre or jewelled cope under high arches and painted windows, but the secluded unfurnished chapel and the rude crucifix. Meditation and prayer, quiet communion with God and His saints, the

> humble hidden life that brings the soul nearest to God; such were the characteristics of Philip; and in those acts of lowliness and self-abasement which "fell like dew upon the herb or gentle drops upon the grass," he most resembles the humble Mother of God ministering to her household in seclusion and retirement. Because she "pondered in her heart" and spent her days and nights in prayer and meditation, and loved to be unknown, therefore Saint Philip loved her and followed her example.

I linger upon this point because St. Philip was in Newman's eyes the ideal saint, the very incarnation of humility. And it is the shining virtue that links the souls of both to the Lily of Israel. On one occasion at Birmingham he addressed his brethren of the Oratory as follows: "we, the children of this Oratory, would that we were able to do a work such as his; we have gone about the work in a way most like his own. We have taken without noise a humble place of service; we are ministering chiefly to the poor and lowly. We have not sought admiration for our words from the acute or the learned. We have determined, through God's mercy, not to have the praise or the popularity that the world can give, but, according to our saint's own precept to *love to be unknown*."

So closely have the Fathers of the Oratory imitated their patron, that the following beautiful passage—regarded by some critics as one of the finest passages in our literature—descriptive of the death of the Blessed Virgin, might be used appropriately at a funeral service in the Oratory:

> And therefore (as she lived in obscurity) so she died in private. It became Him who died for the world, to die in the world's sight; it became the Great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high, as a light that could not be hid. But she, the lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the news spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon the Earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics but found them not; did she die at Ephesus? or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied, but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if found, it was open,

and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth. So inquirers went home and waited for further light.

The remaining links that bound the soul of Newman to our Blessed Lady were purity and holiness. In a letter to Aubrey De Vere he enclosed a favorite sonnet from the pen of an Elizabethan—a member of the Society of Jesus:

Mother most pure; thou clear from any show
Didst ever live of any sinful stain,
'Gainst all the assaults of our accursed foe
Thy very thoughts did victors still remain.
From actual sins and from original
Thy soul alone, and none but thine was free;
Yea, the profoundest doctors, where they fail
To speak of sin, rejoice to mention thee.
Thy soul and body now rejoiced to shine
Next to thy greatest Son, by much more pure
Than cherubim or other Powers divine
Endeavor, most pure Mother, to procure
That when our souls with sins we taint, we may
With flood of tears wash all the stain away.

The art of poetry is a conspicuous failure in representing the august personality of the Mother of God, although volumes of verse have been written in her honor since the dawn of the Christian era. The reason is not far to seek. What God has idealized can be reproduced by the creative human artist only in an imperfect copy, owing to the imperfect symbolic language or medium in which he works. Newman who knew so well the limitations of his art, has left but little verse relating to the Peerless Queen. "Songs of May" which are pretty and very musical, share the same fate as other similar attempts. Here are perhaps the best lines:

I know of one Work
  From God's infinite Hand
Which special and singular
  Ever must stand,
So perfect so pure
  And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
  Ne'er shall do more.

Again he writes:

Thy loveliness can never fade;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet
For ever throned art thou.
O Mary pure and beautiful
Thou art the Queen of May,
Undying garlands deck thy hair
And strew thy spotless way.

It will be noted that there is no attempt in Newman's verse to depict the Blessed Virgin; her purity and loveliness are mentioned and suggested by a few of the choicest symbols, such as moon, stars, and flowers, while the imagination is left free regarding form, outline, and feature. Dante makes a fatal mistake in striving to depict definitely spiritual beauty and grandeur by means of the exact material image.

Newman, like Milton, employs the suggestive method both in his "Songs of May" and "The Dream of Gerontius." It would bring me too far afield to pursue this thought further; but readers who are interested in it will find the work of Newman and Milton far superior to that of Dante in this regard, while the Italian poet eclipses both in his grand synthesis and totality of vision. It answers our present purpose to observe that the purity of the Blessed Virgin is the keynote of his artistic work.

On this basic quality, as on a pedestal, rests not only the august figure, but out of it springs the incommunicable charm of the spiritual life—personal sanctity and holiness. The knight whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure lived again in St. Philip, who drew souls as a magnet draws steel. He lived again in Cardinal Newman, whose writings to-day are drawing thousands of souls to Christ, because they discover, as it were by intuition, behind the written word, not only a cultured and urbane, but a sanctified personality. In his religious exercises and sermons at the Oratory, Newman emphasized continually the personal sanctity and holiness of the Blessed Virgin. One of his most ardent disciples—Father Faber—made many notes on those instructions and afterward incorporated them into a volume called, *Growth in Holiness.* The whole tenor may be stated in a few words:

> God's house and dwelling-place are holy; His first tabernacle of flesh was sacred and holy beyond any example or comparison. No limits can be assigned to the sanctity of Mary; her conception was immaculate in order that she might surpass all saints in the fullness of her sanctification. How can we set bounds to the holiness of her who was the Mother of the Holiest? In like manner the priesthood of Jesus Christ should be holy and sanctified. As the success of their mission depends for the most part on their personal sanctification; as the Seraphim veil their faces before the august throne and cry out, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath; so the world should be made to cry out: Holy, Holy, Holy, are the consecrated servants of the Lord, as they minister in the sanctuary of the Most High.

In the mind of St. Philip and of Newman, worldliness and individual ambition were the great stumbling blocks in the way of personal sanctification. Philip often complained that the priests of Rome in his day were too worldly and that the bishops acted too frequently from worldly and ambitious motives —"advancement of self rather than the spiritual advancement of the children of Jesus Christ." And he asks the pertinent question: "How can the laity be holy and sanctified when their spiritual guides are not such. How can souls be brought into the holy fold of Christ, if the shepherd, instead of being a sanctified man of God, is a proud, ambitious, self-seeking man of the world? The laity have eyes, they see and act accordingly."

And so the "ever-womanly leads us upward forever," in a sense perhaps of which Gœthe did not dream. The personal holiness of Mary, her stainless purity, her deep humility, her never failing serenity of soul gave to the Hermit of Birmingham that spiritual shield and armor needful for the struggle. Through him she crushed the head of the serpent of heresy as she did of old at Lepanto or in the darker days of Arianism. Protestantism has received a death-wound—it can never more command the enlightened brain and intelligence of England. Already the pulpits that once vomited blasphemy upon her sacred, spotless name are now selecting as favorite hymns, "My Rosary" and the "Ave Maria." Already the leaven is at work, and in God's own time pilgrimages will be made once more, not to Canterbury but to a humble tomb in Birming-

ham. And grateful hearts will utter the favorite prayer of him, who was their Voice crying in the wilderness:

"O Mary! in thee is fulfilled the purpose of the Most High. Thy face and form, dear Mother, are like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, infusing peace. O Harbinger of day! O Hope of the pilgrim, lead us still as thou hast led us in the dark night across the bleak desert, guide us on to our Lord Jesus—guide us to our heavenly home."

THE MAID.*

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

The whiteness of the lily once was thine,
O little maid, who watched Domremy's sheep—
Thy converse with the saints, whose words occult
Thou, like Another, in thy heart didst keep.

And thine the whiteness of the cleaving sword,
So blinding pure from out earth's blood-shedding,
When, in the gloom of Rheims' imperial shrine,
Thy lord of France was hallowed unto King.

But now, more ardent whiteness wraps thee round,
O martyr-saint, rejected and betrayed!
The sacrificial whiteness of the flame
Is thine—swift soaring, unafraid.

The smoke is ours: its shame, its blindness too,
And tears of the way thou valiantly hast trod.
But thou, white warrior maid, on high art raised,
A votive taper between us and God!

* On May 30, 1431, Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid and Deliverer of France, was burned to death in the public square of Rouen. With beautiful and immortal irony, we of the Church now salute her as "*La Bienheureuse.*"

WHAT HAPPENED IN BRITAIN.

II.—CONCLUSION.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

N the last article we saw that some decision upon the fate of Britain after Central Roman government broke down was of paramount importance to our judgment of the origins of Christendom. We also saw that the conventional picture drawn of the catastrophe was both misleading and fantastic, for we appreciated how slight was the documentary evidence and how little that documentary evidence bore out the theory of an "Anglo-Saxon conquest."

Are we then to decide that our judgment upon this capital moment in the history of the West must remain wholly suspended, and that we can come to no general conclusion concerning it? By no means. The use of other and indirect forms of evidence besides those drawn from the very few and imperfect documents at our disposal permit us to be certain of one or two main facts, and a method about to be described will enable us to add to these half a dozen more; the whole may not be sufficient, indeed, to give us a general picture of the time, but it will prevent us from falling into any radical error with regard to the place of Britain in the future unity of Europe when we come to examine that unity as it rearose in the Middle Ages, partly preserved, partly reconstituted, by the Catholic Church.

The historical method to which I allude and to which I will now introduce the reader may properly be called that of *limitations*.

We may not know what happened between year x and year y, but if we know pretty well what happened and how things stood from year x *minus* m, to year x, and again from y to y *plus* n, then we have two "jumping off places," as it were, from which to build our bridge of speculation and deduction across the gulf between x and y.

Suppose every record of what happened in the United

States between 1862 and 1880 to be wiped out by the destruction of all but one insufficient document, and supposing a fairly full knowledge to survive of the period between the Declaration of Independence and 1862, and a tolerable record to survive of the period between 1880 and the present year 1911. Further, let there be ample traditional memory and legend that a war did take place, that the struggle was a struggle between North and South, and that its direct and violent financial and political effects were felt for over a decade.

The student hampered by the absence of direct evidence might make many errors in detail and might be led to assert as probably true things at which a contemporary would smile. But by analogy with other contemporary countries, by the use of his common sense and his knowledge of human nature, of local climate and physical conditions, and of the motives common to men, he would arrive at a dozen or so general conclusions which would be just; what came after the gap would correct the deductions he had made from his knowledge of what came before it; what came before the gap would help to correct false deductions drawn from what came after it; his knowledge of contemporary life in Europe, let us say, or in western territories which the war did not reach, between 1862 and 1880, would further correct his conclusions.

In the ultimate result if he were to confine himself to the largest lines he could not be far wrong. He would appreciate the success of the North and how much of that success would be due to numbers; he would be puzzled perhaps by the position of abolitionist theory before and after the war, but he would know that the slaves were freed and he would rightly conclude that their freedom had been a direct historical consequence and contemporary effect of the struggle. He would be equally right in rejecting any theory of the colonization of the Southern States by Northerners; he would note the continuity of certain institutions, of the non-continuity of others, and in general if he were to state first what he was sure of, secondly what he could fairly guess, his brief summary, though very incomplete, would not be *off the rails* of history; he would not be employing such a method to produce historical nonsense, as so many of our modern historians have done in their desire to prove England in some way barbaric in her origins.

This much being said, let us carefully set down what we know with regard to Britain before and after the event.

We know that before the Roman garrisons left the country in 410, Britain was an organized Roman province. Therefore we know that it had regular divisions, with the town as the centre of each, many of the towns forming the Sees of the Bishoprics. We know that official records were kept in Latin and that Latin was the official tongue. We further know that the island at this time had for generations past suffered from incursions of Northern Barbarians in great numbers over the Scottish border and from piratical raids of seafarers, presumably of Germanic origin, in lesser numbers.

Within four years of the end of the sixth century, nearly two hundred years after the cessation of regular Roman government, missionary priests with a Roman commission land in Britain; from that moment writing returns and our chronicles begin again. What do they tell us?

First, that the whole island is broken up into a number of small and warring districts. Secondly, that these numerous petty districts, each under its petty king or prince, fall into two divisions: some of these petty kings and courts are evidently Christian, Celtic-speaking and by all their corporate tradition inherit from the old Roman civilization. The other petty kings and courts are German-speaking and presumably, almost certainly we may say, have a German-speaking population under them. Thirdly, we find that these are not only mainly German-speaking, but in the mass pagan. There may have been relics of Christianity among them, but at any rate the courts and petty kinglets were pagan. Fourthly, the divisions between these two kinds of little states were to be found, the Christian roughly-speaking to the West and centre of the island, the pagan on the coasts of the South and the East.

All this tallies with the old and distorted legends and traditions, as it does with the direct story of Gildas, and whatever of direct evidence may survive in the careful compilation of the Venerable Bede. And the first definite historical truth which we must therefore conclude from this use of the method of *limitations*, is of the same sort as that to which the direct evidence of Gildas would have led us. A series of settlements had been effected upon the coasts of the South and the East of the island from, let us say, Dorsetshire or its neighbor-

hood, right up to the Firth of Forth. They had been effected by the Germanic pirates and their foothold was good.

Now let us use this method of limitations for matters a little less obvious, and ask, first, what were the limits between these two main groups of little confused and warring states; secondly, how far was either group coherent; thirdly, what had survived in either group of the old order; and fourthly, what novel thing had appeared during the darkness of this century and a half or two centuries.*

Taking these four points *seriatim*, we first of all discover that, more than about a day's march from the sea or from the estuaries of rivers, we have no proof of the settlement of the pirates or the formation by them of local governments. It is impossible to fix the boundaries in such a chaos, but we know that the county of Kent, the seacoast of Sussex and the government at least of what is now Surrey, all within a raiding distance of Southampton Water, and of the Hampshire Avon, East Anglia, all Lincolnshire so far as we can judge, the East Riding of Yorkshire, Durham, the coastal part at least of Northumberland and the Lothians, was under the sway of the pirate kinglets. What of the Midlands? The region was a welter, and a welter of which we can tell very little indeed. It formed a sort of march or borderland between the two kinds of courts, those of the kinglets and chieftains who preserved a tradition of civilization, and those of the kinglets who had lost that tradition. This mixed borderland tended to coalesce apparently (the facts on which we have to judge are very few) under one chief. It was later known not under a Germanic name but under the low Latin name of "Mercia" or the "borderland." To the political aspect of this line of demarcation we will return in a moment.

As to the second question: What kind of cohesion was there between the western or the eastern sets of these vague and petty governments? The answer is that the cohesion was of the loosest in either case: certain fundamental habits differentiated East from West, language for instance, and again religion. Until the coming of St. Augustine, the Western kinglets were Christian, the others pagan. There was a tendency in the

* A century and a half from the very last Roman evidence, the visit of St. Germanus in 447 to the landing of St. Augustine exactly 150 years later, nearly two centuries from the withdrawal of the legions to the same event.

West apparently to hold together for common interests, but no longer to speak of one head. In the East there was a sort of tradition of headship very nebulous indeed but existant. Men talked of "chiefs of Britain," "Bretwaldas," a word, the first part of which is obviously Roman, the second part of which may be Germanic or Celtic or anything, and which we may guess to indicate headship. But—and this must be especially noted—there was no conscious or visible cohesion; there was no conscious and deliberate Anglo-Saxon attack against the Western Christians as such in the end of the sixth century, and no Western Christian resistance, organized as such, to the Germanic-speaking tribes and chieftains scattered along the eastern coast and midland. Each kinglet fought with each, pagan with pagan, Christian with Christian, Christian with pagan in alliance against pagan and Christian, and the cross divisions were innumerable.

I have said that it is of capital importance to appreciate this point. It is difficult for us with our modern ideas to grasp it firmly. When we think of fighting and war, we cannot but think of one conscious *nation* fighting against another *nation* and this modern habit of mind has misled history upon the nature of Britain at the moment when civilization reentered the island with St. Augustine. Maps are published with guesswork boundaries showing the "frontiers" of the "Anglo-Saxon conquest," and modern historians are fond of talking of the "limits" of that conquest being "extended" to such and such points.

Now the men of the time would not have understood such language, for indeed it has no relation to the facts of the time.

The kinglet who could gather his men from a day's march round in the Thames Valley, fought against the kinglet who could gather his men from a day's march round to his stronghold at Canterbury. Now a Germanic kinglet—or at any rate a Germanic-speaking kinglet and a pagan—would be found allied with a Celtic-speaking kinglet and his Christian followers; and the allies would march indifferently against another Christian or another pagan. There was indeed a westward movement in language and habit which I shall mention later, but as far as warfare goes there was no movement westward or eastward. Fighting went on continually in all directions, from a hundred separate centres, and if there are reliable tra-

ditions of a Germanic kinglet commanding some mixed host reaching and raiding the valley of the Avon, so there are historical records of Celtic kinglets reaching and raiding the eastern settlements.

Now to the third point: What had survived of the old order in either half of this anarchy? Of Roman government, of Roman order, of true Roman civilization, of that *palatium* of which we spoke in a previous article, nothing had anywhere survived. The disappearance of the Roman taxing and judicial machinery is the mark of Britain's great wound. It differentiates the fate of Britain from that of Gaul. The West of Britain had lost this Roman tradition of government just as much as the East. The Picts and Scots and the Saxon pirates, since they could not read or write or build or make a road or do anything appreciably useful—perhaps lost it when they settled more thoroughly than did the remains of the Christians, but the chieftains who retained the Roman Religion had lost the Roman organization of society thoroughly. The Roman language seems to have gone; the Roman method of building had certainly gone. In the West the learned could still write, but they must have done so most sparingly if we are to judge by the absence of any remains. Religion in a truncated and starved form, survived indeed in the West; it was the religion which a Roman population cut off from all other Roman populations, might be expected to develop. Paganism seems to have died out in the West, but the mutilated Catholicism that had taken its place was provincial, ill-instructed, and out of touch with Europe. We may guess, though it is only guesswork, that its chief aliment came from the spiritual fervor, undisciplined and ill-ordinated but vivid, of Britanny and of Ireland.

What had survived in the Eastern part? Perhaps in patches the original language. It is a question which will be dealt with before the end of this article whether Germanic dialects had not been known in Eastern Britain long before the departure of the Roman legions. But anyhow, if we suppose the main speech of the East to have been Celtic and Latin before the pirate raids, then that main speech had in the main gone; so in the main had religion; so certainly had the arts, reading and writing and the rest. Over-sea commerce certainly dwindled, but to what extent we cannot tell.

It is not credible that it wholly disappeared; but on the other hand there is very little trace in the sparse Continental records of the time of connection with southern and eastern Britain.

Lastly, and perhaps most important, the old bishoprics had gone. When St. Gregory sent his missionaries to refound the old sees of Britain, his plan of refounding had to be wholly changed. Tradition was lost; and Britain is the only Roman province in which this very great solution of continuity is to be discovered.

One thing did *not* disappear, and that was the life of the towns.

Of course a Roman town in the sixth or seventh century was not what it had been in the fourth or fifth, but it is remarkable that in all this wearing away of the old Roman structure the framework of that structure (which was and is municipal) remained.

If we cast up the principal towns apparent when the light of history returns to Britain, we find that the great majority of them are Roman in origin; and what is more important, we find that the proportion of surviving Roman towns is just as large as in other provinces of the Empire which we know to have preserved the continuity of this civilization. Chester, Manchester, Lancaster, Carlisle, York, Canterbury, Rochester, Corbridge, Newcastle, Colchester, Winchester, Chichester, Gloucester, Cirencester, Leicester, Old Salisbury, Lincoln, Great London itself; these pegs upon which the framework of Roman civilization were stretched stood firm through the confused welter of wars between all these petty chieftains, German, Irish and Scotch.

There was no real disturbance of this scheme of towns until the industrial revolution of modern times came to diminish the almost immemorial importance of the local cities (Chicester, Canterbury, Lincoln, etc.) and to supplant their economic functions by the huge aggregations of the Potteries, the Midlands, South Lancashire, the coal fields and the modern ports.

The student of this main problem in European history, the fate of Britain, must particularly note the phenomenon here described. It is the capital point of proof in our true historic thesis, that Roman Britain, though suffering grievously from the Saxon, Scotch and Irish raids, and though cut off for a time from civilization, did survive.

Those who prefer to think of England as a colony of barbarians in which the Roman story was destroyed, have to suppress many a truth and to conceive many an absurdity in order to support their story, but no absurdity of theirs is worse than the fiction they put forward with regard to the story of the English towns. It was solemnly maintained by Freeman and the Protestant school in general that these great Roman towns, one after the other, were first utterly destroyed by the German "colonists," then left in ruins for generations, and then *re-occupied* upon some sudden whim by the newcomers! It needs no historical learning to show how laughable such an hypothesis is; but historical learning makes it even more impossible than it is laughable.

Certain few towns of course perished in the course of centuries: the same is true for that matter in Spain and in Gaul and in Italy. Some few (as in Spain, in Gaul and in Italy) were actually destroyed in the act of war. There is tradition of something of the sort at Pevensey (the old port of Anderida) and again at Wroxeter under the Wrekin. A great number of towns again (as in every other province of the Empire) naturally diminished with the effect of time. Dorchester on the Thames, for instance, seems to have been a biggish place for centuries after the first troubles with the pirates, and to-day it is only a village; it did not decay as the result of war. Sundry small towns became villages, some few sank to hamlets as generation after generation of change passed over them —but we will find just the same thing going on in Picardy or in Aquitaine. What did *not* happen was a subversion of the Roman municipal system.

Again, the unwalled settlement outside the walled town often grew at the expense of the municipality within the walls. Huntingdon is an example of this, and so is St. Albans, and so, probably, is Cambridge. But these also have their parallels in every other province of the West. Even in distant Africa you find exactly the same thing. You find it in the northern suburb of Paris itself—Paris, which is perhaps the best example of Roman continuity in all the North.

The seaports naturally changed in character and often in actual site, especially upon the flat, and therefore changeable Eastern shores—and that was exactly what you find in similar circumstances throughout the tidal waters of the Continent.

There is not the shadow or the trace of any widespread destruction of the Roman municipal system.

The phenomenon is the more remarkable when we consider first that the names of Roman towns given above do not pretend to be a complete list (one may add immediately from memory the Dorsetshire, Dorchester, Exeter, Dover, Bath, Doncaster, etc.), and secondly that we have a most imperfect knowledge of the total list of Roman towns in Britain. A common method among those who would belittle the continuity of our civilization is to deny a Roman origin to any town in which Roman remains do not happen to have been noted as yet by antiquarians. Even under that test we can be certain that Windsor, Lewes, and twenty others, were seats of Roman habitation, though the remaining records of the first four centuries tell us nothing of them. But in nine cases out of ten the mere absence of catalogued Roman remains proves nothing. The soil of towns is shifted and reshifted continually generation after generation. The antiquary is not stationed at every digging of a foundation or sinking of a well, or laying of a drain, or paving of a street. His methods are of recent establishment. We have lost centuries of research, and even with all our modern interest in such matters the antiquary is not informed once in a hundred times of chance discoveries, unless perhaps they be of coins. When, moreover, we consider that for fifteen hundred years this turning and returning of the soil has been going on within the municipalities, it is ridiculous to pretend that such a place as Oxford, for instance—a town of capital importance in the Dark Ages—had no Roman root simply because the modern antiquary is not yet possessed of any Roman remains recently discovered in it.

One further point must be noticed before we leave this prime matter: had there been any considerable destruction of the Roman towns of Britain large and small, we should expect it where the pirate raids fell earliest and most fiercely. The historical truth has no relation to such a supposition. Wroxeter and Anderida were, if we may trust tradition, destroyed in war; Anderida is just where the pirates would first strike, but Wroxeter is right away in the West and in the heart of the country which the raids failed to reach. Lincoln, York, Newcastle, Colchester, London, Dover, Canterbury, Rochester, Chichester, Dover, Portchester, Winchester, the very principal ex-

amples of survival, are all of them either right on the eastern and southern coast within striking distance of it.

As to decay, the great garrison centre of the Second Legion, in the heart of a country which the pirate raids never reached, has sunk to be little Caerleon upon Usk, just as surely as Dorchester on the Thames, half way to the eastern coast, has decayed from a town to a village, and just as surely as Richboro, right on the pirate coast itself, has similarly decayed. As with destruction, so with decay, there is no increasing proportion as we go from the West eastward towards the Teutonic settlements.

But the point need not be labored. The supposition that the Roman towns disappeared—a supposition upon which the whole "barbaric" school depends—is no longer tenable, and the wonder is how so astonishing an assertion should have crept into sober history at all. The Roman towns survived, and, with them, Britain, though maimed.

Fourthly, what novel things had come in? To answer that is of course to answer the chief question of all, and it is the most difficult of all to answer. I have said that presumably on the South and East the language was new. There were Germanic troops in Britain before the legions disappeared, there was a constant intercourse with Germanic auxiliaries; some have even thought that "Belgic" tribes, whether in Gaul or Britain, spoke Teutonic dialects; but it is safer to believe from the combined evidence of place names and of later traditions, that there was a real change in the common talk of most men within a march of the eastern sea or the estuaries of its rivers over a belt of country, here twelve, there fifty, and even (where two estuaries came near enough for a day's march from each to intercept the country behind) one hundred miles broad.

This change in language, if it occurred—and we must presume it did, though it is not absolutely certain, for there may have been a large amount of German speech among the people before the Roman soldiers departed—this change of language, I say, is the chief novel matter. The decay of religion means less, for when the pirate raids began, though the Empire was officially Christian, the Church had taken no firm root in the outlying parts.

As for those institutions, the meetings of armed men to decide public affairs, money compensation for injuries, the or-

ganizing of society by "hundreds," etc., which historical guess-work has been so prone to ascribe to "Anglo-Saxon" traditions, and to a Germanic origin, a little knowledge of contemporary Europe will teach us that there was nothing novel or peculiar in them. They appear universally among the Iberians as among the Celts, among the pure Germans round the Rhine, the mixed Franks and Batavians upon the delta of that river, and the geographically attached lowlands of the Scheldt and the Meuse; even among the untouched Roman populations; everywhere you get, as the dark ages approach and advance, (though under different names) the meetings of armed men in council, the chieftain assisted in his government by such meetings, the weaponed assent or dissent of the great men in conference, the divisions into hundreds, the "wergild," and all the rest of it.

Any man who says (and most men of the last generation said it) that among the changes of the two hundred years' gap was the introduction of novel institutions peculiar to the Germans, is speaking in ignorance of the European unity and of that vast landscape of our civilization which every true historian should, however dimly, possess. The same things, talked of in Germanic terms between Poole Harbor and the Bass Rock, were talked of in Celtic terms from the Land's End to Glasgow; the chroniclers wrote them down in Latin terms everywhere from Africa to the Grampions and from the Balkans to the Atlantic. The very Basques, who were so soon to begin the resistance of Christendom against the Mohammedan in Spain, spoke of them in Basque terms. But the actual things—the institutions—for which all these various Latin, Basque, German, and Celtic words stood, were much the same throughout the body of Europe. They will always reappear wherever men of our European race are thrown into small, warring communities, avid of combat, jealous of independence, organized under a military aristocracy and reverent of custom.

Lastly, let the reader consider the curious point of language. No more striking *simulacrum* of racial unity can be discovered than a common language or set of languages; but it is a *simulacrum*, and a *simulacrum* only. It is neither a proof nor a product of true unity. Language passes from conqueror to conquered, from conquered to conqueror, almost indifferently. Convenience, accident, and many a mysterious force which the

historian cannot analyze, propagates it, or checks it. Gaul, thickly populated, organized by but a few garrisons of Roman soldiers and one army corps of occupation, talks Latin universally, almost within living memory of the Roman conquest. Yet two corners of Gaul, the one fertile and rich, the other barren, Amorica and the Basque lands, never accept Latin. Africa, colonized and penetrated with Italian blood as Gaul never was, retains the Punic speech century after century, to the very ends of Roman rule. Spain, conquered and occupied by the Mohammedan, and settled in very great numbers by a highly civilized Oriental race, talks to-day a Latin just touched (in a few words but much more in certain affixes and accents) by Arabic influence. Lombardy, Gallic in blood and with a strong infusion of repeated Germanic invasions (larger than ever Britain had) has lost all trace of Gallic accent, even, in language, save in one or two Alpine valleys, and of German speech retains nothing whatever. The plain of Hungary and the Carpathian Mountains are a tesselated pavement of languages quite wholly dissimilar, Mongolian, Teutonic, Slav. The Balkan States have, *not* upon their westward or European side, but at their extreme opposite limit, a population which continues the memory of the Empire in its speech; and their speech is *not the Greek of Byzantium*, which civilized them, but the Latin of Rome!

The most implacable of Mohammedans under French rule in Algiers, speak and have spoken for centuries, not Arabic in any form, but Berber, and the same speech reappears beyond a dense belt of Arabic in the far desert to the south.

The Irish, a people in permanent contrast to the English, yet talk in the main the English tongue.

The French-Canadians, accepting a nominal unity with Britain, retain their tongue and reject English.

Look where we will, we discover in regard to language something as incalculable as the human will, and as various as human instinct. The deliberate attempt to impose it has nearly always failed. Sometimes it survives as the result of a deliberate policy. Sometimes it is restored as a piece of national protest—Bohemia is an example. Sometimes it "catches" naturally and runs for hundreds of miles covering the most varied peoples and even the most varied civilizations with a common veil.

Now the so-called "Anglo-Saxon Conquest" of Britain has, as we have seen, no historical basis. The Roman towns were not destroyed, the original population was certainly not exterminated even in the few original Teutonic settlements. Such civilization as the little courts of the Teutonic chieftains maintained was degraded Roman or it was nothing; but the *language*, the group of German dialects which may have taken root before the withdrawal of the Roman legions in the East of Britain, and which at any rate were well rooted there a hundred years after, tended to spread westward.

Once civilization had come back and had come back by way of the South and East, this tendency of the Teutonic dialects to spread as being the language of an organized officialdom and now of proper armies and courts of law, was immensely strengthened. It soon and rapidly swamped all but the western hills. But of regular colonization, of the advance of a race, this extension of language is no proof at all unless other proofs could be found to support it. And those other proofs are absent; or rather, the facts we have negative any such supposition.

What we know, then, of Britain when it is re-civilized, we know of it through Latin terms or through the Teutonic dialects which ultimately and much later merge into what we call Anglo-Saxon. An historic King of Sussex bears a Celtic name, but we read of him if not in the Latin then in the Teutonic tongue, and his realm, however feeble the proportion of Teutonic blood in it, bears a Teutonic title—"the South Saxons."

The mythical founder of Wessex bears a Celtic name, but we read of him if not in Latin then in Anglo-Saxon. Not a *cantref* but a *hundred* is the term of social orgnization in England when it is re-civilized; not a *eglwys* but a *church* is the name of the building which new civilization hears Mass in. The ruler, whatever his blood or the blood of his subjects, is a *Cynning*, not a *Reg* nor a *Prins*. His house and court are a *hall*, not a *plás*. In a word we get our whole picture of renovated Britain after the Church is restored colored by the Teutonic speech. But the Britain we see thus colored is not a Teutonic Britain; still less is it barbaric. It is a Christian Britain of mixed origin, of ancient municipalities cut off for a time by the pirate occupation of the South

and East, but now reunited with the one civilization whose root is in Rome.

We are now in a position to sum up our conclusions upon the whole matter:

Britain, connected with the rest of civilization by the narrow and precarious neck of sea-travel over the Straits of Dover had, in the last centuries of Roman rule, often furnished great armies to usurpers or Imperial claimants, sometimes leaving the island almost bare of regular troops. But with the advent of peace these armies had returned, and the rule of the central government had been fairly continuous until the beginning of the fifth century. At that moment—in 410 A. D.—the bulk of the trained soldiers again left upon a foreign adventure, the central rule of Rome was breaking down; these regulars never returned though many auxiliary troops may have remained.

At this moment when every province of the West was subject to disturbance and the overrunning of barbarian bands, small but destructive, Britain particularly suffered. Scotch, Irish and German barbarians looted her on all sides.

These last, the Saxon pirates, brought in as auxiliaries in the Roman fashion, may already have been settled in places upon the eastern coast, their various Germanic dialects may already have been common upon those coasts, but, at any rate, after the breakdown of the Roman order, permanent settlements under little local chiefs were made. The towns were not destroyed, and save in actual fighting we cannot believe that either the women or the slaves, or for that matter the greater part of the free population, fell; but wealth declined and all civilization; and side by side with this ruin came the replacing of the Roman official language by the various Germanic dialects of these little courts. The new official Roman religion—certainly the religion of a small minority—almost or wholly disappeared in these eastern settlements. The Roman language similarly fell in the many small principalities of the western part of the island; they reverted to their original Celtic dialects. There was no boundary between the hotchpotch of little German-speaking territories and the Celtic territories to the west of them. There was no common feeling of West against East or East against West; all fought indiscriminately. After a time which would be covered by two long lives, dur-

ing which decline had been very rapid, and as noticeable in the West as in the East throughout the island, the full influence of civilization returned with the landing in 597 of St. Augustine, and the missionaries sent by the Pope.

But the little Teutonic courts happened to have settled on coasts which occupied the gateway into the island; it was thus through them that civilization had been cut off, and it was through them that civilization came back. On this account:

(1) The little kingdoms tended to coalesce under the united discipline of the Church.

(2) The united civilization so forming was able to advance gradually across the island.

(3) Though the institutions of barbarism were much the same wherever Roman civilization had declined, though the council of magnates surrounding the King, the assemblies of armed men, the division of land and people into "hundreds," and the rest of it was common to Europe, *these things were given, over a wider and wider area of Britain, Teutonic names because it was through the Teutonic type of language that civilization had returned.* The kinglets of the East, as civilization grew, were continually fed from the Continent strengthened with ideas, institutions, arts, and the discipline of the Church; politically they became more and more powerful, until the whole island except the Cornish peninsula, Wales, and the Northwestern Mountains, was more or less administered by kinglets mainly of Germanic descent and wholly of Germanic speech, while the West, cut off from this Latin restoration, decayed.

By the time that this old Roman province of Britain rearises as an ordered, Christian land in the eighth century, its records are kept not only in Latin, but in the Teutonic dialects. Many place names, and the general speech of its inhabitants have become Teutonic, and this, a superficial but a very vivid change, is the chief result of the slow transformation that has been going on in Britain for 300 years. Britain is reconquered for civilization and that easily; it is again an established part of the European unity, with the same sacraments, the same morals and all those conceptions of human life which bound Europe together morally even more firmly than the old central government of Rome had bound it. And within this unity England was to remain for 800 years.

HAWTHORNE AND TRANSCENDENTALISM.

BY MARY V. HILLMANN.

INCE knowledge of an author's personality is essential to a correct interpretation of his work, it is unnecessary to apologize to lovers of Hawthorne for a discussion of his attitude towards Transcendentalism. This movement, as a literary impulse, must have affected our great American novelist; for, notwithstanding his assigning to M. de l'Aubepine—manifestly the author himself—"an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathy of the multitude,"* the frequent references in Hawthorne's works to topics of interest to his reformative contemporaries, attest the part he took—though indirectly—in the discussion and criticism resulting from the general ferment.

What his relation was, however, to the philosophical and practical sides of Transcendentalism, is a question occasioning some difference of opinion in various quarters. It will be remembered that on its practical side, Transcendentalism displayed itself in the attempts of its agents to establish such communities as Fruitlands and Brook Farm, in the active labors of its representatives in the anti-slavery cause, in their efforts to promote other reforms, and in their attraction to "new things" such as phrenology, mesmerism, and spiritualism. To forestall the possible objection that the Transcendentalists were not in sympathy with many of the minor practical reforms of the day, it is only necessary to mention Margaret Fuller's agitation of the woman question, Alcott's vegetarianism, and Emerson's trial of the same theory of dietetics together with his abortive attempt at introducing in his own home a patriarchal system of living.

Concerning the philosophy of Transcendentalism it seems impossible either to obtain or to formulate any satisfactory definition. Such explanations as that it asserted the "poten-

* *Rappacini's Daughter.* Introduction—*Mosses from an Old Manse*, p. 107.

tial perfectability of man," that it was "an assertion of the worth and dignity of man," that it was "a reaction against the moral and political scepticism which resulted from the prevailing philosophy of sensation," are inadequate, since they are applicable to Christianity, and since, although they touch upon one of the striking features of the Transcendental philosophy,—namely, its reprobation of the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity,—they do not include the characteristics which made Transcendentalism not merely a rejection of Calvinism, but a creed with distinct tenets of its own. The one point upon which the Transcendentalists agreed—if Emerson, Parker, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller are considered typical representatives of the movement in its philosophical aspect,—was their disregard of all external authority and of tradition, and their consequent repudiation of Christianity. On other points there was variety of opinion among them. The fact that Hawthorne was contemporary with these visionary thinkers has led many writers rather unadvisedly to name him among the Transcendentalists; his real attitude toward the movement, however, may be perceived by a careful study of the several influences that affected his rather uneventful life.

The first operative factor in Hawthorne's life was New England Puritanism. Of course, the author of such strictures as appear in *The Scarlet Letter* was never actually a Puritan in doctrine. In his boyhood days, it is true, he may have shuddered, like Parker and Channing, as he sat in that "frozen purgatory" of his childhood, the New England meeting-house, and listened to the terrifying sermons which the predominant theology required. There is no reason to believe, however, that Puritanic rigors were enforced in his home. Certainly, the picture of his crouching on Sundays, "hour after hour over Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*" scarcely indicates that he felt the restrictions of the old-time Sabbath. His letters written from college, too, show his aversion to compulsory church attendance. The twelve years of comparative solitude which he spent after his graduation from Bowdoin immediately preceded the strongest wave of "religious" Transcendentalism. During this time, his chief concern was with literature; he was working and toiling for that fame which some years later, as he had the satisfaction to record, he won. Although he may not have been deeply moved by what he

called the religious earthquake, he was not indifferent to religion. It is true that he had revolted from Puritanism; it is also true that he stood aloof from all forms and sects of Protestantism to the extent of abstaining from church membership. Catholicism he simply ignored, undoubtedly sharing in the prejudice—characteristic, as O. B. Frothingham tells us, of the intellectual class of New England,—which regarded the Catholic faith of the ages as the religion of Irish laboring people and of the ignorantly superstitious. Though forced to discard the creed of his ancestors, Hawthorne did not fail to cherish the spiritual ambitions of his nature. Feeling deeply the religious necessities of the soul, he longed for a religion that, without contradicting the dictates of reason, would answer to all the desires of the human heart.

The little sketch, *Sunday at Home*, written in 1837, throws some light on his attitude toward religion at the end of his twelve years of solitude. He sees a beauty in the Sabbath sunshine. "And ever let me recognize it," he writes. "Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings and settle down; but so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath—while that blessed sunshine lives within me—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return."* In the same sketch he expresses a kind of compunction for his delinquency in failing to attend the services: "O, I ought to have gone to church! The bustle of the rising congregation reaches my ears. They are standing up to pray. Could I bring my heart in unison with those who are praying in yonder church, and lift it heavenward with a fervor of supplication, but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer? 'Lord, look down upon me in mercy!' with that sentiment gushing from my heart, might I not leave all the rest to Him?" Finally he asks: "Was it worth while to rear this massive edifice, to be a desert in the heart of the town and populous only for a few hours of each seventh day?" and answers, "O, but the church is a symbol of religion. May its site, which was consecrated on the day when the first tree was felled, be kept holy forever, a spot of solitude and peace, amid the

* *Sunday at Home* (*Twice-Told Tales*). p. 34.

trouble and vanity of our week-day world! There is a moral, and a religion, too, even in the silent walls. And may the steeple still point heavenward, and be decked with the hallowed sunshine of the Sabbath morn!" Such enthusiasm is surely quite opposed to the spirit of at least one Transcendentalist who maintained that religion put "an affront upon nature."

After his period of retirement Hawthorne's immediate connection with the Transcendentalists began through his acquaintance with the Peabody family. In a short time he found himself involved in the Brook Farm enterprise. Possibly the result of his experience with the dreamers determined his attitude toward the whole movement.

The fact that Hawthorne spent a few months of his life at Brook Farm has frequently been adduced as a proof of his sympathy with the Transcendentalists; even a casual reading of the *American Note Books*, however, reveals the experimental nature of his connection with the Farm. Rather significant of this experimental disposition is a little parenthesis in a letter written to Sophia Peabody upon his arrival at the home of the new community. "I laud my stars," he writes, "that you will not have your first impression of (perhaps) our future home on such a day as this."* In this sentence, indeed, there is implied the true reason for his associating himself with the radicals, in a poetic, possibly in a transcendental fashion, he was house-hunting. Deeply expressive, moreover, of his unsympathetic feeling toward the Brook Farmers, is the fact that, in spite of the material loss he incurred by withdrawal, he left the community with emotions of joy, asssured that he was not one of the elect. In his letters and in the journal entries written toward the end of his sojourn with the reformers, there is a decided note of discontent. References to "these people," "this queer community," "their enterprise," imply his aloofness from the whole plan. Attention is called by Professor Woodberry to the "unmistakable note of relief" in the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* where Hawthorne mentions his timely abandonment of a "fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethern of Brook Farm."

Although the "Note Book" entries are sufficiently illumina-

* *American Note Books*, p. 227.

ting, *The Blithedale Romance* throws additional light upon the subject of Hawthorne's relations with the Brook Farm community. Through the "Romance" as through the Brook Farm entries in the "Note Books" there flows a gentle, kindly satire. The significant little "perhaps" of the first entry is echoed in Coverdale's account of his arrival at Blithedale. To him and to his friends came "cold, desolate, distrustful phantoms" to warn them "back within the boundaries of ordinary life."* The purpose of the community is characterized as generous and "absurd in full proportion with its generosity;"† its position in regard to society at large is described as one of "new hostility rather than new brotherhood." The tone of the "Romance," indeed, is almost identical with that of the notes on Brook Farm. The playful humor, the latent satire in both force upon the reader the conviction that the writer's view of the whole affair was quite the reverse of serious. His attitude is summed up in the words of Coverdale, when, from his grapevine hermitage—the same that appears in the "Note Books"—he gazes upon the scene of the new enterprize: "Our especial scheme of reform . . . looked so ridiculous that it was impossible not to laugh aloud."‡

Hawthorne's sceptical view of the Brook Farm project does not, of course, conclusively prove his want of fellow-feeling with such Transcendentalists as took no active part in that attempt at communistic living. More convincing, perhaps is his conduct in connection with other practical reforms. In the anti-slavery agitation he was conspicuous for his conservatism. On the problem of woman's rights he gave utterance to opinions not at all "transcendental." Indeed, he asserted that, if it were possible for woman to undergo the mighty change which would be necessary before she could take advantage of a reformed system of society, "the ethereal essence, wherein she has her truest life" would be found "to have evaporated." His wife's attraction to spiritualism caused him frequently to express his views on that much discussed topic of his time. He was strongly opposed to the practices of the spiritualists from "no want of faith in mysteries" but from "a deep reverence of the soul." As a matter of fact, he was interested in spiritualism, as in other contemporary

* *Blithedale Romance*, p. 341. † *Ibid.* p. 242.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 434.

"new things" with a view chiefly to the use he might make of it as material for his stories.

It is sometimes asserted, however, that although Hawthorne may not have been a practical reformer, his want of reverence for the past attests his sympathy with the Transcendentalists. Yet surely such arraignments of antiquity as occur in *The House of the Seven Gables* and in the *English Note Books* are expressions of a single mood. The American consul felt it his duty not to be too enthusiastic over the antiquity of a country from which his forefathers had revolted; nevertheless, he could not have given that country a more affectionate title than he did when he called it "Our Old Home." And after all, he admitted that "the new things are based and supported on the sturdy old things."* In reference to Holgrave's attacks upon the past in *The House of the Seven Gables*, the same comment may be made that should be made upon the sentiments expressed by any character—they need interpretation. The author's own remarks upon the character of Holgrave certainly should prevent rash conclusions on the part of the reader. Hawthorne is of the opinion that it was well for Holgrave to cherish such ideas. "This enthusiasm, infusing itself through the calmness of his character and thus taking an aspect of settled thought and wisdom, would serve to keep his youth pure, and make his aspirations high. And when with the years settling down more weightily upon him his early faith should inevitably be modified by experience, it would be with no harsh and sudden revolution of his sentiments. He would still have faith in man's brightening destiny, and perhaps love him all the better, as he should recognize his helplessness in his own behalf; and the haughty faith with which he began life would be well bartered for a far humbler one at its close, in discerning that man's best directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities."† We are reminded of the Transcendental doctrine of self-reliance, also of the fact that Emerson, toward the close of his life, "resumed the habit of going to church,"‡ a tacit admission that the "new faith" which he had attempted to promulgate was not entirely satisfying. It is moreover noticeable that Hawthorne represents Holgrave

* *English Note Books*, p. 588. † *House of the Seven Gables*, Ch. XII., p. 216.

‡ Woodberry, *Life of Emerson*, p. 182.

as becoming eventually a conservative, with an admiration for the venerableness of the past and an appreciation of the "impression of permanence" which he considers "essential to the happiness of any one moment."

As to the advisability of associating with such radicals as the youthful Holgrave, Hawthorne wrote in *The Blithedale Romance*: "No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning to the settled system of things, to correct himself by a new observation from the old standpoint."* The "old standpoint" always appealed to Hawthorne as the safest from which to view the progress of the world. In *Earth's Holocaust* he satirized in his usual quiet way the enthusiasts of his time who were expecting the great wonder of the Age, the American Scholar, to dazzle the world with something entirely new in literature. A typical representative of the Transcendentalists appears in *The Christmas Banquet*, "one of a numerous tribe, although he deemed himself unique since the creation—a theorist who had conceived a plan by which all the wretchedness of the earth, moral and physical, might be done away, and the bliss of the millenium at once accomplished."† Whatever Hawthorne's philosophy was, he was decidedly not in sympathy with the practical reforms of Transcendentalism.

A discussion of Hawthorne's attitude toward the philosophy of Transcendentalism involves, as a matter of course, a consideration of his relations with Ralph Waldo Emerson, the high priest of the movement. Although Hawthorne admired Emerson, there was no bond of fellow-feeling between them, especially on subjects that vitally affect the human heart and mind. The *American Note Books* contain unexpectedly few references to the "sage of Concord." One or two touch upon his attractive personality. The wording of one corroborates the opinion that Hawthorne did not regard himself as a literary Transcendentalist. He speaks of a Mr. T—— from Newburyport, "a man of natural refinement, and a taste for reading that seems to point towards the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and men of that class."‡ The account of a "pedes-

* *The Blithedale Romance*, Ch. XVI., p. 480.

† *The Christmas Banquet* (*Mosses*) p. 342.

‡ *American Note Books*, p. 234.

trian excursion with Mr. Emerson" is rather interesting as indicating that Hawthorne did not greatly feel the spell of Emerson's influence. Of the two days' excursion, Hawthorne recalls nothing except that his companion had a theological discussion with two Shaker brethren, "the particulars of which," Hawthorne writes, "have faded from my memory. I recollect nothing so well as the aspect of some fringed gentians, which we saw growing by the roadside and which were so beautiful that I longed to turn back and pluck them." The picture suggested is irresistible—Emerson talking up in cloudland, and Hawthorne characteristically turning to "things that are."

On questions concerning God and the soul, moreover, Hawthorne and Emerson differed radically. "Religion," Emerson wrote, "includes the personality of God. Ethics do not. They are one to our present design. They both put nature under foot. The first and last lesson of religion is: 'The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal!' It puts an affront upon nature!"* To Hawthorne religion meant simply the relation of the soul to the Infinite. The God to Whom Hawthorne prayed, in Whom he trusted, was a personal Being. At the very time when the Transcendentalists were fondly discussing "impersonality," "streams and tendencies," Hawthorne was writing to Sophia Peabody, in connection with his mother's calm acceptance of the news of his engagement: "God has quietly taught her that all is good. . . . God be praised! I thank Him on my knees and pray Him to make me worthy of the happiness you bring me."† Of course, the passages in Hawthorne's works that undeniably prove his belief in the personality of God are too numerous to quote. In none of his writings is there the slightest trace of those pantheistic notions to which many of the Transcendentalists, with Emerson as leader, succumbed in their extravagant efforts to magnify man. Mr. Garnett, in his *Life of Emerson*, mentions Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "injudicious" restoration of a passage in his father's notebooks which described Emerson as "stretching his hand out of cloudland in the vain search for something real."‡ In the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, Hawthorne

* *Nature (Idealism).* Ch. VI., p. 62.

† Quoted in *Life of Hawthorne* by Woodberry, p. 113.

‡ Garnett, *Life of Emerson*, p. 99.

clearly and emphatically expresses his feeling toward Emerson as a spiritual leader: "I admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher."

The *Mosses from an Old Manse*, with its autobiographical preface, did not appear until 1846. In 1842, Hawthorne had married Sophia Peabody, and they had settled at Concord. There they occasionally received visits from Transcendental neighbors. Transcendental conversations, of course, were unavoidable. The concluding words, however, in an account—in the "Mosses"—of a day's boating with Thoreau show how foreign to Hawthorne's nature were what he called the "speculative extravagances" of his acquaintances. "And yet how sweet as we floated adown the golden river at sunset, how sweet was it to return within the system of human society not as to a dungeon or a chain, but as to a stately edifice, whence we could go forth at will into a statelier simplicity." By 1843 Hawthorne had so dissociated himself from Transcendentalism as to satirize it rather severely in *The Celestial Railway*. In this modern adaptation of *Pilgrim's Progress* he represents Transcendentalism as a giant who "makes it his business to seize upon honest travelers and fatten them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and sawdust."* As the travelers rushed past the cavern's mouth they caught a glimpse of this "huge miscreant," who looked "somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness." From a passage in *The Intelligence Office*, published in March, 1844, it is evident that Hawthorne, independently of the new philosophers, in his own quiet way, was seeking the truth. "She [Truth]" he wrote, "flits before me passing now through a naked solitude, and now mingling with the throng of a popular assembly, and now writing with the pen of a French philosopher, and now standing at the altar of an old cathedral, in the guise of a Catholic priest performing the High Mass. Oh, weary search! But I must not falter; and surely my heart-deep quest of Truth shall avail at last."† In 1846, Hawthorne completely severed his connection with the Transcendentalists by removing from Concord to Salem.

* *The Celestial Railway* (*Mosses*), p. 224.

† *The Intelligence Office* (*Mosses*), p. 379.

Before passing to the third important influence in his life, it is necessary to mention the period of his consulate in Liverpool. His consular experience on the whole was not congenial to spiritual growth. Nevertheless, it was in England that he received that inspiration of the beauty of Christian faith, which he afterwards expressed in *The Marble Faun:* "Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors."* In the *English Note Books* he had written: "It requires light from heaven to make them [the sacred pictures] visible. If the Church were merely illuminated from the inside—that is, by what light a man can get from his own understanding—the pictures would be invisible or wear but a miserable aspect."†

The influence of Rome, however, was most effective in developing and confirming Hawthorne's belief in Christianity—a belief that must inevitably distinguish him from the Transcendentalists. "Transcendentalism," to use the words of one of its advocates, "deliberately broke with Christianity."‡ Neither with Emerson nor with Parker—representatives of two opposing views in their conception of the Deity—was Christ ever the Redeemer, the Savior. Parker, indeed, openly asserted that the New Testament was mythological; Emerson's early repudiation of the Communion service proves that he did not regard the New Testament as an authoritative document. Hawthorne, on the contrary, always showed a deep reverence for the Bible. In *Earth's Holocaust* he had remarked that the pages of the Holy Scriptures "instead of being blackened into tinder" by the flames into which certain reformers had thrown them, "only assumed a more dazzling whiteness as the finger marks of human imperfection were purified away"—the fire did not destroy "the smallest syllable that had flashed from the pen of inspiration."§ A natural result of his reverence for the Bible was his faith in Christ as the promised Messiah. In no one of his works does he deny the divinity of Christ. In *The Blithedale Romance*, indeed, if it is assumed that he speaks on this matter as it is generally agreed that he does

* *Marble Faun*, Ch. XXXII., p. 352. † *English Note Books*, May, 1856.

‡ O. B. Frothingham, *Transcendentalism in New England*, Ch. VIII., p. 204.

§ *Earth's Holocaust*, p. 453.

on other matters, through Miles Coverdale, there is a distinct affirmation of Christ's divinity. Speaking of woman, Coverdale says: "He [God] has endowed her with the religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity refined from that gross intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologist—save only One who merely veiled Himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was in truth divine—has been prone to mingle." *

The sentiments expressed in reference to Christ in the *Italian Note Books* and in *The Marble Faun*, are, to say the least, "untranscendental." The passages wherein Christ is called "our Redeemer," "our Savior," are too numerous and too familiar to quote. A description of Sodoma's picture of our Lord is particularly striking: † "You behold Christ deserted both in heaven and earth; that despair is in him which wrung forth the saddest utterance man ever made: 'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Even in this extremity, however, He is still divine. The great and reverend painter has not suffered the Son of God to be merely an object of pity, though depicting Him in a state so profoundly pitiful. He is rescued from it, we know not how—by nothing less than a miracle—by a celestial majesty and beauty, and some quality of which these are the outward garniture. He is as much, and as visibly our Redeemer, there bound, there fainting and bleeding from the scourge, with the cross in view, as if He sat on His throne of glory in the heavens! Sodoma in this matchless picture, has done more towards reconciling the incongruity of Divine Omnipotence and outraged suffering Humanity combined in one Person than the theologians ever did."

Hawthorne was a Christian, then, and nominally, at least a Protestant, if his own words are to be believed. He frequently spoke of "our religion," "our churches," "our own formless mode of worship," in contradistinction to the religion, churches, and mode of worship of Catholicism. The fact that he did not profess any particular creed scarcely justifies the inference that, with the Transcendentalists, he was hostile to creeds. It is true that he censured impartially whatever seemed to him deserving of censure in all churches; yet the impression conveyed by his strictures is not that he would do away with all creeds, but that he would find the one which most truly represents

* *Blithedale Romance*, Ch. XIV., p. 458.

† *The Marble Faun*, Ch. XXXVII., p. 387.

Christianity. He has not been able to accept the gloomy teaching of his hereditary religion, Puritanism. In general, he found Protestantism unsatisfactory—it needed, as he wrote, "a new apostle to convert it into something positive." * Although he unconsciously manifested a sympathy with certain doctrines of the Catholic Church, he was not familiar with its teachings. He clearly admitted the need of confession by the famous example of Hilda in *The Marble Faun;* nevertheless, he stumbled ludicrously in his attempt to interpret the Catholic doctrine of absolution. His reverence for the Mother of our Lord come under the head of what his daughter calls his "conscienceless Catholicity;" yet his Puritanic prejudice sometimes led him into the error of supposing that Catholics pay divine homage to the Blessed Virgin.

It is a noticeable fact, however, that he nowhere expresses opposition to the dogmas of Catholicity usually repugnant to the Protestant mind. In the very city of Rome he fails to attack the doctrine of papal infallibility. His objections to the Catholic Church are, on the whole, superficial. He finds fault with priests in the popular fashion; he yields to the popular notion that Catholic worship is wholly comprised of rites and ceremonies meaningless to the worshippers. His attitude toward Catholicism was not based on profound inquiry. He believed implicitly all he had been accustomed to hear about the corruptions and superstitions of Catholicism; the apparent degeneracy of many Italian Catholics strengthened his prejudice, and, as a matter of course, he did not look further than the surface to learn whether or not he was mistaken. He did not, then, reject Catholicity; he ignored it. His attitude toward this particular form of Christianity, therefore, is simply worthless as an argument in supporting the assumption that he was hostile to creeds. His refraining from committing himself to any special creed indicates his doubt as to which was the right one, not necessarily his hostility to all. At any rate, he did not, with the Transcendentalists, manifest opposition to that Christianity which regards Christ as the promised Messias of the Old Law. Far away from the influence of Channing, Parker, Emerson, and Alcott, Hawthorne's faith was strengthened and came to expression in the religious atmosphere of the Eternal City, Rome.

* *Italian Note Books*, p, 184.

On his return to America, he was devoid of even such slight transcendental sympathies as he might have had in 1837 when his acquaintance with the Peabody family plunged him into the movement. His conduct in the political situation of 1862 was that of a cool, critical observer. In his article, "Chiefly About War Matters," published in July of that year, there is hardly a note of enthusiasm. His passionless comment on John Brown, whom he calls a "blood-stained fanatic," is characteristic. In connection with his attitude toward the philosophy of Transcendentalism near the close of his life, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, one of his biographers, has the following interesting passage: "I have heard, indeed, that when Emerson visited his friend in his illness, and spoke of man's resources of strength as lying in himself, altogether ignoring the future, Hawthorne was rather depressed than cheered by the interview.*" And naturally he would be, for he was not a believer in the Transcendental doctrine of self-reliance. In his *Italian Note Book* he had written concerning the Laocoon: "It is such a type of human beings, struggling with an inextricable trouble, and entangled in a complication which they cannot free themselves from by their own efforts, and out of which Heaven alone can help them." †

In conclusion, then, it is reasonable to say that Hawthorne's attitude toward Transcendentalism, in both its practical and philosophical aspects, was undoubtedly sceptical. He was by no means a reformer. The judgment he passed on the Brook Farm experiment, his conservatism in connection with the anti-slavery agitation, his generally satiric comments on the efforts of radical reformers, all prove his want of sympathy with that phase of the movement which appeared in attempts to make practical application of theory to life. As to the philosophy of Transcendentalism, it may be admitted that in the beginning Hawthorne was attracted by the New England Idealism with its appeal to what was highest and best in man. He was only one of a large number who, for a time, were implicated in the movement. Mrs. George Ripley, Isaac T. Hecker, William D. Wilson, Orestes A. Brownson, J. T. Tuckerman, and others, it will be remembered, emerged from the giddy vortex of Transcendentalism to embrace a creed. Hawthorne, convinced of the delusion of the "new philosophy," yet not securely pledged

* *Life of Hawthorne*, p. 210. † *Italian Note Books*, p. 132.

to anything else, set out alone to search for the truth. His belief in a personal God was in direct opposition to Emerson's idea of the Deity. His attitude toward Christianity alone was sufficient to exclude him from the ranks of the Transcendentalists. Finally, his own conscious attitude was not "transcendental." He never assumed the part of a divinely inspired teacher of the people; if he had difficulties in believing, he did not deem it necessary to ventilate them for the edification of the community in which he moved. He was entirely free from intellectual self-sufficiency. "Man's accidents are God's purposes. We miss the good we sought, and do the good we little cared for," * "Providence is wiser than we are," † were some of the tenets of his creed. George P. Lathrop, in his *Life of Hawthorne*, says: "He cherished a deep, strong, and simple religious faith, but never approved of intellectual discussion concerning religion." ‡ Many passages in his writings bear evidence to this faith, and to a firm, childlike trust in the "Kindly Light" that would surely lead him on. In *Night Sketches*, he had written, "And thus we night wanderers, through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of Faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that heaven whence its radiance was borrowed." §

† Letter to Horatio Bridge quoted in Lathrop's *Life of Hawthorne*, p. 542.

* *Chiefly about War Matters*, p. 332.

‡ *A Study of Hawthorne*, p. 156.

§ *Night Sketches* (*Twice-Told Tales*) p. 484.

RADICAL AND CONSERVATIVE FAULT-FINDING.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

"IT is well to hold one's country to her promises, and if there are any who think that she is forgetting them it is their duty to say so even to the point of bitter accusation." William Dean Howells writes these words in reference to Lowell's poem on Agassiz from which the poet, at the earnest insistance of friends, expunged a line calling the United States "The Land of Broken Promise." Howells, nevertheless, records his conviction that it is unwise to look upon "faith in insubordination as a means of grace."

Is America "The Land of Broken Promise?"

Among those who are conservative whether by temperament, conviction, interest or position, the view prevails that our country has kept her promises. They believe that the ordinary and reasonable obligations which fall to government have been fulfilled with a fidelity which honors the country and with an efficiency which places her high among the nations. Among those who are radical whether by temperament, conviction, interest or position, the feeling prevails that our country has broken her promises, that our political institutions have been shamefully inefficient, and that our leaders in public life have departed from the paths of loyalty, duty and service, to follow the ways of selfishness and the lure of worldly power. There are of course, many degrees of conservatism and many degrees of radicalism. The radical who is a Socialist is distinct from all others in the unqualified despair with which he reviews conditions and in the impulse to fundamental change which he so strongly feels. Less radical fault-finders, while equally severe in criticism, at least find resources in our institutions, and still believe in their promise of response when the conscience of government is sufficiently aroused and guided. The process of thinking, in the sense of looking for a way of reform, practically closes when a mind embraces Socialism. Socialism is accepted as a final reform. Since it appears to the Socialist that much is as wrong as it

can be and everything tends to become as wrong as it can be, he abandons hope, indulges himself recklessly in the emotional luxury of despair, absolves himself from the duty of patriotism, stifles the faith that makes of the flag the consecrated emblem of justice, and proclaims to the world the dawn of the new social order in which all promises will be kept. It is a gentle pleasantry to call Socialism, as a recent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* did, a combination of "a weak head, a warm heart and a desire to shirk." But Socialism is more, very much more than that.

An effort was made in a preceding study to describe without flinching from the unpleasantness of the task, the socialist criticism of things as observed by an onlooker. The attempt was made so to present the matter as to call attention to those features of that criticism which seem to constitute its enduring power. There is about it a comprehensiveness, a simplicity, and a specious aptness that commend it highly to those for whom it is intended. It appeals particularly to the suffering classes because it seems to explain their daily lives to them in terms that they understand and it gives expression to the emotions and attitudes which they feel most keenly and which constitute the basis of much of their conversation. The awakened mind always craves explanations. Minds are awakened everywhere nowadays. Demand for explanations practically accounts for all mythology. There is probably as much of it to-day in political, industrial and social worlds as there was religious and political mythology in the days of old. One charm of Socialism is that it explains everything or seems to. One difficulty of conservatism is that it hesitates; it doubts, investigates, draws tentative conclusions and follows policies in practical government of whose outcome it is frequently extremely uncertain. There is no doubt that the conservative has his own myths as well as the radical. But that is beside the point.

Three points of view may be taken of any fault-finding which occasions controversy. We may ask: Is the charge true at all? We may ask further: To what extent is it true? And finally, we may ask: What is the meaning of the facts which we admit? How are they to be interpreted?

There is practically no controversy between conservatives and radicals as to the general statement that abuses exist in modern society. Hence, adhering to the form in which the

socialistic criticism was described, we may say that capital has been guilty of industrial tyranny and of usurpation of political authority. There is no need to delay further on this phase of the situation. It is doubtful if we could discover any statement concerning the extent to which these evils exist, which would be acceptable to all conservatives and radicals. The difficulty of social investigation is great, the standards on which facts are classified are so varied that it would be difficult to devise a form of description which would be generally acceptable. However, it seems beyond question that these evils have existed to such an extent as to have constituted a most acute social problem and to have invited very drastic action. The following facts may be cited as showing that these evils have been important enough to occupy the attention of modern society.

First: The extent of industrial tyranny has made necessary the creation of a very extensive code of labor laws, the aim of which has been to protect the elementary human rights of the laboring class against the carelessness and abuse of the power of capital. Now, laws are remedial. In our individualistic civilization, they are usually not enacted until a condition becomes a public question and the demand for remedial laws has behind it power enough to overcome constant and highly intelligent opposition. Thus, legislation has simply aimed to give to labor the protection that capital might have offered but in fact refused. Second: The survival of organized labor and the vindication of its essential policies is proof that these evils have been very extensive. Organized labor is now an organic part of our civilization and recognized as a moral power with a unique mission. It has survived misrepresentation, studied opposition, the indifference of the public, its own excesses, blunders, demagoguery and internal dissensions. It would scarcely have done this had there not been in the condition of things a justification for its existence. Third: The vast quantities of reports of investigations, of admissions from conservative sources, the endless literature that has been poured out in the last half century, all seem to bear converging testimony to the effect that the industrial tyranny of capital had become unbearable.

Much the same may be said concerning the charge of usurpation of political authority. Abuses had become so great that practically another code of legislation was made necessary

in order to hinder bribery, to put an end to the control of elections and to drive back the representatives of capital from odious interference in the process of lawmaking and of government. The investigations that have been made, the facts that have been brought out concerning interference by the representatives of capital in these matters, bear evidence to the effect that these political abuses had become a matter of national concern. Furthermore, the actual history of the legislation that has been enacted to curb the liberty of capital and protect the public welfare gives evidence of the activities of capital in the process of lawmaking to which Socialism dramatically invites attention.

Reforming by law has been made to look very much like hurdle racing wherein in many cases capital set the high obstructions which had to be cleared to win the race. An effort to pass a law in the interests of the laboring class would not be made until at the cost of great pains and expense the public had been brought to believe that the law was necessary. Then, when presented to a legislature it had to meet the studied and shrewd opposition of employers and of their learned counsel. If it survived these vicissitudes and was reported favorably it had to meet the further opposition that debate presented. If passed and enacted as a law, the employer was able to raise doubts as to its constitutionality and delay for further years the advantage which it promised to the laboring class. When the courts threw out such laws as unconstitutional the triumph of the employer set back progress in that line for many years. If, however, the law stood the test of constitutionality, there next arose doubts as to its interpretation and scope. Once interpretation was fixed, the sociological value of the law depended on the good faith of those who should execute it. At every point in this process the representatives of capital might appear within the limits of their legal rights to make opposition. It is not easy to draw the line between the legitimate and the illegitimate intervention that capital may have exercised, but the suspicion obtains in very wide circles which are far from radical that this intervention has been only too often illegitimate and purely selfish.

It would seem, then, that the evils of industrial tyranny and of interference by capital in the process of law-making and law-executing have been extensive enough to have constituted for us a national problem and to have taxed the wisdom of

the nation in placing the power of capital under reasonable check. Stated in a form something like this conservative and radical might accept the proposition. The conservative, however, will be slow to admit the facts, while the radical will admit them readily. The radical will admit a statement if it pleases his imagination, while the conservative will not wish to admit it until it satisfies his reason, that is, his critical sense. A point worthy of note is that in conservative circles, that is among churchmen of every degree of authority and power, among scholars, leaders in our political parties and executives; in a word, among thoroughly orthodox conservatives, very violent and far-reaching criticism of social conditions is heard with appalling frequency. This is so true that one might often have difficulty in distinguishing between the fault-finding of an intelligent Socialist and that of an accredited leader in a conservative party.

For instance, when Governor Wilson, a man whose words are heavy with the authority that mind, erudition, and experience confer, speaks in the following manner, it is difficult to deny that a sensible Socialist might have spoken in exactly the same manner. The press reports Governor Wilson as saying this: "Great organizations of business seem to play with the states, to take advantage of the variety of the laws, to make terms of their own with one state at a time, and by one devise of control or another to dominate whatever they chose because too big to be dominated by the small process of local legislation." The following grave charges were made in the Senate recently by Senator Owen:

> The need for the initiative and referendum is imperative because the government of the States, especially the government of the Eastern, Northern, and Western States, have been slowly drifting toward a condition of corruption in both the legislative and administrative branches.
>
> The initiative and referendum is almost the only means available for putting a speedy end to corruption in government, as I shall immediately show.
>
> The great corporations of this country—the railway systems, the gigantic commercial combinations, the so-called Protective Tariff League, and other commercial conspiracies—having discovered the value of the governing business from a money standpoint, have not hesitated to secretly engage in political activities in nation, state, and municipalities. They

> have controlled cities and towns for the purpose of making money out of street railways, telephone and telegraph companies, electric-light companies, water companies, municipal activities, street paving, building, sewerage systems, and so forth. They have undertaken the control of larger municipalities, of cities from New York, Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Denver, to San Francisco, and with what results?
>
> The hideous exposures of crime, of graft, of municipal knavery, of vice, and the other results of such government have become an appalling national calamity.

It is not from a Socialist fault-finder but from a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a dignified organ of American culture, that the following words come: "While political scandals, graft and greed have always existed, there never has been a time when low standards in business and politics have so assailed the honor and integrity of the people as a whole by tempting them through fear of loss to acquiesce in the dishonesty of others." It is no agitator but rather a distinguished German scholar, Professor Munsterberg who says "Americans themselves everywhere re-enforce the widespread notion that the financially weak man cannot find justice in America against the powerful influence of rich corporations." It was one of the most renowned of the younger members in the United States Senate, Mr. Dolliver, and no Socialist, who declared, as reported by the press a year ago, that the main business of the American constitution is to hinder the American people from getting what they want.

A former Attorney-General, Mr. Bonaparte, gives evidence in a review of his public service, of the studied interference of capital in the administration of his office and of its methods of abuse and misrepresentation employed in fighting him. Mr. Bonaparte declares it to be his conviction "That the present method of attempted control through the courts of our vast aggregations of capital is altogether too cumbrous, dilatory, expensive and uncertain to be satisfactory." The review in question describes also the use which capital makes of the newspapers which it owns in manufacturing public opinion for the purpose of affecting the administration of the law.

It was not at a Socialist gathering but at a recent banquet closing a convention of the American Bar Association, that, according to reports, the following words were uttered: "Cities have been saved from further sacking by aldermen

and states rescued from confiscation at the hands of their own legislators while the nation has been saved from official thieves, state and national, who emulating Crassus of Rome and Fagin of Dickens, would have stolen every accessible object from a post office letter-box to an empire of land."

It is not a Socialist but a lecturer who stands very high in thoroughly conservative circles, who is reported in a Socialist paper to have spoken not long since as follows: "There are many who talk of our great prosperity but we all know that there are ulcers on our social body that threaten its very existence. We all know what conditions exist but somehow we are afraid to say so. We are afraid to make such a confession. We want to keep things in the background. We want somehow to feel that the people are not disturbed." A former Cabinet officer, Mr. Wanamaker, is reported as having declared when in the Cabinet, that the four reasons which prevented the American people from profiting by the advantages of the parcel post, were—the four great Express Companies.

One of the most conservative members of the United States Senate, Mr. Root, recently spoke as follows on the Senate floor: "The necessity for a readjustment of the relations of government to the great properties that constitute and continually create wealth, to the great enterprises through which that wealth is gained and is continued—the necessity for a readjustment of the relations of government to these new conditions has led to a control over our state legislatures in many cases which is abnormal, which is to be condemned, and which has been practically and substantially the cause of all of the evils that underlie the desire for reform. That control has been exercised, in part, through a form of political organization which grew up under simpler conditions and is in many respects outgrown by our people, and in part by the direct application of wealth which was seeking to save itself from destruction in the readjustment of conditions, to influence the action of legislators." Grover Cleveland said in Chicago in 1903: "Public life is saturated with the indecent demands of selfishness." "Corruption has reached the frightful proportions of malevolence."

Instances like the above might be multiplied indefinitely to show the widespread character of the fault-finding which marks modern society. We are compelled, therefore, to find the distinguishing line between radical and conservative fault-finding,

not so much in the fault found, and with restrictions, not in the extent to which it is alleged to be true, but rather in the interpretations placed on the facts.

When our conservatives find fault and state it honestly, the initial impulse felt is to look for the cause and to find the remedy in and under present institutions. They believe fundamentally in the resources of our institutions and advocate reforms through law, through education and re-enforcement of spiritual and moral agencies. This very hopefulness in the vitality of our institutions leads them possibly to be a little braver in their fault-finding than might otherwise be the case. The Socialist, on the contrary, finds in the faults to which he calls attention, reason for complete despair of our institutions, for the abandoning of all hope in their resources and for advocating the radical rearrangement of institutions for which he is well known. The social evils, known and admitted, therefore, act inversely on the two types, stimulating the one to hope and careful reconstruction, the other to despair and revolution. The conservative is stimulated by the progress that has actually been made in the direction of the ideals in which he believes, while the radical is driven by the work which remains to be done into the belief that it can not be done at all except through the overturning of the present institutions of property and government. Hence, the fundamental difference between the two is initially one of atmosphere rather than of doctrine, one of direction, spirit and tone rather than of principle.

Hope is not produced by argument and despair is not healed by abuse. The instincts of the people must be reached for and won over. To a certain extent our conservative leaders have lost their power of appealing to the instinct of the masses, and the radicals have found it and are using it. Hence, there is heavy work for thoughtful men if they would meet adequately the propaganda of despair on which Socialism relies and support the propaganda of hope in our institutions on which any successful campaign against the real dangers of Socialism must rest.

A brief reference to some of the tactical advantages which radicalism now enjoys may help to make this clear. Our radicals have succeeded in introducing into current discussion an ideally perfect government by which to judge the actual efficiency of our present government. The features and pro-

cess of a perfectly governed people, the joys and comforts that perfect government would give to man and woman and child are the commonplaces of conversation in the circles which the radical has won. It requires far less leisure, far less mental keenness and imagination to picture a perfect government than to picture an imperfect one. Radicalism has taught its lesson and repeated it day and night, up and down the country. It has sent its orators to harangue the laborers while they ate their noon-day lunch; it has followed them into their homes; it has brought them together into its lecture halls and it has drummed the lesson into the willing ears of hearers until they know it by heart and believe it by heart. It is not easy to take away this alluring picture of perfect justice and social peace. Until conservatism does destroy it, it can make but little headway with these classes. This unhappy success of radicalism is little short of tragic in view of the limitations of human institutions as we know them. Conditions are such that radicalism appears to be fighting for justice and peace, while conservatism is forced to argue primarily for stability and caution. The contrast is to our disadvantage.

Radicalism has succeeded in bringing into the zone of actual doubt, the moral and historical foundations of the social order. Where will the masses obtain the learning, the caution, the instinctive understanding of the long logic of political mistakes which are necessary to those who would safely debate the foundations of a social order? It is not well to have the masses actually questioning the sanctions of civil authority and of property. That, they must trust to their leaders. But radicalism has also succeeded in discrediting our public leaders. The persistent criticism, the shrewd interpretations, the picturesque language, vehement emotion and the careful exploiting of facts in hand, have served well so to envelope our whole generation of public leaders in suspicion, accusation and denunciation that they are as a class discredited before the masses. Radicalism has also created a body of traditions, a vocabulary, a set of emotional attitudes and a literature which are handed down in the weaker classes and which express their experience of life and their instinctive questions far more sympathetically than any that the conservative can offer.

In addition, conservatism has made mistakes which have not been without their effect. Government has been shown

undoubtedly, to be inefficient in facing many situations. The policies that government has followed have been uncertain, and that uncertainty has too often paralyzed the arm of the law. Conservatism has been indiscriminate in confounding all agitation with unreasonable agitation. It has been so persistent in fighting for its traditional privileges that it has been slow to see and slower to admit the justification for much of the complaint that we have heard. Conservatism has found itself entangled by technicalities that have hindered justice and promoted evil ends. Complaint is heard everywhere that this is the case. Another Dickens might write another *Bleak House* to show it. Conservatism has held aloof from the masses until these no longer found it to be their satisfactory representative, and hence, they have turned in numbers toward the radical movements which have expressed their deeper feelings. This holding back of conservatism has permitted the radical movements to build up a class consciousness against capital, and has convinced the masses of the inherent antagonism between the masses and the classes, whose outcome can be but one of two, either the overthrow of the classes or the indefinite enslavement of the masses to them.

The conservatism held in mind is that which is lodged in the industrial and political leaders who have exercised social authority, and in the spirit and aims of our political parties. The radicalism held in mind has been that expressed by Socialism, but to a great extent also that to be found in organized labor and in the free criticism of conditions which itself has produced a great and distinctive literature. Differences between the radicalism of organized labor and that of Socialism are more largely those of policy than of principle. But, unfortunately, the methods of American politics appear to have had their part in bringing about the despair of our institutions and leaders, which is the avenue of admission into Socialism.

Taking things as we find them, the whole business of the Republican leaders in the country seems to be to convince the people that all of the efficient scoundrels in the nation belong to the Democratic party, that its policies threaten ruin and its wisdom is totally inadequate to meet the problems of national life. The main business of the Democratic leaders in the country, by way of retort courteous, is to convince the people that all of the efficient scoundrels in the nation belong

to the Republican party, that its policies threaten ruin and its wisdom is totally inadequate to meet the problems of national life. For confirmation, the reader is referred to the utterances of candidates for the presidency, to the campaign literature and speeches, and to the methods of the partisan American press. Of course, we are accustomed to these tactics, and with no inconsiderable good nature we discount the pompous indictment to empty rhetoric. May we blame the busy, hard-working, and on the whole, healthy-minded masses, if they believe with the Democrats that the Republican leaders are scoundrels, and with the Republicans that the Democratic leaders are scoundrels? May we blame them further if they conclude that our leaders are all practically scoundrels and not to be trusted? If, then, other leaders appear who whisper to them that Socialism is a protest against all of the villany of politics and all of the treason of political parties, is it wonderful that they incline to believe and to follow? If, furthermore, Socialism appearing in this wise, fosters collectively the emotions and impressions that the multitudes feel individually; if its literature expresses them and their aspirations, and the literature of the two great parties fails to do so, is it not remarkable that they do not flock to Socialism? The way to Socialism is paved by contempt and mistrust of public leaders, and then by doubt of the efficiency of institutions. Methods in American politics contribute not a little to the impressions whose outcome is sympathy for Socialism, if not surrender to it.

In order to build up the atmosphere of hope which is essential to the stability of institutions, and to any intelligent share in their operation we have need of a campaign of virtue-finding; that is, we need to take stock of the resources of our institutions and to place the fault for evils exactly where it belongs. The vitality that undeniably exists must be manifested and the progress that may reasonably be hoped for, must be shown. It is really not so much a question of argument as it is of imagination. Conservatism in proclaiming the resources of our institutions as well as their present efficiency must do so in a manner which will speak to the imagination of the masses who are being misled. If it cannot do this, it has no prospect of reclaiming them, for radical propaganda has, to a great extent, the control of their imagination now. Arguments against Socialism have their value for the people who do not

need them because they would not in any case become Socialists. Argument may have some value for those who are hesitating and are attempting to reason themselves away from Socialism or toward it, but for the larger number, what is needed is not argument but imagination, not doctrine but atmosphere, not philosophy but faith and hope. There are libraries and libraries of learned refutations of Socialism. There is not a fundamental position that it takes that has not been assailed successfully time and again, as far as logic and history count. The powers of the world have acted against it; the scholars of the world have reasoned against it; the Christian Churches have declared against it; and yet it grows. But its growth will stop the moment that the powers of the world and its scholars and its religious leaders regain control of the imagination of those who have been led astray, and bring back to them the faith and the hope from which all social institutions must derive their authority and endurance.

Recurring to the general Socialistic indictment of things, it is to be observed that refutations as such abound. But their efficacy in combating Socialism is not entirely proven. They have their undeniable value. But may it not be well for us to learn how widely, beyond the confines of Socialism, criticisms as radical and searching are found? One might construct an indictment of conditions from non-socialistic sources which would be quite as disheartening as that described. Is a man still hopeful of our insititutions; still profoundly convinced that if we awaken they may be efficient, then he is conservative. Does he despair of justice, of uplift for the masses, of pure government, of controlling capital, then he is prepared for the Socialistic interpretation. Despair and hope are both matters of impression rather than reasoning. We may check Socialism by a propaganda of hope in our fundamental institutions; by undermining the despair on which it is entirely conditioned. Modern society pauses while conservatism prepares its reply to this supreme challenge. Leo XIII. said that a remedy must be found quickly. Has it been found anywhere more wisely formulated, more reasonably balanced, than by Pope Leo himself? Measuring our conservatism by Leo's standard, must we not confess that it has not yet measured up to its duty.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL MOVEMENT.

BY BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., F.R.S.

IT is no part of the purpose of this article to tell once more the tale of the destruction of Ireland's industrial prosperity by England's short-sighted and inequitable policy in the past. That tale has often been told, and by none more fully or more carefully than by Miss Murray in her *Commercial Relations Between England and Ireland.* It will be sufficient to remind the readers of this article of the iniquitous Navigation Acts by which the carrying trade of the country was so utterly crushed that, as Swift in his *Short View of the State of Ireland* put it: "The conveniency of ports and harbors which Nature has bestowed so liberally upon this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon."

Nor must they be allowed to forget the manner in which the great woollen industry was destroyed because it was inconvenient to the makers of that commodity in England. It is true that, when destroying it, the English Government did something to set up a linen industry in its place, but that was solely because the latter conflicted in no way with English interests. Those, however, who talk about the comparative prosperity of the North of Ireland as compared with the South often do so in utter ignorance of the influence of selfish English laws in causing this disparity of manufacturing prosperity.

From time to time, as the country temporarily lifted its head after one or other of the violent blows struck at her prosperity, spasmodic efforts, more or less successful, were made to bring about a better state of affairs in the industrial condition of the country.

One recalls Swift's bitter words and his injunction to Irishmen to "burn everything that came from England except its coal." Moreover, it is on record that the Irish House of Commons had in the sessions of 1703, 1705, and 1707 passed reso-

lutions declaring that it would greatly benefit the kingdom if the people used none but the manufactures of their country, and had agreed to set an example themselves in that way. It does not, however, appear that these declarations had any very marked effect upon the industrial prosperity of the island.

Nor was it until 1779 that any real effort was made in this direction. In that year and as a result of the failure of Lord North's proposals of the previous year, were formed the first of the famous Non-Importation Leagues, pledged by voluntary effort to shut out from the country those various objects of English manufacture, which had been fostered by the wanton destruction of the home trade.

It will not be forgotten that these associations sprang up at a time of great national revival when the Volunteers were also being enrolled, when the hopes of every patriot were high and an outburst of genuine patriotism and national spirit made all things seem to be possible. Galway—which has perhaps suffered more from former English policy than any other city in the island—was the first to accept the Non-Importation policy. A famous meeting in Dublin, at which Catholics and Protestants joined in complete harmony, unanimously adopted a resolution that "we will not, directly or indirectly, import or use any goods or wares, the product or manufacture of Great Britain, which can be produced or manufactured in this kingdom, until an enlightened policy . . . shall appear to actuate the inhabitants of certain manufacturing towns there, who have taken so active a part in opposing the regulations proposed in favor of the trade of Ireland, and that they shall appear to entertain sentiments of respect and affection for their fellow-subjects of this kingdom."

Further steps were taken by the ladies of the land, and everybody must have heard of the celebrated resolution passed and adhered to—so it is said—by large bodies of Irishwomen, "that we will not wear any article that is not the product or manufacture of this country, and that we will not permit the addresses of any of the other sex who are not equally zealous in the cause of this couutry."

These resolutions were not, as so many resolutions were, mere forms of words voted by men and women never intending to pay the slightest attention to them. They were passed and adhered to in solemn earnest, and "the transactions of all

traders were rigorously observed, and any merchant who happened to import British goods had his name printed in the Dublin newspapers, and was held up to execration as a traitor to Ireland. The consequence was that the few merchants who at first had the temerity to continue their importation of British goods soon ceased to do so, as it was difficult to find anyone willing to purchase from them, more especially as concealment of such purchases was impossible" (Miss Murray, p. 204).

Into the effects and results of these Non-Importation Leagues space will not permit us to enter. The subject has been introduced in order to show that efforts have not been wanting in the past to discourage foreign and encourage home manufactures, and what is more that such efforts were and still could be abundantly successful when, and if the people of this island are really united and determined, a state of affairs which has not again arisen since the times of the Volunteers.

Since those spacious times occasional outbursts of energy have occurred whether due to the writings of eminent men or to the holding of exhibitions. It is a source of satisfaction to any person holding the post now occupied by the writer of this article to reflect that two of the most important works on the industrial resources of this country have come from the pens of two of his predecessors, Sir Robert Kane, the first President of the Queen's College at Cork, and the distinguished and lamented W. K. Sullivan who was his immediate successor. The exhibitions of 1853 and 1862 gave rise to the publication of reports more or less stimulating to Irish trade and it was, it may be supposed, the effect of the latter which produced the short-lived *Irish Industrial Magazine* which I mention here chiefly because the copy lent to me by Mr. E. J. Riordan, the centre and mainspring of the present industrial movement, bears the inscription "Charles Stewart Parnell, from mama." It may be supposed that this was presented to the future Irish leader in 1866 when he was twenty years of age. One wonders whether he ever read the book, which has many most interesting articles between its covers, or whether like so many other gift-volumes it was placed on a shelf and forgotten.

The present movement which has done so much and may, if it is not allowed to die out by foolish indifference, do so

much more, was also an outcome of an exhibition held in Cork some ten years ago. After it had closed its doors, and before its stimulus had quite passed away some gentlemen in Cork determined to start, and actually did start the "Cork Industrial Development Association" the parent of all the similar institutions at present in existence in the island. In one thing at least they were astoundingly successful and that was in the selection of their first secretary. It is no exaggeration to say that whatever has been done in the way of industrial development in this country during the past ten years—and much has been done—is due in overwhelming measure to Mr. Riordan's labors, labors for which his fellow-countrymen can never be sufficiently grateful, labors, moreover, which many of them have so far by no means recognized. What may be called the bed-rock of this Association was a very simple proposition and one—so it might be imagined—which would commend itself to any Irish mind. It was this; "We will not buy any foreign goods if we can obtain a similar article as good and as cheap of Irish manufacture." Around these words "as good and as cheap" a great deal of controversy has raged. It was claimed by many that the more sweeping resolutions of the Non-Importation Leagues should be adopted and that the pledge should be that Irish goods should have a preference—even if there were a difference in price—over those of foreign countries. It will be noted that no question arises as to comparative excellence. Whatever things we do make in this country are "good goods" and may be relied upon. But that there may be at times a difference in price is no more than to say that the "dumper" is with us here as well as in the neighboring island.

The promoters of the movement, wisely as the present writer thinks, were content with the original pledge, leaving the question of an actual cash preference to the individual consciences of purchasers. Little by little the idea gained ground and new associations were formed in different parts of the country. Some of these have died out, some are still active, some half-dormant. Belfast, almost the latest to enter the field, Belfast which at first took little or no part in the Industrial Conferences of which more has to be said, Belfast having come into the movement is now forging ahead, with characteristic Northern vigor, and bids fair to outshine even

the parent Association of Cork in the wideness of its conceptions.

That the Associations have effected a great deal no man can deny. It is only within late years that the enlightened policy of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Education has given us Irishmen an opportunity of knowing what Irish trade—as apart from that of the other island—really amounts to. Everybody has been astonished to find how great is its volume. In 1909 the last year for which figures are available, it appears that the Irish exports were $308,643,460 whilst the imports amounted to $319,735,775. The *Economist* commenting upon these figures recently, has stated that excepting Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and New Zealand, the external trade of Ireland is greater, in proportion to her population, than that of any other country in the world. How much of this prosperity is due to the Industrial Associations no man can say since these bodies were formed and at work before separate Irish statistics of trade were available. There can, however, be little doubt that the Associations count for much in this matter. A member of a firm concerned with one of the most flourishing of Irish industries, one, too, which has been largely pushed by the Industrial Associations, in an unusual burst of confidence, admitted to the present writer that "so long as it lasted the present movement was as good as any tariff to his business" and the same must be true of many others.

All this makes it the more remarkable that the movement has been so badly supported by the Irish manufacturers whose interests are so largely concerned and who would, so one would have imagined, have seen how valuable an advertisement was placed at their disposal. Truth must out and the fact has recently been made public that the Cork Association is not paying its way and this solely because of the miserable support which it is receiving from those who should have been its most generous helpers. This is one of the difficulties from which the movement has suffered and no doubt courage and energy will gradually surmount it, as they have to some extent surmounted the other two great difficulties which stood and, to some extent still stand in the path of the Associations. The first of these was—it is to be feared one must add still is—the apathy or worse of the purchasing public. There

are those, it must be admitted with some shame, who think that it confers a social *cachet* upon them not to be clad in clothes of Irish manufacture nor to use Irish goods in their houses. Such persons, it is to be feared, must be looked upon as almost hopeless but there are others whose languid interest might be roused by really energetic work and to some extent is being roused. "Why," such persons are asked, "should you use English matches, soap, starch, candles,"—the list of articles need not be, as it might be, almost indefinitely prolonged—"when you can get the same thing 'as good and as cheap' of Irish manufacture?" The reply to this really leads up to the consideration of the second difficulty. The ordinary individual who goes into a shop to make a purchase rarely, far too rarely, asks to be supplied definitely with something "made in Ireland." He or she far too commonly asks for an article of commerce and takes whatever the retail dealer chooses to supply. To induce that dealer to put Irish goods in the foreground was and is one of the great difficulties of the Associations and until that difficulty is surmounted no overwhelming success can be looked for. That much has been done in this direction cannot be denied but that more, far more, remains to be done is indisputable. In this connection it may be noted how important it is to secure the co-operation of the ladies and how comparatively little has yet been done in this direction to rouse in them the spirit of their ancestors of the time of the Volunteers. Most of the household purchasing is done by the mistress of the house and if she is determined to have Irish goods a stimulus to manufacture will be given, the importance of which cannot be over-rated. In this respect the Limerick Ladies Association has set an example to the country.

Eppur si muove! The movement goes on and the fact that there is an *Irish Industrial Journal*—may its reign be longer than that of its predecessors!—alone shows that the movement is still progressing and gaining ground. Further the publication by the Cork Association of their *Directory of Irish Manufactures* takes away the excuse often made at the inception of the movement that people had no way of ascertaining what goods, required by them, could really be had of Irish manufacture.

It remains to say something concerning the Industrial Con-

ferences which take place annually. The first of these was held in Cork in 1905 and the present writer, who was honored by being permitted to preside at it, well remembers the anxiety with which it was proposed and prepared for. The result surprised its promoters. Delegates from all parts of Ireland, of all kinds of politics and of every form of religion met in Cork and debated matters of prime importance to the prosperity of their common country. Amongst the most important matters discussed was the adoption of a National Trade Mark but that matter requires and will receive separate consideration. Suffice it to say that this and other weighty questions were considered and that Industrial Conferences have since been held annually in other cities, the turn of Cork coming round again in this present year when the present writer was again honored by an invitation to preside and did preside over a very remarkable assemblage containing amongst its numbers a large and important contingent from Belfast headed by the Lord Mayor of Belfast who left his important duties in the Northern City to show the essential solidarity of North and South in industrial matters. On that occasion it was possible to take stock of what had been done and especially in connection with the Irish Trade-Mark. Prior to the meeting in 1905 the Houses of Parliament had passed an Act enabling the setting-up of general or National Trade-Marks in contradistinction to those so long in use by private businesses or firms. The first to take advantage of this Act was the Irish Association and the present writer may perhaps be permitted the pleasure of claiming that he had some part in suggesting this course of action. A Committee was set up and after the necessary steps had been taken, the Irish Trade-Mark, of which a facsimile is given at the end of this article, was registered. Its design is Celtic, as will be seen, and the inscription when translated means "Made in Ireland." What has been effected? The following brief statement taken from that submitted to the last Conference will give some idea of the work done by the Association which controls this matter.

The Trade-Mark has been available for a period of between three and four years. In that space of time nearly five hundred Irish manufacturers, large and small, have applied to be permitted to use the Trade-Mark and have received that privilege. It may be added that the privilege is jealously guarded

by the committee annually appointed to conduct the business of the Association which carefully investigates all claims and rigorously excludes all those which do not come up to the high standard required. The Trade-Mark on any goods is, therefore, an absolute proof that the articles on which it is placed are of genuine Irish manufacture and the old difficulty which existed of knowing whether the things which one bought were of Irish make or only pretended to be such is now at an end. As a result goods bearing the Irish Trade-Mark are now being exported all over the world, and it has been found necessary to register it in a number of countries, including the United States of America, Canada, France, the Argentine Republic, and Australia. Nor has the work of the Association by any means reached its limits, for every month fresh applications for the use of the Trade-Mark come under consideration. But the Association has and exercises other beneficent powers on behalf of Irish goods. Everybody must have been familiar with the "Shamrock Match" made by the artless Scandinavian who had no idea, of course, that the herb in question had any particular significance, but who nevertheless poured his wares in huge and increasing volume into that land where the shamrock grows in every field. Everybody has also come into some kind of contact with the Brian Boroighme suit made of English shoddy on English looms; of the Erin-go-Bragh cap made by those who did not even know how to spell Irish; of the Rory O'More tie; of the Bryan O'Lynn breeches, and all the other things which have masqueraded under titles suggestive that the articles which bore them were racy of the Irish soil. Further, some, at least, were aware of still more deliberate frauds in the shape of pseudo-Donegal tweeds and sham Irish linen and other like things which were palmed off on an unwary and too often apathetic public as articles of Irish manufacture. They not only sold instead of the real goods, but did those goods a double injury, since the quality of the sham article was such as to deter those who had bought it in the belief that it was Irish from ever again embarking on similar purchases.

Hence when the Trade-Mark Association was securing incorporation, those who directed its work took power to prosecute those persons who were detected in the act of misrepresenting foreign goods as Irish. Subsequent events have

shown the wisdom of this policy. The Association has found itself obliged to institute about thirty prosecutions in England and in Ireland against persons offending in this manner. That these prosecutions have been undertaken wisely and after full sifting of the facts is abundantly proved by the results for in no one case has the Association been defeated in the courts. In fact so uniform has been their success that nearly two hundred other firms in all parts of the world have not ventured to come into court on the matter but have given binding undertakings to the Association, without resort to legal proceedings, that they will cease applying Irish titles and Irish emblems to goods manufactured outside our country. All this, within the brief period above alluded to, is a very striking example of success and it may be confidently expected that within a short time we shall see and hear no more of the flagrant frauds which formerly hampered the success of Irish manufactures.

Such, then, are some of the works accomplished by the recent Industrial Development Movement; such its difficulties. That it may continue its beneficent work for the advance of our country must be the constant hope of all who love the Island of Saints; that it can and will do so is certain if it obtains that very moderate amount of support which it can fairly claim from those who have already so greatly benefited by its labors.

HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

Let nothing trouble thee,
Let nothing affright thee;
All things pass away;
God alone never changes;
Patient endurance gains everything;
He that possesses God lacks nothing.

NOW tranquil an air breathes into our souls from these maxims of St. Teresa, found after her death in her own handwriting, placed as a marker in her breviary. They are the buoyant, courageous utterance of a spirit to whom the words "nothing" and "everything" meant respectively creatures and God.

I.

Hope is a divine virtue, one of "these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (I. Cor. xiii.-13). Love is thus supreme. As warmth is the essential quality of fire, so faith is love's firelight, and hope is the fuel for love's flame.

The old-time Catholic poet Richard Crashaw, calls hope "Queen regent in young love's minority." We may add that when love is full grown and becomes queen regnant, hope is major domo in her royal palace. Yet many a Christian prefers humility to hope, a moral virtue to a divine one, favoring pious timidity at the expense of trustfulness towards God. A devout scare has its uses, but these must fall short of religious panic. Beware of so much as piously mouthing such expressions as, "O, I fear I shall never be saved." What is the one dread mystery of religion? Predestination—let us tremblingly own it. But how does God command us to solve it? By trusting Him, trusting Him blindly, trusting Him against appearances. Much of our spirituality must consist in changing the virtue of love into that of hope.

II.

It is a comfort to feel that I owe my salvation to Christ alone, and that by an act of mercy entirely absolute—His pardon is pure clemency. Any other spiritual comfort is like

a blossom in a vase, sure to wither and die, and its seed to die with it. Trust that is rooted in God is a blossom on the living tree of hope, that only changes its bright leaves for the ripened seed of eternal life. It was so on the tree of the cross, when Jesus Crucified dignified this virtue of hope by His farewell utterance: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit" (Luke xxiii. 46). This was His answer to the still lingering terrors of the Garden and the still echoing taunts of its demons there, as well as the mocking voices of the rabble upon Calvary.

Do my past sins cast me down? Yet nothing can give me greater confidence of dying happily (O, what a joy!) than the recollection of all that God has patiently borne from me. His purpose has always been and is now a happy death for me. The maxim, "look to the end," may be unheeded by me, never by Him; God, Who is the beginning, always looks to the end. He will make a complete work of mercy in my case. Can I doubt that this frame of mind is pleasing to Him?

What is that God who withers up my soul with fright?—where is He, what is He doing? Taking God as most universally present, He is the Spirit in every man's soul pleading for him "with unspeakable groanings" (Rom. viii. 26). He is God the Son on every altar in Christendom, bestowing even Himself without reserve indiscriminately upon the least and the most worthy. He is the infinitely pitiful Father, breathing out His pardoning love in the tribunal of mercy, the confessional. Where is the God who threatens? He is at distant Sinai. And where is the God who affectionately invites? He is everywhere! and He is our God.

III.

Theologians teach the difference between the certainty of faith and that of hope. The certainty of faith is seated mainly in the intelligence, being a divine light by which one is able to exclude doubt or question concerning the truths of religion; and the inspiring motive is God's truthfulness in revealing Christ's doctrine. But the solidity of hope is fixed mainly in the will, a grace by which one excludes fear of damnation, a trustfulness whose motive is God's purpose and promise and power to save us. As faith's certainty is called infallible, *infallibilitas*, so hope's firmness is said to be incapable of disappointment, *infrustrabilitas*. Neither is above the reach of

temptation; but it is always in our power to hold fast to our serenity of divine light by the grace of faith, and sweetness of trust in God by the grace of hope. "For when He granteth peace, who is there that can condemn?" (Job xiv. 29). God has set a limit to justice and condemnation, none to mercy. I am forgiven my sins by God, and He is the court of last resort. From that decree there is no appeal against me, none possible or conceivable. There never shall be a new trial of my dreadful case, never for all eternity. I am forgiven now and forever more. "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?" thus for my faith; "The Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" (Ps. xxvi. 1)—thus for my hope.

God forgives our sins and forgets them. But this is not all: He forgets His past favors to us. He begins over again as if He had heretofore done nothing. In our espousals with His Spirit the honeymoon is perpetual. Every day of His friendship is like the first. God is willing to forego a thousand threatenings of justice, but He has never been known to break a single promise of love. "The Lord is faithful in all His words, and holy in all His works. The Lord lifteth up all that fall, and setteth up all that are cast down. The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord" (Ps. cxiv. 13–15).

IV.

God has outlined this divine virtue in granting us a naturally hopeful temperament. Among the kinds of men we know, none is more lovely than he who has a particularly hopeful character. He looks on the bright side—what side but that is God's side. As we hear that the darkest cloud has its silver lining, so must we say that God always sees that side, for He is enthroned beyond the clouds. "Heaven's door is iron on our side and golden on God's side," says Wiseman by one of his characters in *Fabiola*.

In religious activities the busy, pushing man is the hopeful man; and he is the thriving man. He alone has daring plans for God's cause. Difficulties do not daunt him, because his temperament and his grace make sacrifices easy. A supine soul has no place in a saint's following. Cowardice never takes counsel of an energetic friend—it seeks out a minimizing confidant for its perplexities and a temporizing negotiator for its scruples. Insead of abounding in plans it overflows with ex-

cuses. Reasons for not acting are abundant in proportion to the vacancy of hopefulness. A safe man, such a one is sometimes called:—safe he is because he keeps at a safe distance from the firing line. He can boast that he has never been knocked down—for he is always lying flat on the ground.

One says of an evil that called for remedying, "I was afraid to make matters worse, and so I quietly withdrew." Another kind of a man says, "I had little hope, to be sure, but I could not help doing something—and I did my best." God does not always give a victory to such a one, but he always comforts his conscience with inner approval.

"Among all the virtues, hope is distinguished for activity and energy," says Father Chaignon. Indolence murmurs: "What's the use, success is impossible"—with a secret dread of labor and sacrifices and conflicts. Hope says: "Let us fight 'with cheerfulness the battle of Israel'" (I Mac. iii. 2). The spirit of a valiant disciple is content with a postponed success: "And in doing good let us not fail, for in due time we shall reap, not failing" (Gal. vi. 9)—in due time; later on; in the person of our successors, who shall reap where we have sown; in God's chosen time. Is there any better time? His be the choice of time, as His has been the choice of me to do the work, and the choice of the work itself. It is related of Blessed Joan of Arc, that when the English armies had overrun nearly all France, and her king, nobles and people were in dark despair, they enlarged to her upon the great power of the enemy and his vast numbers. But she calmly replied: "If there were a hundred thousand more Goddams (as the English were called by the French) among us, they should not have this country."

V.

For hopefulness is a workaday virtue. A Christian should undertake his Master's work in a bold, confident spirit and persist in it resolutely. When St. Paul of the Cross had received repeated inspirations from God to establish the Order of Passionists, he opened his whole mind to his bishop and obtained his approval. Then with his encouragement he journeyed on foot to Rome to beg the Pope's blessing on his undertaking. But the chamberlain in attendance turned him away. He looked scornfully at the meek figure, clad in a curious and very poor habit, without a single friend to introduce him, muttering something about founding a new religious order.

As he turned him off he cried out after him: "How many tramps do you suppose want to see the Pope every day?" Paul went his way, but he came again. He never faltered, no, not for a moment, during long years filled with various such misadventures. His final success was due as much to his steadfast trust as to his divine inspirations.

Contradictions to imprudent undertakings, or untimely ones, above all to those which lack true Catholic flavor, are a natural sign of God's disapproval. But it is a curious thing, yet spiritual writers agree upon it, that to a work of God all timely and beneficent, contradictions are a mark of divine favor—more; they are a pledge of final success. "Believest thou this?" Therefore, "Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation" (Ecclus. ii. 1).

How shall we destroy the religion of Christ, asked its enemies, after they had put St. Stephen to death. Scatter His apostles, so that they may wander in exile, hindered from working in unison, their organization destroyed. How shall we build up the religion of Christ, it was asked in the counsels of heaven. Scatter His apostles, develop their organization by distributing its leaders, show its universality. One or two are enough for the Jewish nation, let the others preach the Gospel to every creature, offer His all-clean Oblation among every people, everywhere from the rising to the setting; sun for lo, Christ is with them in all lands and to all ages. How singular the identity of means and diversity of aim among the enemies and friends of God's Church. How futile to consider means and ends according to man's view, when there is question of a work of God.

VI.

Did you ever hear of a really important work of God which did not cost many tears, great trials, and long protracted waiting? "Great designs are not accomplished save by means of patience and the lapse of time. Things which grow in one day, decay in another" (*Letters of St. Francis de Sales to Persons in Religion*, Mackey Edition, VI). This rule of Providence, so invariable and so trying, is established to purify motives, to demonstrate that God is the author of the work, to secure a better time, place, and other advantages later on, and to enhance the merit of the servants of God who undertake His cause. Failure on the part of an unhopeful temperament

produces gloomy disappointment and sourness of manner; but a hopeful temperament is stung by defeat to undertake an immediate counterstroke with renewed courage, together with dearly bought increase of prudence.

It has been well said that a true Christian should have but one fear—lest he should not hope enough. The vice which more directly antagonizes hope is despair, but presumption uses and abuses it. The virtue that is made to hurt hope is prudence degenerated into cowardice, which also conscripts humility into its craven service. Discouragement apes humility; and timidity, like a man without any appetite who boasts of his lenten fast, poses as discretion.

If timid men would but refuse promotion and reject praise in religious organizations, they would at least have the merit of consistency. But how many skulkers have claimed and got advancement because they "never got into trouble"—"ten years' service without a complaint against me." Yes, but what good have you done? How different the meekness of an aggressive nature! Who was the invincible leader of God's broken-spirited people? "Moses was a man exceeding meek, above all men that dwelt upon earth" (Numb. xii. 3).

A grievous affliction is sadness, and yet it may merit hearty condemnation in a servant of God. The Fathers of the Desert named sadness as the eighth capital sin, for it ranks high as a muddler of clear counsel in divine affairs, and a crippler of strenuous endeavor. In moments of depression abandon yourself absolutely to the will of God, and with every trust in His loving care, "drink the chalice of the Lord with your eyes shut," to use an expression of St. Paul of the Cross, paraphrasing the stalwart utterance of the Psalmist: "I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the Name of the Lord" (Ps. cxv. 13). It may be the nectar of victory that I shall quaff, it may be the wormwood of defeat—it is always the chalice of the Lord's salvation if I am doing His work.

VII.

It was said of the Dominican artist Fra Angelico that "he put a bit of paradise into everything he painted." He dealt with dead things and gave them undying life. I am called to divine works, I study and labor and practice holy sympathy for my neighbor; prayer and sacraments I offer to God, things already alive with heaven's blissfulness. Shall I

not permit them to pour the paradise of God into my soul? Shall I block the way of heavenly hope with the effigy of prudence and the old clothes of humility? Of St. Catherine of Siena her biographer says, that even as a little child, "as soon as anyone conversed with her, sadness was dispelled from his heart."

An atrocious sinner repents and is forgiven—and then relapses; and this act of feebleness and wickedness is repeated many times over. But what then? Perhaps he at last repents finally and forever. If so, it is because he did not lose hope, the last anchor of the storm-beaten soul. Consider this: God is pleased and men are edified, when an abominable recedive does not abandon hope in his worst state. What then should be the hope of a man who, though hard pressed by temptation, is yet never mortally overcome in a conflict of many glorious years' duration.

If one feels drawn by the Holy Spirit to make an advance on his present spiritual state—all in the ordinary line of his calling—and yet is too feeble to obey this inward impulse, let him not be so much discouraged as humiliated. Self contempt is a valuable spiritual asset. And then let him say: I will go forward sooner or later—shame on me for not doing it now. No bankruptcy is so lamentable as loss of heart. God may leave us helpless to act; He never leaves us empty of good-will to resolve to act in the future. What confounds my pride should establish my humility. We believe that no sound is more unwelcome to the demon than the *alleluia* of hope, sung by a soul struggling valiantly with the ignoble fault of procrastination.

VIII.

"The freshness of a living hope in God," says St. John of the Cross, "inspires the soul with such energy and resolution, with such aspiration after the things of eternal life, that all this world seems to it—as indeed it is—in comparison with what it hopes for, dry, withered, dead, and worthless" (*Obscure Night*, Bk. II. Ch. XXI). Such a soul cannot be absorbed in worldly things; its sole anxiety is about God. "My eyes are ever towards God" (Ps. xxiv. 15). Our Savior's bitter reproach to Peter was merited by his relying on human means to place his Master on His throne of salvation: "Jesus said to Peter: Get thee behind Me, Satan, thou art a scandal

unto Me, because thou savorest not of the things that are of God but of the things that are of men" (Matt. xvi. 23). Now the foremost of the men on whom Peter foolishly relied was his own raw, headlong, blundering self. Is it otherwise with any of us, who dreams of spiritual gains being anything else than divine favors?

Men read volumes and volumes of travels in strange countries where they never expect to go. Why have they so little interest in the realm of eternal joy, the kingdom of Christ beyond the skies, whither they one and all trust to go and to live forever? It is because they do not cultivate the virtue of hope, that "hope that was laid up for them in heaven" (Col. i. 4), and which projects the joys of present love into the endless years of future love. O God of eternal youth, Thou givest to Thy children a share in Thy own attribute of perpetual peace: "I have said: ye are Gods, and sons of the most High" (lxxxi. 6). Mayest Thou grant me with the jubilant energy of youth to grapple with the tasks Thy Providence lays upon me. "For which cause we faint not; for though our outward man is corrupted, the inward man is renewed day by day" (II Cor. iv. 16)—renewed by hope.

Indeed the true Christian never grows old. No matter how sadly decayed his bodily force, his spiritual part is endowed with a divine youthfulness, courage to begin any good work, fortitude to recover quickly from any failure—the glorious hopefulness of his Master in his soul and in his conduct, expressed by the Psalmist in that renowned war cry of holy progress: "I have said: now have I begun; this is the change of the right hand of the most High" (lxxxvi. 11).

A dreamer and a visionary is nicknamed a "rainbow chaser." But in a real sense every Christian must be that, or the clouds of despondency will darken his whole life. I must look upwards with the divine instinct of holy hope, searching the misty future for God's sign manual on the sky, His covenant that He "will no more destroy every living creature." "I will set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be a covenant between Me and between the earth. And when I shall cover the sky with clouds, My bow shall appear in the clouds, and I will remember My covenant with you" (Gen. ix. 13–15).

New Books.

A ROMAN DIARY AND OTHER DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE PAPAL INQUIRY INTO ENGLISH ORDINATIONS, 1896. By T. A. Lacey. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

"This volume can hardly be called a book; there is much in it that gives little satisfaction, much that is trivial, some evidences of bad temper, and some unpleasant indications of ignorance" (Preface pp. IX, X). Such a frank confession of a book's shortcomings is well calculated to disarm at the outset the most hostile critic. Still as the writer was not editing an original document of some old chronicler of the middle ages, but giving to the world a personal diary of his two months stay in Rome some fourteen years ago, he could very well have omitted whatever was trivial or irrelevant (pp. 49, 56, 74, 75) or gave evidence of rudeness and bad temper (pp. 19, 23, 42, 50, 80). His own defense is rather a lame one: "The Diary is intended to show what was done, what was said, and what was thought; to indicate also, by its silences, what was not done. For this purpose it must be produced as a whole; excerpts would be useless. Severe demands are therefore made on the patience of the reader" (X). We regret to state that the author's object has not been attained. We have read carefully his introduction, his diary, and the score or more of letters written at the time, and had we not learned the facts from members of the Papal Commission like Abbot Gasquet and Mgr. Moyes, we would still be utterly in the dark as to what was really accomplished by those who were studying most carefully the facts and principles involved in the complex question of the validity or invalidity of Anglican Orders.

Of course a diary of this kind is rather interesting as a study in psychology or as a bit of subjective history. It gives us a pretty good insight into the mental make-up of Mr. Lacey and his friends, and enables us to grasp at once the stand-off attitude of the Anglican Bishops, and the firm, uncompromising position of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Neither side would be apt to put much confidence in men —no matter how sincere—who gave so false a picture of the

past or present history of the Church of England (pp. 195-209), who were guilty of so many slips in logic and theology (pp. 12, 258, 277, 294, 300, 323, etc.), or who stated so inaccurately what was happening at the very moment of their stay in Rome (pp. 21, 135, 114).

Naturally, no one would expect an outsider to know all the private happenings of a Papal Commission. All Mr. Lacey's information was second-hand at best and, therefore, his comments and views are for the most part misleading as Mgr. Moyes has pointed out in three late numbers of the London *Tablet* (Jan. 14, Jan. 21, Feb. 4, 1911).

It may be good to recall in a few words the facts that led to the reopening of the question regarding the validity of Anglican Orders. In the winter of 1889-90, Lord Halifax met in Madeira the French Lazarist, the Abbé Portal, professor in the seminary of Cahors. They became quite friendly, and in their walks together talked a great deal about the corporate reunion movement in England, and the position of the High Church party of the Establishment. The Abbé Portal, who had hitherto regarded the Church of England as a Calvinistic sect, became at once an enthusiastic convert to the idea of corporate reunion, and promised to do all in his power to further it. Both finally chose the question of the validity of Anglican Orders as a question of fact that might be reopened at Rome by Leo XIII.

In 1894, the Abbé Portal under the *nom de plume* of "Dalbus," opened the campaign with a pamphlet which, while it did not assert absolutely the validity of Anglican Orders, declared it an open question, well worthy of discussion on the Catholic side, and tending inevitably towards reunion with the Holy See. This pamphlet caused quite a stir in France, England and Rome. In France it was favorably commented on by Mgr. Gasparri, then professor of Canon Law at the Catholic Institute at Paris, and by Mgr. Duchesne, one of the foremost of living historical critics. The *Revue Anglo-Romaine* was started as the official organ of the movement, and both Catholic and Anglican writers were asked to contribute articles. The English Catholics, better acquainted with the facts and the real spirit that dominated the Protestant majority of the Establishment, were as a body perfectly content with the settled policy of Rome in reordaining absolutely all converted Angli-

can ministers. At Rome, Cardinal Rampolla and Pope Leo XIII. discussed the question with the Abbé Portal, and in April, 1895, the Pope prepared the way for the future discussion by his encyclical "*Ad Anglos*," which was very well received in England.

It was at first suggested that a joint commission of Catholics and Anglicans be selected to discuss the question, but this was finally abandoned in favor of a Papal Commission in which Catholic scholars of divergent views would meet in Rome and discuss fully and exhaustively the historical and theological aspects of the question. It will be noted that all the members of the Papal Commission who favored validity were foreigners, v. g. Duchesne, Gasparri, De Augustinis, while those most convinced of invalidity were English students of the Reformation period, like Abbot Gasquet, Mgr. Moyes, etc.

It would take us too long to enumerate the many inaccurate statements that disfigure Mr. Lacey's pages. He himself is continually alluding to them in the text or in the foot notes. It is rather wearisome and disconcerting to read: "My information was inexact; my impression at the time was incorrect; so I wrote, whether from inadvertence or ignorance, etc.; this paragraph is altogether inaccurate" (pp. 32, 40, 51, 53, 89, 98, 99, 103, 113, 114, 129, 156, 163, 181, etc.). We marvel at times to find so careful and so critical a scholar as Duchesne being "much amused" at finding Dom Gasquet at fault, whereas, as we discover later on, he ought to have been "much amused" at the "extraordinary mistake" of his unscholarly informant, Mr. Lacey (*De Hierarchia*, p. 81; cf. pp. 30, 32, 34, 98, 99, 103).

The very fact that the writer himself admits so many inaccuracies, is in itself misleading, for the unthinking reader might be led to infer that Mr. Lacey had admitted them all. This is far from being the case. In his introduction he says "with the deliberate judgment of a later day (1910) the Commission seems to be all about Barlow" (p. 21). Why then, we might ask, did Cardinal Mazella tell him that the document he presented about Barlow "was of no importance"? (p. 22). As a matter of fact, Mgr. Moyes assures us that "the whole time which the Commission devoted to the Barlow question was merely one sitting, and a part of the next—amounting in all to about three hours" (The *Tablet*, Jan. 14,

1911). It held "that his consecration was at least open to question, resting as it does on a general historical presumption applied to exceptional circumstances, and falling short of the moral certainty required for the recognition of valid succession of orders." Even had Mr. Lacey been able to present the missing record of Barlow's consecration, "our case for the invalidity of Anglican Orders, based as it was on totally different grounds (defect of form and defect of intention), would have remained absolutely untouched" (*ibid*).

Another striking misstatement occurs on p. 135: "In the Commission, Cardinal Mazella refused to let the consultors go behind the Gordon decision; they were consultors of the Holy Office and were bound by all its decisions" (cf. p. 265, 267). This is rendered still more inaccurate, by his ascribing this astonishing information to Mgr. Duchesne.

Gordon had received Anglican Orders, and the decision asserted that he must be ordained absolutely as if he were a layman, a most sacrilegious proceeding had there been any reasonable doubt about the orders he had received.

If, then, Mr. Lacey correctly understood his informant, the whole commission must needs be branded as a mere farce, and the sincerity of Leo XIII. questioned and denied.

We do not wonder that Mgr. Moyes again characterizes this statement as "a deplorable misapprehension," "an utter perversion of history," and a "false accusation" of "double dealing and dishonesty" on the part of Leo XIII. He says: "The Papal Commission was not appointed merely to discuss the Gordon case. It was charged to examine the whole root-question of the validity or invalidity of Anglican Orders. Cardinal Mazella and all the members of the Commission were fully agreed from the outset that it was perfectly open to any member to bring forward any point of evidence which would in any way make either for or against the validity of Anglican Orders. The Commission not only went behind the Gordon case to consider the case of 1685, and the action of the Church under Cardinal Pole, but entered minutely *ab initio* into these three possible sources of invalidity, discussing especially the various parts of the Anglican Ordinal, and its comparison with the most primitive form of ordination" (*The Tablet*, January 21, 1911).

Mr. Lacey becomes very indignant at the answer drawn up

by Abbot Gasquet and Mgr. Moyes to his erroneous and fantastic memorial to the Cardinals on certain facts of the English Reformation, and the present status of the Establishment. "I was accused," he writes, "of deliberate fraud, of saying things in the ears of Cardinals at Rome, which I should not dare to say in the open air of England" (p. 20).

Mgr. Moyes has stated categorically that "it was not my wish nor my wont to impugn the honesty of those who happened to be our opponents" (*The Tablet*, February 4, 1911). But Mr. Lacey had written a Latin pamphlet, *De Re Anglica* (pp. 195–209), which would leave any one not versed in English history under the impression that England had never been a Protestant country, and the Reformation, apart from the denial of the Papacy, had made no change whatever in the Catholic faith. The Anglican Church was depicted as ever combatting the errors of the Protestant party, or "Puritans," just as the Ultramontanes of France combatted the Gallicans. Beyond a doubt statements of this kind needed the correction that Abbot Gasquet and Mgr. Moyes supplied in their *Riposta* (pp. 210–239). If they had been printed in English papers like the *London Times* or the *Spectator*, they would have elicited scores of denials from Anglicans themselves.

We read (p. 95): "So far they have established only one thing at the Commission—that Ferrar was consecrated by the Pontifical." In reality they established nothing of the kind. Ferrar was degraded from his priesthood, which he had received according to the Pontifical, but not from the Episcopate which had been conferred by the Ordinal. Both Mr. Lacey and Mr. Frere "hoped to prove" (p. 105, *cf.* 113) that under Queen Mary some of the Anglican ordinands were not reordained, but he did not succeed in doing so. He tells us (p. 33) that "Duchesne is satisfied that Pole made no distinction between the men ordained by the two rites," but he fails to say that no case has yet been produced in which it can be shown with certainty that any one ordained by the English Ordinal was permitted to exercise his ministry under Queen Mary without being reordained. Again, there is no warrant whatever for the statement that Julius III. approved the English Ordinal, "formally" or "implicitly" (p. 181).

The Bibliography mentions many articles and books of very unequal value, and fails to cite the most important and scholarly

book of Abbot Gasquet and Mr. Bishop: *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer.* Indeed had the writer submitted his proofs sheets to the learned Benedictine, we might have been spared many a page of misleading and inaccurate information. We might say of the book what Mr. Lacey unjustly said of the bull *Apostolical Curae*: "It is an ill considered utterance" (p. 306).

A CAPTAIN OF RALEIGH'S. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

After the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh many of the captains who had served and loved him, openly threw off allegiance to the king and, resolving to strike powerful blows in memory of their dead leader, took to the high seas as pirates. Pirates of a Robin Hood order they were, and scrupulously men of honor in all their hazardous, lawless life. Around Captain John Percy, one of this number, Mr. G. E. Theodore Roberts has woven an interesting tale of adventure, which he publishes under the title, *A Captain of Raleigh's.* It is a good yarn well spun.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 20 cents.

At the very outset we desire to congratulate Father Benson on this play, for he has written a work containing many beautiful ideas. In every way it is a great advance on his recent play, *The Cost of a Crown.* There are several niceties of situation and of diction in *The Maid of Orleans*, and we feel that if Father Benson continues writing for the stage that we shall get some of his best work. It strikes us forcibly that he is now finding himself, and we hope that he will obtain a substantial recognition from Catholics by the rapid disposal of the cheap and nicely printed edition of this play which now lies before us.

The work is laid out in five scenes: outside the home of Joan, in the court of a guard house in Orleans, in the sacristy of Rheims cathedral, in the prison where Joan is held in chains, and, lastly, at the stake. Interspersed throughout the play are hymns, the chiming of bells, and choruses. Of all the scenes, we feel drawn more towards the first because of the delicate touches in delineation of character which show that

Father Benson has one of those gifts that go to make a dramatist: that he is a keen observer of human nature in its many aspects.

But all the scenes are good, and some pretty turns on words are done very well. One thing in particular we are glad to see in connection with our language. The correct, but tabooed pronunciation of "again" is adopted, being rhymed with "then" and "men." We have only one fault to find, and it is a small one. We should like to see modified the stage direction on p. 63 in connection with the conduct of the clerics at the death of Joan. Such callousness as the directions seem to imply may have historical foundation, but a representation of it before a modern audience may cause much harm to people only slightly acquainted with a knowledge of Joan's life, and with the history of the French people.

PREACHERS AND TEACHERS. By J. G. Simpson, D.D. London: Edward Arnold.

This book being intended for Protestants is written with the necessary coloring. It is of the usual order, a rather common-place culling of extracts from Anglican preachers of various schools of thought. One chapter, however, is devoted to St. Martin of Tours, and though unobjectionable from a Catholic point of view contains nothing either new or valuable. One thing is quite evident in it: the embarrassment of the author, and his attempt to glide over the Catholicism of the saint. The same thing is also noticeable in the chapter on St. Augustine. In a succeeding chapter devoted to the principles of Butler's teaching, the author falls foul of the Catholic Church. He adopts a half-cynical, half-scoffing tone when speaking of Modernism and the Vatican. Under ordinary circumstances this might be allowed to pass as a mere token of questionable taste, but as his remarks stand he writes himself down as being either totally ignorant of the questions at issue, or as one who hesitates not to falsify facts. We prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt. We cannot object to his Protestantism, but we can and do take strong exception to his colored exposition of Catholic doctrine.

It is rather late in the day for a clergyman to try to arouse his readers with a playful description of a movement which if left to increase and delude people would ultimately

lead back to Paganism. The author refers to Luther and sees in his revolt a similitude to that of the Modernists in the Catholic Church of to-day. But there is no parity between the movements, and the sooner the author learns what the Modernists teach the better for himself and those whose religion is entrusted to his care. Still we have not much hope that his views will be changed, for one who professes (as he does) a contempt for theology will not take very seriously the deep significance that lies at the bottom of Modernistic teaching.

IZAMAL. By Joseph F. Wynne. Detroit: Angelus Publishing Co. $1.

Joseph F. Wynne, in his new book, *Izamal*, shows us Lord Cecil Layton, a young Englishman visiting in New York, who is actuated by a strange impulse to seek out religious truth. This search he begins one morning in the most matter-of-fact way by calling on the clergyman of every church that he happens to pass; naturally his experiences are amusing and enlightening. Divine grace is leading him, however, and at last he finds truth in the Church. After his conversion Lord Cecil continues his travels, going to spend Christmas in South America, in Izamal, which is, we are told, "a very important little town near the coast of Yucatan." There, in the picturesque surroundings of a universal Catholic piety he makes a definite decision to give up his title and inheritance, in order to enter the priesthood.

The book cannot fail to win the admiration of the reader. It has its faults, but these are forgotten in appreciation of the story's merits. The types of clergymen of various denominations, their methods of life, and their spiritual conditions, are pictured with a masterly touch.

HISTORY OF DOGMAS. By J. T. Tixeront. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

This first volume of a *History of Dogmas* covers the first three centuries. Although no dogma strictly so called was formulated within that period, the very nature of dogmas makes this history begin at the beginning of that period. A dogma being "a revealed truth defined as such by the Church," to find that truth on its first appearance we must

go back to revelation. And this is where the *History of Dogmas* first takes us. The facts revealed by Jesus and through the Apostles it points out to us one after another on the pages of the New Testament. Then pointing to history it portrays the gradually increasing vision—in the main—of those facts obtained by succeeding generations. The degree of clearness with which an object is seen depends partly on the way it is set up before the eye, but principally upon the complexion and power of the eye itself. Throughout this varying clarity of sight the object of vision remains the same. This history lets us see where repeated handling of the inspired text, first for practical, then for speculative purposes, has served continuously to set the revealed facts before the mind's eye to better and better advantage, thus contributing to an ever-increasing clearness of view on the beholder's part. But it is especially the eye that is concerned in this growing clarification of vision. Because of this the author has been at great pains to show not only the constitution and natural bent of the individual minds occupied upon Scripture, but above all the outside influences to which those minds were subjected. As it happened, and as our history makes plain, that personal temper of mind and those external influences caused in some cases the visual organ to mistake the object altogether. The influential agents were chiefly traditional Jewish notions and Greek philosophy. To these influences were owing Judaeo-Christianity and gnosticism. On the other hand, this same Grecian culture energized to such good purpose that men like Origen and Clement of Alexandria, turning powerful and penetrating minds upon sacred Scripture, were able to see its contents with greatly augmented clearness. And so the divine object of Christian belief was seen with greater and greater distinctness as time progressed. The author does not pretend to prove, although recognizing, that in the course of centuries substantially the same revealed facts formed the object of the Church's mental gaze, for this falls not within the scope of a history of dogmas. By a thorough investigation of the past he ascertains and sets before the reader what was believed from age to age. It is for the reader himself to compare these beliefs and say whether they be not substantially identical, whether the revealed fact to which the eye of faith is directed be not al-

ways the same, irrespective of the degree of clearness with which it is perceived. The aberration of those very minds—Origen and Tertullian—which were chiefly instrumental, at that early day, in securing a clearer view and more precise expression of objective Christian belief, is an argument going to show the practical necessity of a divinely-guided guardian of our faith.

SERMONS OF ST. BERNARD. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

These are Christmas sermons of the twelfth century, composed for his own religious household by the illustrious Abbot of Clairvaux. The translation in correct English was made in an English convent, and forms a book of one hundred and fifty pages. It is intended "chiefly for convents." It is a devotional work. Each sermon is a fervid expression of the saint's religious feeling. On a groundwork of Scripture he raises a brilliant structure of imagination illuminated by a thousand pious fancies. His beautiful soul shines out with surpassing radiance upon the pages dedicated to the "praises of the Virgin Mother." The glow of sacred exaggeration is delightful.

THE SPIRIT OF POWER. By Ernest Arthur Edghill, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.

The author devotes this volume to the Church of the second century, and succeeds in painting a very clear bird's eye-view of the period. As he says himself, it can hardly be called ecclesiastical history in the strictest sense, but it is history devoid of the usual multiplicity of details and dates. He demonstrates very well the power of the Church and the weakness of paganism. To do this he selects various phases of life, such as purity and regeneration, suffering, the origin and happy results of persecution, and the spirit of love in several aspects, and shows how intensely they were connected with the early Church. The work is well done, and the author has the happy art of true historical perspective, and is gifted with a good style with which to set forth his knowledge. One point that is often conveniently overlooked at the present day Mr. Edghill lays stress upon: the great persecution Christianity underwent at the hands of the Jews. In this

volume things are as they should be on this point; truth is told fearlessly.

We cannot, however, commend the book unreservedly, for in a few places the author allows his theological antipathies to obtrude. This is a pity, as otherwise the book could be read with profit by all classes of Catholics. As it stands it is suitable only for those Catholics who know their religion very well, and are able to place their finger instantly on expressions of Protestant thought. A sentence on p. 263 has puzzled us. Speaking of the Church's activity in ransoming captives the author writes,—"The Roman Church retained to the end her honorable pre-eminence as a 'leader of love.'"

We shall await with interest Mr. Edghill's promised supplementary volume, and we hope that he will keep history well in view, and likewise keep well in the background the religious teaching of Protestantism. He can write history well, and we can appreciate him; but naturally we look with suspicion on his theology.

A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. Vol. II. By Dr. F. X. Funk. From the fifth German Edition by Luigi Cappodelta. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.75.

A short time ago we noticed the translation of the first volume of Funk's *Manual of Church History;* and we now announce the appearance of the second and concluding volume, which brings the work down to the present date. An index, including sixty pages, and therefore one-tenth as large as the two volumes, deserves to be noticed as very helpful.

In general the verdict of critics on the second volume has been less favorable than on the first. The *London Tablet*—rightly enough—finds fault with the part devoted to England. American readers will be equally dissatisfied with the treatment accorded to this country.

PROTESTANT MODERNISM. By David C. Torrey, A.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

One need not go past the dedication of this book to know what is coming. The author dedicates his work to his father "who taught him to think freely," and we can say, after reading the succeeding pages, that Mr. Torrey has put to the widest and amplest use the teaching of his respected parent.

In itself there is nothing in *Protestant Modernism* worth serious consideration on the part of Catholics. The author has hazy ideas of religion, and as for terms, such as are necessary for the strict science of theology, he is as innocent as a child. He reads his own meaning into words—using, we presume, his privilege of free thinking—and one of the results is that it is sometimes difficult to make out exactly what he believes.

Christ for him was a mere pious man, one liable to sin, and imbued with God just as other holy men are; He was a mere teacher in whom God had confidence. Salvation is only partial, mankind being a kind of limited liability company,—those who obey God will become like unto God, partaking of his attributes, while those who lead evil lives will die a death like animals and cease to exist. And, so, Mr. Torrey meanders on knocking his head against every stone wall that he meets, and evidently not being quite satisfied with his exploits he finally tackles the Catholic Church. His book concludes with an assault on it, and he gives expression to the delectable opinion that our salvation as a Church depends upon the Modernists. In all friendliness we should advise him not to allow this theory to interfere with his daily avocations. Mr. Torrey's book exemplifies the chaos into which Protestantism has fallen, and demonstrates perfectly his own assertion: "The vagaries of thinking on religious subjects are not to be numbered."

IDOLA FORI: BEING AN EXAMINATION OF SEVEN QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By William Samuel Lilly. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.25.

There is not very much that is new in this, Mr. Lilly's most recent volume, nor indeed is the old stated with any more precision or clearness than many a writer has done before. But on some subjects treated Mr. Lilly is well worth listening to. What he writes on the "Indian Question" is particularly worthy of consideration, as it is free from that hysteria so noticeable in much that has been recently written on the subject. He is less happy in his treatment of the "Irish Question," which will make one ponder over a self-imposed query: what is it all about? And the only answer seemingly acceptable is that the chapter has a sting in its tail; an Anti-Home Rule sting, the poison of which may be

extracted by Englishmen and preserved for future use when the time shall come that a serious attempt will be made to give Ireland some form of autonomous government.

These two chapters, with five others, all more or less on subjects based on political economy, make up the book, which is pleasantly written. Mr. Lilly is to be commended on his quiet profession of Catholicity. He shows the faith that is within him by his knowledge of St. Thomas Aquinas and other theologians. He does not hesitate to cite the *Summa*, and we are sure that many a scholar outside the Church will be thus brought to make an acquaintance with the marvellous arguments of St. Thomas. Mr. Lilly also shows great taste in his citations from other authors; they are always to the point, and never have the appearance of being forcibly inserted into his text.

LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY. By J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

The decline of Greek studies has long been giving concern to thoughtful men, who see in it a regretable surrender to the modern worship of the practical, with great detriment to true education. That foremost instrument for the imparting of true culture, Greek literature, is being sacrificed, we are told, to prepare the way for a world that will be built up on ideals far different from those which presided at the foundation of our civilization. A pessimistic outlook this, according to the Oxford Professor of Poetry, in his recent volume, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*. Greek studies are not on the decline according to Professor Mackail. "The position of Greek as a factor in culture has never been more assured than now." This is an encouraging word, at any rate, and we should receive it with gratification in the midst of so much complaint to the contrary, even in England; and we should like to believe it entirely true. Greek poetry, at least in the Professor's judgment, will be the means of obviating the two dangers which he sees threatening Greek studies. It will keep them from degenerating either into a hasty, careless pursuit, or a distorting specialization.

The lectures cover the whole ground of Greek poetry from Homer to Theocritus. In every chapter the reader will find a guide whose literary taste he may safely follow. The chapter

on "The Lyric Poets," will surely give the reader the desire to know more about those most perfect and inspired of human singers. Many may see here, perhaps for the first time, that historical criticism has vindicated the character of one of the sweetest of them, and one who, perhaps, may be put at their very head. Although the charges against Sappho have now been explained away, the stigma will doubtless remain, thanks to the longevity of legends. "Lesbian vice became a proverb," says Professor Mackail, "and between malice and ignorance, the name of Sappho got that ugly smear across it for which her extant poetry gives no warrant, to which, indeed, the whole body of her extant poetry is the contradiction." The Athenian Comedy, which spread the slander, could not take any other than a sordid view of woman; and, besides, it was the misfortune of Sappho to belong to an Aeolian city.

An interesting parallel is carried out between the idylls of Theocritus and Tennyson's idyllic poetry. Both were obliged to renounce the epic form of poetry, and both had the talent to excel in that imaginative style which they adopted. "Homer is different, I am Theocritus." Theocritus became a classic, while those who sought to write new epics enjoy now the fame of appearing in the pages of a history of literature. Whenever the opportunity offers, Professor Mackail points out the parallels that occur in English poetry. This feature enhances the value of his book.

One could wish that the Latin and Greek quotations had been turned into English for the benefit of the general reader, who, through his ignorance of these tongues, will lose a great part of the pleasure and instruction which the book affords. Whoever reads this book cannot avoid wishing to know more of Greek poetry. This is no small praise for the author. Even in a work of this sort, where technical treatment is passed over, we have a right to expect that the positions of scholars to-day on such an important question as the composition of the Homeric poems will be stated accurately. We think that the conclusions of Robert, in his *Studien zur Ilias*, are to be preferred to the position the author takes. Robert shows that the *Iliad* cannot be considered as the work of one man. It is a composite work, as it stands, no more truly to be assigned to one man, or one period, than is a house many times made over and enlarged under the direction of many

minds, to be considered the work of one builder. Literary criticism ought not to be too fearful of the sound conclusions of the historical and linguistic investigations of modern scholars, even if they are of the German school. Many of the rejected portions of the *Iliad* prove, in the judgment of competent critics, to be inferior in literary merit. Literary criticism would do well to avoid as far as possible that subjectivism which some of its exponents attribute so easily to the Homeric "higher critics."

WAR OR PEACE: A PRESENT DAY DUTY AND A FUTURE HOPE. By Hiram M. Chittenden. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.

General Chittenden has evidently given much care to the production of this book, and has also endeavored to state his case with moderation. It is but natural that a military officer should have some one-sided opinions on war and its possible effects, but only in one place does the author show this bias and that is when he expresses extreme optimism over the outcome of American-Spanish and the Boer wars.

General Chittenden throws in all his gifts with those who counsel peace, and offers a pretty, but rather dream-like solution of the present passion for armaments. We feel that in his chapter of "Armed Peace" he comes nearest to making us capitulate, though there are a few minor points on which we should like to demur. We get a glimpse in Section VI.—"A Battleground of the Centuries"—at the enormous expenditure and trouble necessary to keep Alsace-Lorraine on a war footing. The author blames Germany and Great Britain for the headlong race of the nations to bankruptcy, but to our mind he forgets his strictures in his chapter on the "Present Duty" where he gives cold-blooded military statistics regarding the relationship of the United States with Germany and Japan. There is no hesitancy about his opinion here. Warlike preparations must be made by the United States if the country wishes to be able to cope with either of these peoples should any unpleasantness arise; and one of the prime essentials to success, indeed to the maintenance of the world's peace, is the fortification of the Panama Canal.

Recently we reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Mr. Longford's *The Story of Old Japan*, and pointed out for the

consideration of our people some pregnant facts contained in that book on the possible contingencies arising out of Japanese traditions. We can now commend as heartily to Americans this book of General Chittenden if for no other reason than to open their eyes to existing dangers.

FREE WILL. By Hubert Gruender. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

By anybody who keeps a finger on the pulse of time, and who watches keenly the innumerable and insidious assaults made on the faith of Catholics, this small volume will be enthusiastically welcomed. It consists of three lectures which state in clear, simple, and precise language not only the principle objections of materialistic philosophers to the doctrine of free will, but also gives a cogent exposition of the teaching of Catholic philosophy on the subject. The author takes the title of his book from a statement of the materialistic writer, Du Bois Reymond, who in an address delivered before the Berlin Academy of Science, 1885, declared that for science there were seven great riddles, of which the seventh and greatest was free will. With this as text, or subject of his thesis, Father Greunder constructs his first or explanatory lecture, and in the two succeeding lectures he proves the existence of free will by the three usual methods of experimental, moral, and theological arguments. For Catholics who have to mix with the shallow philosophers of these times, or to associate with pseudo-scientists, this book will prove a real help, and to such persons as well as to others we warmly commend it.

ROSA MULHOLLAND (Lady Gilbert) has written a new book called *The O'Shaughnessy Girls.* It is a very pleasant story of Irish life, told with charm and skill. Lavendar, the younger of Lady Sibyl O'Shaughnessy's daughters, is a dainty, delightful little person, very girlish in her quaint wisdom and pretty fancies; her sister Bell, on the contrary, is wilful and impulsive. In an attack of stage fever Bell runs away to join a traveling company, and her rashness sets the story in motion. *The O'Shaughnessy Girls* will surely give enjoyment to many readers. (Benziger Bros. $1.50 net).

SOMEONE told Dr. Johnson that if he tried to write a novel he would make all his little fishes talk like whales. In his book *As Gold in the Furnace* (New York: Benziger Bros., 85 cents), Rev. Father Copus has certainly made his little schoolboys talk like scholastics. The story has the oft-repeated plot of a mysterious theft and a wrongly suspected hero with a character much too noble to be true. Father Copus's stories are generally popular, but do not show the genuine understanding of boyish nature for which we admire Father Finn, and, in a somewhat lesser degree, Father Garrold.

THE wondrously rich field of astronomy has, in Garett P. Serviss, an admirable and devoted exponent. His latest volume: *Round the Year With the Stars* offers a guiding hand to all those who would cultivate the love of the stars, and sets forth the chief beauties of the heavens as seen with the naked eye. The subject is a fascinating one, and in it the author gives expression to the thoughts which it continually awakens. The charts illustrating the text are drawn especially to meet the beginner's needs and the author's advice is always clear and practical. The volume is published by Harper and Brothers, New York, at $1 per copy.

ROSEMARY, or Life and Death by J. Vincent Huntington is a new edition of this well known Catholic story. It covers 525 pages, and altogether presents an attractive appearance. The price at which it is offered ($1) should secure for the story many new friends. It is sure to please young readers to-day as it did their fathers and mothers long ago when it was first published. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, are the publishers.

DOWN AT STEIN'S PASS, and *Down at Cross Timbers* are the titles of two stories from the pen of P. S. McGeeney. The first is a border drama of New Mexico; the second a romance of Old Missouri. Both books are published by the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, at $1 per copy.

GERARD, OUR LITTLE BELGIAN COUSIN, by Blanche McManus, a story for American children, introduces the young reader to Gerard, a little musician and Helda a little lace-maker, both dwellers in the quaint old Flemish city of

Ghent. Little folks will find much pleasure in reading about the hard working but pleasure-loving people of which the author tells. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 60 cents).

IN his brochure "The Hidden Signatures of Francesco Colonna and Francis Bacon"—a comparison is made of their methods with the evidence of Martson and Hall that Bacon was the author of *Venus and Adonis*—(Boston: W. A. Butterfield. $1.50), William Stone Booth returns to his contention that there is a cipher in the first folio of Shakespeare's works which reveals the hidden signature of Francis Bacon. He has found such a cipher in the works of Francesco Colonna and argues that it is not too much to expect something of the same kind in England. The work by which he works out the cipher is decidedly complex. The evidence from Marston and Hall as to the authorship of *Venus and Adonis* is of a vague character. The monograph is interesting, because it contains references to works on the use of cipher and to certain literary topics of Shakespeare's time. It cannot, however, be taken as a serious contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, publishes a small but significant volume of short stories under the title, *Chinese Lanterns.* The name is well chosen, for the stories are surely illuminating. They depict the ordinary life of the Chinese, and, in particular, the efforts and heroic struggles of the Catholic missionaries in that country. The author, Alice Dease, writes evidently from full experience, and her book should be widely read. 40 cents net.

SHORT stories of the supernatural, or at least, the decidedly unnatural, by the late Marion Crawford, are published by the Macmillan Company, ($1.25) under the title, *Wandering Ghosts.* The seven stories (seven being the occult number) are told with all the author's undeniable skill. They are frankly tales of horror, and we do not advise reading them before going to bed at night.

THE OTHER WIFE (London: John Long, 6*s.*) is the name of a novel by an English writer, Olivia Ramsey—a novel ambitious in conception, but decidedly mediocre in execution.

TEACHERS in Harvard University have prepared a guide to readings in social ethics and allied subjects (*A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects.* By teachers in Harvard University. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University). The field is divided into about forty sections, such as "Social Settlements," "Economic Theory," etc. On each topic an expert recommends from twenty to forty recent books, mainly in English, giving a short summary of each. The compilers had in mind "not a superficial reader, nor yet a learned scholar, but an intelligent and serious-minded student." Considering their purpose, the book is excellent. Any but the most thoroughly equipped specialist will find the list invaluable. There are, however, some strange omissions—the most inexcusable, perhaps, being that of Father Ryan's *Living Wage.*

HEART SONGS. Verses by Mercedes (Beatty, Pa.: St. Xavier's Press). This well known and popular poet of the cloister has gathered into a single little volume all the pieces she has published in the weekly and monthly press since her former volume was given to the public. Many of these Songs are inspiring, and all of them have poetical spirit. Of course they are seldom without powerful religious lessons.

THE TRAIL OF A TENDERFOOT, by Stephen Chalmers, is the half-humorous, wholly delightful account of various experiences in hunting, fishing, and other outdoor enjoyment, chiefly in the localities of the Adirondacks and the Bay of Fundy. The author begins as a typical tenderfoot, who advances in blissful ignorance of guns, guides, and rods, and the weight of whose catch is prone to rise like mercury under a warm imagination. His experience with "the real thing" will be particularly enjoyed by sportsmen. Outing Publishing Co., N. Y. $1.25.

MIND AND VOICE, by S. S. Curry, published by the Expression Company, Boston, Mass., is intended for all teachers who give attention to the voices of their pupils. We may say that a careful perusal of the book will enable teachers to avoid many blunders and give them many valuable suggestions, especially in training pupils to co-ordinate body and voice. We should, however, be glad to see a second

edition much condensed and arranged on better pedagogical principles.

L'HABITATION OUVRIÈRE ET À BON MARCHÉ, by Lucien Ferrand. (Paris: J. Gabalda & Cie, 2 *fr.*) M. Ferrand, a member of the "Conseil Supérieur des Habitations à bon marché," gives an excellent summary on low rents for the workingman and what has been accomplished by the state and private initiative.

LA BONTÉ ET SES TROIS PRINCIPAUX ADVERSAIRES, par Joseph Vernhes (Paris: Pierre Téqui, 2 *fr.*). comprises eight excellent conferences delivered at Notre Dame des Etudiants de St. Sulpice. Avowedly inspired by Father Faber's well known conference, the author in a delightful and practical manner developes a subject of which we cannot hear too much, and the book is most suggestive both for meditation and self-examination.

IN this little volume *La Réforme de la Pronunciation Latine* (Paris: Bloud et Cie. 2 *fr.* 50) the author, Camille Couillant, keeps strictly to his subject and writes with spirit. The enthusiasm of strong conviction does not prevent cool, reasoned, well-measured, scientific treatment of the question. The first chapter is entirely devoted to determining the pronunciation current in the classical period, and should interest all students of Latin. The practical question of bringing about in the Latin Church everywhere a correct and uniform pronunciation is carefully and vigorously discussed at length. The practical conclusion is: adopt the Italian method universally at once, but only as a convenient stepping-stone to the scientifically correct classical or Roman pronunciation. This plan can be set in operation by a papal decree, and by that authority only. It is likely to come, since it seems almost a necessary consequence of the *motu proprio* re-establishing the genuine Gregorian chant.

APRÈS LE CONCORDAT, by C. Latrulle (Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 3 *fr.* 50). This continues the history of the opposition of the French bishops from 1803 to our own day. Its five chapters show much research and bring us

to the efforts made by Pope Leo XIII. and Cardinal Couillé to bring back the dissident bishops to Catholic unity.

THE master work of R. P. H. Leroy, *Jésus Christ, Sa Vie, Son Temps. Leçons d'Ecriture Sainte* (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.) is nearing completion, and a new volume (the fifteenth of the series) now appears containing the sermons preached in 1909. The work reveals the eminent qualities of the author: perspicuity of style, clearness of division, language at once simple and elegant, erudition, and intimate acquaintance with the best exegetical commentaries.

BOSSUET ET LES PROTESTANTS. Par E. Julien. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.) It is well known that the life-enduring dream of the great bishop, was the return of Protestants to Catholic unity; and to realize it he expended the resources of his powerful mind and the most generous movements of his heart. The Canon Julien, taking Bossuet as guide and model, follows him step by step in this Apostolate, and his work is an erudite study of Protestantism, its doctrines and its history in the time of the celebrated orator.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (18 March): "Sea-Power and Arbitration." Sir Edward Grey, speaking in the name of the British Government, has given a cordial welcome to President Taft's proposals for a Treaty of Arbitration. His words "seem to open up a new chapter of hope for all the peoples of the earth."——The Holy Father will, before long, publish an "important document on the Hierarchy in which he will set forth Catholic teaching on the Divine Constitution of the Church and the obedience which by virtue of it is due to the Bishops and to the Supreme Pontiff."

(25 March): "Street-Trading by Children." A Parliamentary Bill has been formulated to restrict the evil of street-trading by children. But while the evil should be remedied care must be taken to protect the interests of the poor who find in street-trading a means, perhaps the sole means of obtaining a livelihood.——"The Anti-Modernist Oath and the Prussian Universities" by a German University Professor. The writer gives the history of the Oath so far as it concerns the priest professors at the Prussian Universities, and states that the members of several Protestant Theological Faculties are bound by statute to certain professions of faith.——The year 1912 is given as the probable date of the canonization of Blessed Joan of Arc.

(1 April): "Administrative Muddling," is an exposition of the tangle into which educational administration is falling under the present government.——Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., writes on "The Church of St. Patrick."——"Our Secondary Day Schools," by James Driscoll is concluded.——Mr. Balfour's views on "Religion and Dogma in Teaching" are herein set forth.

(8 April): "United Italy" discusses the recent Jubilee fêtes. "The vaunt of a United Italy so long as it is an Italy founded in injustice, established by spoliation, and availing itself of the assistance of irreligion is none the less a sham though crowned and enthroned."——

"New Light On the Holy Shroud of Turin" is concluded in this number.——"Holy Week and Easter in St. Mark's, Venice, in the Eighteenth Century."

The Month (April): Rev. J. H. Pollen reviews several "Recent Studies on Elizabethan History." The articles in the Catholic Encyclopedia dealing with this subject are highly praised.——"Fickle Fame," by John Ayscough recalls some literary reputations that have died and been brought to life again.——Charles Plater suggests some methods to aid "The Circulation of Catholic Literature."——"Street-Trading Children and the Act of 1903" by Austin Oates points out the dangers, social, physical, and moral, of allowing so many children to become street venders.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (March): "Irenæus and the Church of Rome" by Rev. James MacCaffrey. This article shows from "*Adversus Haereses*" that Irenæus clearly teaches the supremacy of Rome and the infallibility of the Church.——"Education in Spain." Very Rev. M. J. O'Doherty, D.D. Doctor O'Doherty says: "There is hardly a single institution in Spain that is not made the object of attacks by anti-Catholic writers from time to time. Most of these attacks are the outcome of bigotry, prejudice, or ignorance; and did Spain receive praise from such sources, it were time she examined her conscience." The paper is a description and a vindication of the Spanish educational system.——"Non-Catholic Denominations." Rev. M. J. O'Donell, D.D. After giving an extended review of Father Benson's "Non-Catholic Denominations," the author says: "As we lay aside the book our predominating feeling is one of sympathy. A nation cannot with impunity cut itself off from the accumulated religious experience of sixteen centuries. The sects are falling victims to abuses that the Catholic Church of more than a thousand years ago had learned to control, and new guilds are being started with a fanatical zeal for principles of which, in their proper place and in due moderation, she has long since taken account. And recognizing as we do the depth of faith and genuine spirituality that underlies the conflicts of the various bodies, we find additional grounds for hope that

they may one day return to the Church of Christ, and find the rest and peace they have sought for in vain for the last three hundred years."

The Irish Theological Quarterly (April): Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. "The Oxyrrynchus Papyri and Pentateuchal Criticism" points out some discrepancies between the Septuagint and the Massoretic Text that very largely invalidate the conclusions of recent scholars regarding the Pentateuch's authorship. Some contemporary non-Catholic scholars (such as Lerdmans of Leiden) also recognize this.——"The Origin of the Doctrine of the Sacramental Character," by Rev. Garrett Pierse. The author characterizes this doctrine as "infinitesimally small in its origin," and traces its development and present interpretation.

The National (April): "Episodes of the Month" deals with various political discussions—"Why Help the Bagdad Railway?" The author, Lovat Fraser, states that it is the duty of Great Britain to keep clear of unnecessary entanglements with Germany. "A Heroic Woman," by Ignotus, is a study of the Empress Eugénie and her place in history. A speech delivered by Lord Selborne to a body called "The Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association," is reprinted under the heading: "The Case for Women's Suffrage."——William Morton Fullerton comments on "The New French Ministry."——That one charm is wanting in the American home according to the English point of view, is maintained by Mary Mortimer Maxwell, in her paper, "The Lack of Privacy in the American Home."——"The Beginnings of the London Library," by C. Hagberg Wright, gives many facts connected with the origin of this library, which are not generally known.——"Apparitions of Animals," by Captain Humphries.——An article written before the conclusion of the Reciprocity Agreement between our own country and Canada, is entitled: "Canada and the Immigration Problem," by Professor Stephen.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Feb.): O. Habert gives a sketch of the religion of the Greeks.——In his chronicle of the "Theological Movement" J. Rivière considers many recent books or new editions of existing works. Among

them we find "The Idea of the State in St. Thomas Aquinas," by Jacques Zeiler; "The Relation of the Church to Civil Society," by Louis Billot, S.J.; a thoroughly revised edition of Vol I. of A. Tanquerey's "Synopsis of Dogmatic Theology."

(1 Mar.): E. Vacandard contributes a "Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History."——M. Étienne Lamy writes of "Cardinal Mathieu and Mgr. Duchesne" giving in the form of an address, a sketch of the life and historical labors of the latter.

(15 March): A. Bros and O. Habert present an account of the religion of the Celts, Germans, and Slavs.——A. Villein begins a historical study on "The Age for First Communion." In this issue he considers the first twelve centuries.——Apropos of "The Eucharistic Congress of Montreal" G. Planque discusses the religious conditions in the Dominion of Canada.——"On The Holy Scapular" is a discussion by P. François de Sales and A. Boudinhon concerning documents treating of the Scapular.

Le Correspondant (10 March): "The Religious Crisis of the Fifteenth Century," by P. Imbart de la Tour is a historical account of the Councils of Pisa, Constance, Siena and Basle.——"The Second Centenary of Boileau," by Henri Bremono is an attempt to revive an appreciation in the works of this poet.——"What is Young Turkey?" by Andrew Chéradame describes the excellent work being done under the new *régime* in comparison with that under Abdul Hamid.——"Maurice Faucon" by Michel Salomon is a biographical sketch of the poet by an intimate friend.

(25 March): A. De Foville begins with this issue a series of articles entitled "The Prime Ministers of Finance of the Third Republic." "Men of the Day," an unsigned article, is a political and character study of Aristides Briand.——"The Company of the Blessed Sacrament," by Geoffray de Grandmaison is an account of a society established during the seventeenth century for propagating devotion to the Eucharistic King among the laity.——"The Genius of Molière," by Fortunat Strowski is a study from Molière's works.——"The Art Treasures

of Our Churches," by René Lebrethon is a history of the vandalisms committed against the Catholic Church in France within the last seventy-five years.——"The Interview of Potsdam," by Christian Patrimonio is a description of the alliances formed by the European Powers, at the instigation of Edward VII. in 1904.

Revue Pratique D'Apologétique (1 March): "Celibacy," by A. Villien. Celibacy is considered from three view points; Dogma, Morals and History. The first point covers the provincial council of Paris 1528, on celibacy. The second covers reasons for celibacy. The last point is an historical survey of celibacy.

15 March): "The Religious Life of Pascal and his Apology of Christianity, apropos of a recent book," by Francis Vincent. As its title indicates, the article is a review of a book, written by H. Petitot, *viz.* "Pascal, His Religious Life and his Apology for Christianity." Pascal's religious life is summed up in the words: the heart triumphed over the head. His love swept away his pride. The Apology is the fruit of this intense religion. It consists of the need and method of the Apology. "Contemporary Atheism" is a lengthy extract by Mgr. Farges from his book: "God, the Immortal Soul and Natural Religion."

Études (5 March): "Vocation to the Priesthood and Providence." The statement by a well-known writer that a priestly vocation is identical with the call of the bishop; that it is only an exterior call, is examined at length by Jules Grivet. After showing the weakness of this position, he proves by many arguments the necessity of an interior call by God.——M. E. Branly, the learned professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris was recently made a member of the Academy of Sciences. J. de Joannis writes of his life and his works.——"Sources of Art" by J. Guillermin. Former generations were well trained in the ancient classics. To-day the classics are practically given up and "shorter roads to knowledge have been constructed in these days of struggle for life." "Chili After One Hundred Years of Independence (1810-1910)." J. Pradel gives many facts and statistics to show the true economic situation of Chili at the present day;

he indicates the great industrial progress that has taken place within the hundred years of its independence. (20 March): "The Fiftieth Anniversary (1861–1911) of the Kingdom of Italy."——"Bellarmine and the Sixtine-Clementine Bible." This is a defence of Bellarmine, by X. Le Bachelet. Anyone who supposes that Bellarmine wished to pass off the Clementine Bible *en bloc* with all its corrections under the name of the Sixtus V. Bible, is not only guilty of exaggeration but also falsely construes his intentions.——"Classic Culture and St. Gregory of Tours." If the Latin writings of St. Gregory of Tours contain many solecisms and barbarisms, it may be due to the fact that the Latin language was still living is his day and subject to variations.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (March): P. Archambault, in "Some Reflections Upon the Notion of Autonomy," says that the ideal autonomy in the very nature of things is not exclusive of all dependence and authority, but that it demands that the constraints submitted to be more and more interior and moral; that a zone of liberty be reserved in which the individual can try his own initiative at his own risk; and, finally, that the constraints have no other purpose than the spiritual interests of man, the end of ends.

La Revue Apologétique (16 March): The lecture of Father Francis de Bénéjac on Charlemagne's contribution to civilization. He concludes that "without standing armies, without diplomacy or secret service" Charlemagne realized according to the social ethics of the Gospel, a true "fraternity" quite unknown to-day.—— Canon Forget reviews the Abbé Lepin's work on "The Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel."——There are the usual reviews of recent Scriptural works.

Études Franciscaines (March): The continuation of "A Philosophical Synthesis" treats of intelligence, the reality, superiority and simplicity of ideas, their laws of representation or expression, etc.——Serviam concludes "Taine and the Jacobins" with a sketch of present Radicalism in France.——A trenchant criticism of "The Academic, Judicial, and Political Eloquence of the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries" by Charany.——"The Bulletin of Franciscan

History" lists seventy-eight biographies or sketches of Friars Minor, Clarisses and Tertiaries.——The continuation of "The Remarkable Expansion of the Scotist School in the Seventeenth Century" covers the period from 1640 to 1700, following the publication of the complete edition of "Duns Scotus" by Wadding.

Chronique Sociale de France (March): Eugène Duthoit examines "The Sanctions of Collective Bargaining by Labor." He concludes that legal sanctions, no matter how extensive, must be supplemented by the moral and psychological dispositions of the interested parties.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1911, No. 3): O. Zimmermann, S.J., presents the first of several papers on "The Freethought Movement." He outlines the movement towards a federation of Freethinkers and the activities of such national and international organizations.

La Civiltà Cattolica (18 March): "The Year of Mourning" is the first article in this issue. It deals with the celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of "Italian unity," the vote in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin on March 27, 1861, being somewhat fantastically taken as the beginning of that "unity" although it was nearly ten years later that the breach was made at Porta Pia and Rome was taken by force of arms into "united Italy." ——Further consideration is given to the "Oath against Modernism," its terms being explained and justified —— "A Visit to Montecassino" describes the architectural beauties and grandeurs of the great Benedictine monastery.——The series on "Masonry" is continued with quotations showing the adroit use made of symbolism in Masonic ritual. The root principle of masonry is declared to be that of absolute liberty of thought and conscience without regard to God or man—the complete autonomy of man and humanity.——Book Reviews include "Luther" by Father Hartmann Grisar, S.J., and a recent life of "St. Francis of Assisi" by J. Joergensen together with his "Franciscan Pilgrimages." Both are highly praised.——An article on the "Mariavites in Russia" describes the spread of the heresy in Russian Poland. The Mariavites now count ninety parishes and two more "bishops" were consecrated in 1910 by the

Jansenist bishop of Utrecht. The Russian bureaucracy has manifested a very friendly disposition towards the sect and the Minister of the Interior is preparing a plan to give it full autonomy and the title of the "Neo-Catholic Church."

(1 April): The writer of "A Glance at the Literary Work of Antonio Fogazzaro," concludes his article by saying that Catholic criticism "can only pass severe judgment upon the work of Fogazzaro, notwithstanding its many beauties, which beauties, however, in view of the supreme interest of religion and morality, take second place and lack that splendor which shines pure and immortal in the work of the great author of the *Betrothed* (Manzoni). ——The series on "Divine Revelation According to Theosophy," is concluded.——The centenary of the birth of Father Joseph Kleutgen, S.J. (April 9, 1811), is the occasion of a biographical sketch which describes him as "A Restorer of Scholastic Philosophy," the reference being to his work, "Theologie der Vorzeit," published in 1853 as an exposition and defence of scholastic philosophy.——A concluding article on "The Authorship and Date of the Psalms," discusses the decision of the Biblical Commission regarding the Messianic psalms.

La Scuola Cattolica (Feb.): Bernardino di Dario commences a study of the "Agape" in the early Church, in which he traverses the conclusions reached by Père Battifol in a recent study, which practically rejects the view commonly held that the "Agape" was a feature of primitive Christianity.——Cherubino Villa opens a study of Leo Tolstoi, the first installment dealing with his early years. Interesting passages are given from his journals and letters, notably his own confession: "I lack modesty; it is my principal defect. I am amazingly full of vanity."—Adolfo Cellini continues the discussion of "The Messianic Purpose of Jesus with Respect to the Hebrews, the Samaritans, and the Gentiles."——The history of the "Angelus" is treated by Emilio Campana, and the origins of its various parts are carefully traced. The first appearance of the Angelus in its present form is in a catechism printed at Venice in 1560, but it is

an out-growth of devotions practised in much earlier times, the most ancient of which was undoubtedly the evening bell.

(March): di Dario continues his examination into the "Agape in the Primitive Church."——The series on the "Messianic Plan of Jesus" is continued by Adolfo Cellini, the present article assembling the testimony from the Gospels to show the purely spiritual character of the Kingdom of Christ.——Achille Gallarini commences a discussion of the "Juridical Personality of the Holy See" in the light of the events that followed the seizure of Rome in 1870. He undertakes to demonstrate that the Holy See is a true "juridical personality," that it was always so recognized and that since 1870 it has not ceased so to be.——Cherubino Villa concludes his study of "Leo Tolstoi." Generous appreciation of his attempts to order his life in accord with his sentiments is expressed by the writer.——The works of Father Savio, S.J., on Pope Liberius are reviewed by Rodolfo Maiocchi, who points out that Father Savio has completely rehabilitated him against his critics and calumniators.——Some interesting notes on the authorship and date of the "Salve Regina" refer it to the thirteenth century with uncertainty as to the author—G. Tredici reviews a group of articles on philosophic questions notably on Cardinal Mercier's solution of the problems of "criternology" and on "Darwinism."

España y América (March): Miguel P. Rodriguez presents a preliminary dissertation upon the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch.——"Al Travos de un Libro y de un Alma," is the the title of a contribution by Father Graciano.

Razón y Fé (March): "The Jesuits and the Riot of Esquilache," by Lamas Frias, the well known logician and writer, shows that the "History of Spain," by Raphael Altamera is very inaccurate and unreliable.——Ugarte de Ercilla contributes a conscientious study on "The History of Philosophy of Religions."——Gomes Rodeles gives a good survey of the first use of the printing machine by the Jesuit Fathers in the Oriental missions.——"The Law About Oaths," by Mr. Venancio Minteguiaga y Costa.

Recent Events.

France.

The departure from office of M. Briand was almost immediately followed by a series of strikes, in some places accompanied by riots, in many parts of the country. It is to be hoped that this was not an indication of the end of the policy of peace-making, of which the late Premier was the advocate. The spectre looming in the background at the present time, causing a universal feeling of anxiety about the immediate future, is the attitude of the French working-class. The van-drivers of Paris and its milkmen, the crews of the Newfoundland fishing boats, dock-laborers at Bayonne, and *inscrits maritimes* at Marseilles, either struck or threatened to strike. The most serious disturbances, however, were those made by the vine-growers in the Aube department, where wholesale destruction of champagne has taken place on account of a delimitation of the champagne district recently made, which shut them out of the favored region in which that choice wine is produced. The mayors and officials of many towns and communes resigned, the red flag was hoisted, liberty was declared to be rot, and equality and fraternity lies, tax-assessment papers were burnt wholesale in market places, a fate which befell likewise the effigy of the new Premier—M. Monis. In the refusal to pay taxes they were urged to persevere by some of their representatives in the Chamber. The soldiers had to be called out. The efforts made by the Chamber to investigate the grievances of the wine-growers have for a long time not proved successful.

Within the legislative body itself peace has not been kept undisturbed. On one occasion M. Monis failed to make himself heard for something like half an hour. He had exasperated a section of the Chamber by the declaration that only one of his critics was an honest man. The new Ministry is in the curious position of being formed out of the minority which attempted to defeat M. Briand. Although it has secured votes of confidence its position is by no means assured. It has the endorsement of M. Combes, but the *Temps* describes it as a band of greedy politicians, while the *Journal des Débats* calls its formation a *coup d'état* against the Chamber and against

Universal Suffrage. Its professions, however, are much the same as were those of M. Briand's Ministry. It has reinstated some of the railway-men who were dismissed on account of the strike last year, and has added a large sum to the burdens of the railways by making the pensions of the men retrospective.

Energetic efforts are to be made to reorganize and strengthen the Navy, the proposals of M. Delcassé having been adopted by the Chamber. Very little progress has taken place in carrying into effect the promised social legislation, although the long-talked-about Income Tax is under consideration in the Senate. The energies of the Chambers have been absorbed in the discussion of the Budget. One opportunity has been taken of showing the hostility of the new Ministry to the Church, but nothing of importance has been done. National feeling has been subordinated to scientific precision by the adoption throughout France of the Greenwich time instead of that of Paris. On the 12th of March all the public clocks were altered.

A somewhat bitter newspaper controversy has arisen between France and Germany about the Foreign Legion in the service of France. This is largely made up of Germans, some of them deserters from the German Army—a thing naturally distasteful to the Empire. The right to enlist any one voluntarily seeking to enter the French service cannot, however, be seriously questioned, nor has the discussion affected seriously the relations of either the governments or the peoples. The decision of the Hague Tribunal in favor of England in the Savarkar case, has removed the one question which had arisen between the two countries. Affairs in Morocco have led to France taking more energetic action on account of the murder of an officer. More troops have been sent to Casablanca. In consequence of this and certain other action taken by France a discussion has arisen with Spain, but there is on reason to fear any serious conflict.

Germany.

The provisions of the Bill giving a Constitution to Alsace-Lorraine, have been so greatly modified by the Committee of the *Reichstag* to which they were submitted that it was expected that the Bill would share the same fate as the Prussian Reform of the Franchise Bill of last year.

The important concession, however, was made by the government that to the three representatives of the *Reichsland* in the Federal Council should be given votes, and not merely the right of attending the meetings of the Council. The demand for autonomy, however, was not granted. It is hoped that with this modification the Bill may go through, although it has opponents on both sides. The Prussian Conservatives fear that the concession made may weaken the influence of Prussia in the Federal Council, while the refusal of autonomy leaves the *Reichsland* dissatisfied.

The amount of money spent on social objects is very large as appears from the speech in the *Reichstag* of the Minister for the Interior a short time ago. For these socio-political purposes the Empire is spending more than two hundred and ten millions of dollars a year, and when the Imperial Insurance Consolidation Bill, and the law about the Insurance of private officials shall have been passed, the sum spent will reach the amount of two hundred and fifty millions. Of the annual increase of the national fortune of German citizens this sum constitutes a fifth: a large amount to be devoted to social amelioration. Although Germany seems to be in advance of other countries in this respect, yet Great Britain is following closely in her wake. On Old Age Pensions she is spending something like fifty millions a year, and further sums are being applied to the Labor Exchanges which have proved so great a success.

The negotiations with Russia have not made any progress, and those with Turkey, France, and Great Britain, with reference to the Bagdad Railway are still being carried on.

The attitude of Germany towards the proposals for arbitration made by our President, and endorsed by the British Foreign Minister, is a matter of supreme importance, for of all the unrest that exists in Europe and of the enormous growth of armaments consequent upon that unrest, Germany is undoubtedly the chief, if not the exclusive, cause. Moreover, of all the Powers, she has been the most unsympathetic towards that movement for settling questions by referring them to arbitration which has already been productive of so much incalculable good. With reference to the President's proposal, all the Chancellor could say when the subject was before the *Reichstag* was that Germany did not occupy an attitude of refusal towards treaties of arbitration; but towards unlimited

arbitration treaties such as Mr. Taft proposed, when they ought to be of use they would, the Chancellor said, burn like tinder. It would be wiser to aim at what was practicable, and not seek to reach an unattainable ideal. Towards Sir Edward Grey's proposal that there should be between Great Britain and Germany an exchange of information as to their respective shipbuilding proposals, the Chancellor was less pessimistic. In fact, he accepted the proposal, and declared the willingness of Germany to come to an agreement with England about this matter. It would, he said, be the means of giving security against surprises, and would strengthen in both countries the conviction that neither desired secretly to overtrump the other. This is a distinct step in advance, although not a long one.

Italy.

The ministry of Signor Luzzatti, after having held office for about one year, has given in its resignation. This resignation was due, like that of M. Briand in France, to the mysterious working of the group system, and to the permutations and combinations which that system involves. Like M. Briand Signor Luzzatti had a majority, and in fact a much larger majority in the division on the postponement of the Electoral Reform Bill. His decision no longer to remain in office was due to the fact that in the minority were ranged a large number of his usual supporters—the Radicals, and he was unwilling to retain power by favor of his opponents. The real cause, it is said, was that dissatisfaction was growing with the addition which the Ministry has been making to the annual expenditure. After a few days, a new Ministry has been formed by Signor Giolitti who has so often held the Premiership. It ought to be able to find support in the Chamber, for no fewer than four groups are numbered in its ranks —the Left, the Left Centre, the Democratic Left, and the Radicals of the Extreme Left. The programme of the new government includes the extension of the franchise to all Italian citizens over the age of 21 except those who, being under 30 years of age have neither done military service, nor can read or write; payment of Deputies; and pensions for old age or for those incapacitated otherwise from labor. The funds are to be provided by a government monopoly of insurance.

Great efforts are to be made to secure economy in the Civil Service, and to simplify the bureaucratic system. Good authorities say that if half of the civil servants of Italy could be dismissed, the business of the country would be done far more expeditiously.

Foreign policy is to pursue the same course, nor is any change to be made in the relation of Church and State.

Russia.

The Russian Empire has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs, an event which took place in 1861, nearly two years before the liberation of the slaves in this country. However slow the progress of Russia towards ordered freedom may be thought to be, and however terrible are in reality the evils still existent in its government, it cannot be denied even by the greatest of pessimists that in the past fifty years noteworthy advances have been made. The peasants who in 1861 were serfs attached to the soil are now free men, and not merely free men but sharers, in virtue of the Tsar's *manifesto* of October 30, 1905, in the power of making the laws of the country in which they dwell. "Slaves then—law-givers now" —such was the characterization of the change effected by the decrees of Alexander II. and Nicholas II. made by the president of the *Duma*, when the Peasant Deputies were presented to the Tsar at the Jubilee Celebration. A solemn thanksgiving service was held at which the Tsar was present. In memory of Alexander II. a bust was unveiled of the autocrat who had fought almost single-handed against the sordid interests of those who wished to continue to be the owners of their fellow-men, equal in number to more than half of the population. While the past was gratefully celebrated, the equally momentous act of what may be called the present—the institution of the Parliament of the Empire—was recognized as the work of a Tsar who had the same faith in the people as his predecessor had shown. Both acts had determined, without any possibility of going back, the destiny of the country. The agragrian changes by which the ownership of land by the *Commune* has been abolished, and individual ownership put in its place, although not directly the work of the *Duma* are due to its influence. They have made an alteration for the better almost

as important as the emancipation itself, in the position of the peasantry, who are now becoming, not merely free, but economically strong owners of land.

But it would be a mistake to think that Russia is any where near the goal of rational liberty. The revelations that have been made of the methods adopted by the police make it impossible to entertain such a belief. The treatment accorded to the students in the Universities also shows that the days of arbitrary government have not yet passed away. It is not necessary to undertake the defence of the proceedings of the students, nor to vindicate their action in going on strike. The frequency of occurrences of this kind in the State Universities of the Old World is a phenomenon that calls for explanation; one which seems to show that there is something lacking either in the instruction given, or the way in which it is given. And when no means can be found of training the youthful mind except such measures as have been recently taken by the Russian government, it seems evident that there is something fundamentally wrong in the system adopted. There are those who think that the unrest of the students is but a reflection of the unrest of the country as a whole. Hundreds of students have been exiled, and sent to serve in the army, police have been introduced into the Universities, professors of high standing who have protested against these proceedings have been dismissed, and the law recently made which granted a certain degree of autonomy, has been suspended. Fears are expressed by persons capable of forming a well-grounded opinion that even the existence of higher education in Russia is being imperilled.

The impossibility of going back referred to by M. Guchkoff, the President of the *Duma* in his address to the Tsar, was for a moment rendered somewhat doubtful by M. Stolypin's resignation of the Premiership which he has held for the past five years. This was due to the rejection by the Council of the Empire, which forms Russia's Second Chamber, or House of Lords, of the Bill for the establishment of *Zemtvoes* or Country Councils in Poland. This rejection was due to the opponents of constitutional government, and was meant to be a blow to the authority of the Premier. He felt it as such, and at once resigned. Events seem to have shown that M. Stolypin has proved himself, as Bismarck once was in Germany, the

necessary man. The Tsar earnestly requested him to withdraw his resignation. This, upon his own terms, he did. These terms proved very strange, and involved one of the worst blows to the constitutional manner of government which he has been trying to establish that could have been adopted. Although the rejected Bill might have been passed a second time by the *Duma*, M. Stolypin preferred to prorogue that assembly for a few days, and by virtue of an emergency clause in the Constitution, in the interval during which the *Duma* was not sitting to pass the Bill into the law by the sole authority of the Tsar. This way of acting seemed to be so manifest a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter of the Constitution, that it has caused great anxiety, it being thereby made evident how little real knowledge of that spirit is possessed even by the chief defenders of well-ordered government. So difficult is it to realize in practise professions of liberality and freedom. Further evidence of this inability was furnished by the censure passed by the Tsar, at the request of M. Stolypin, upon two of his opponents, M. Durnovo and General Trepoff. A free government cannot be maintained by petty acts of arbitrary personal rule. Perhaps, however, in the transition period such acts may be necessary; at least some people acclaim them as a victory over the reactionary forces which have for a long time been striving to revert to the old state of things.

Russia's relations with foreign countries remain unchanged, China having consented to the demands made upon her. In this matter it is generally recognized that China was in the wrong, and had violated the terms of the treaty which regulate the matters in question. The foreign affairs of China have fallen into the hands of an incompetent Minister, whose policy is an alternative between arrogant aggression and abject submission. A controversy has arisen between Great Britain and Russia about the extension of the Russian limits of inland waters; but there is no likelihood that this will involve any change in the cordiality which now exists between the two countries. The results of the long continued conversations with Germany, consequent upon the Potsdam interview—an interview which caused some little anxiety in France and even in Austria—have not so far been disclosed. The Navy is to be reorganized, although the *Duma* proved itself unwilling to vote all the money asked for by the government.

This led to the resignation of the Minister in charge of that department. The financial position is so good that it is not expected that it will be necessary to issue the loan of which there has been some talk.

Portugal.

If Russia finds it difficult to carry into effect the spirit of constitutional government, Portugal, although it has had a Constitution for many years, and has now become a Republic, seems even farther away from discovering the way to a practical realization of freedom. The judges who acquitted Senhor Franco, when he was put upon trial by the government, were made to feel that the measure of freedom accorded to them was limited to the carrying into effect of the behests of the present rulers, and for their obtuseness in this respect and their fidelity to duty they were sent out of the country.

On the other hand, to avowed anarchists of the worst type, not merely the protection, but the sympathetic support of the government has been accorded—a thing unparalleled in the history of the movement. The gentle art of "Bomb making in the Service of the Republic" is the title of a series of articles that appeared in a leading journal, a series which was received with outspoken applause by the public at large, and which had the approbation of the government. At the time of the Revolution last October many Republicans were provided with bombs. It is true, indeed, that only a few were used. But that the use of them would be legitimate to any necessary extent has been openly defended by responsible government ministers, and public opinion is utterly unconscious of the enormity of such proceedings. It is unable to discriminate between the lawful use of such weapons in war, and the claim of private individuals to settle their political difficulties by such means in time of peace. The "Museum of the Revolution" recently opened in Lisbon had a department devoted to a collection of bombs and grenades which had been or were to be used. It required the diplomatic action of certain of the Powers to bring to an end this disgraceful exhibition; but ministers and the public as a whole remain unconvinced. There are, of course, exceptions. A leading journalist, for example has become so disgusted that he has foresworn politics and retired into private life.

It need not be a matter of surprise that a government which looks with favor upon assassination should not look with equal favor upon the bishops and clergy, even although they have accepted the Republic, and urged upon the faithful the duty of respecting present institutions and the Constitutional powers, even if such should be unfavorable to the Church. In a pastoral the Bishops recognized the benefits of some of the measures of the provisional government, such as the suppression of duelling, gambling and prostitution. But because a protest was made against the many irreligious decrees which the government has issued, the priests were forbidden to read the pastoral in the churches, and one of the bishops has been deprived of his See. The Separation of Church and State is to be carried into effect, but payment is to be made to the clergy holding benefices, and the churches, chapels and buildings in use for religious purposes are to be handed over to the Church, subject to the duty of maintenance. Such at least are the most recent proposals. It is, however, doubtful whether they will be carried into effect. Although the people in the cities seem thoroughly alienated from the Church, the country people, especially those in the North, are beginning to show their disapprobation of these proposals. There are even rumors of movements for the restoration of the monarchy, and arrests have been made of suspected individuals. Repeated strikes have taken place in various parts; the soldiers have had to be called out, and in one place have had to fire with fatal effects upon the strikers and their sympathizers.

Differences are developing among the Ministers, but they seem united in the desire to remain in office, and have deferred to the last few weeks what was in reality their first and only duty—the preparation for the calling of the Constitutional Assembly. The Electoral Law has, however, at last been published, settling the franchise upon which the Assembly is to be elected. It gives a vote to all Portuguese over twenty-one years of age who are able to read and write, or who maintain parents or relations. A small payment is to be made to the Deputies—something less than five dollars a sitting. After postponing the elections no less than four times, May 16 is at last fixed. The reason given for these postponements is that several northern districts are influenced

by the clergy, and the government desired more time to propagate their own views. It cannot be said that the prospect for the establishment of free government, when the course of events in the past few months is taken into account, is very bright.

Spain.

The situation in Spain remains very doubtful, and no one can foresee what course events will take. To everybody's surprise the Canalejas Ministry suddenly resigned a short time ago, but the King hastened to give such strong assurances of his confidence and support, that the Premier consented to resume office, and having reconstructed his cabinet by the elimination of the former Minister of War who was not in thorough sympathy with him, remains in power in order to carry out the policy to which he has committed himself.

The proffer of the resignation was due to the force of military opinion, and to the seemingly eternal Ferrer question. Spain has not yet emerged from the domination of force as represented by the army. The military authorities were dissatisfied with the defense of the military judges in the Ferrer case which was made by Señor Canalejas during the debate in the Cortes. This dissatisfaction was conveyed to the Premier and rendered his continuance in office impossible, at least, so he thought. But the King felt it was a good opportunity to vindicate the supremacy of the civil authority over the military, and in this he had the support of large numbers both inside and outside of the Cortes, who felt it to be a crisis affecting the very essence of the Parliamentary *régime* and the Constitution. So far, therefore, as things have gone, the supremacy of the civil over the military power has been asserted; but whether the victory will be permanent cannot yet be said, and is very doubtful.

The debate in the Cortes on the trial of Señor Ferrer, which was the occasion of the ministerial crisis, lasted more than a week, and took place partly before and partly after that crisis. It showed how deep an impression on the public mind had been made by that event, and his subsequent execution. The object of those who raised the question after so long a time had elapsed, was to secure a revision of the legal sen-

tence. This was opposed by the Premier. The Minister of Justice, however, admitted that a revision of the military code might with advantage be undertaken in a spirit more compatible with modern ideas.

The relations between France and Spain have not been of so cordial a character of late as they have been in recent years. Nothing like a breach is to be anticipated, but certain things have taken place in Morocco which have called for the criticism of the Spaniards, many of whom claim the right to be the dominating influence in that country, and to have a reversionary right to the possession of it, should the much-to-be-desired event of the extinction of the present rule come about. The appointment of French instructors for the Sultan's army has called forth a protest. The reorganization of the police force, a projected railway to be built by the French from Tangier to Fez, and other matters have raised a spirit of controversy, so that it has even been proposed by some to abrogate the treaty which imposes upon Spain the obligation of consulting France regarding enterprises to be undertaken in Morocco by Spain. Certain agents of France in Morocco have met with harsh treatment from Spanish authorities on the spot. Negotiations are being carried on between the two countries, and there is every likelihood that a satisfactory settlement will be made. In other respects the state of things seems to be satisfactory. The strikes which not long ago were so many seem to have come to an end. But the Associations Bill, involving the fate of the religious orders, is soon to be made a matter of discussion.

With Our Readers

THE Laetare medal for this year does indeed give occasion for rejoicing, since it is awarded to the widely and warmly admired writer, Miss Agnes Repplier. The medal, which is the highest honor within the gifts of the University of Notre Dame, is, in this case, "for distinguished achievement in letters and the noble exemplification of Catholic womanhood." It could not have been more fitly awarded.

Miss Repplier is well known to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. She is, as her name implies, of French descent. She was born and educated in Philadelphia, graduating from the Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale, Pennsylvania; she has also received the degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Pennsylvania. Of her literary beginnings Miss Repplier herself has told in a recent article (November, 1909) in THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

> The first cheque for fifty dollars that I ever received (and a lordly sum it seemed) came from THE CATHOLIC WORLD for a story which I am now inclined to think was not worth the money. The first criticism I ever wrote was an essay on Mr. Ruskin (how many years has it been since essays on Ruskin had a market?) which was undertaken by the advice of Father Hecker, and was published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Father Hecker told me that my stories were mechanical, and gave no indication of being transcripts from life. "I fancy," he said, "that you know more about books than you do about life, that you are more of a reader than an observer. What author do you read the most?"
>
> I told him "Ruskin"; an answer which nine out of ten studious girls would have given at that date.
>
> "Then," said he, "write me something about Ruskin, and make it brief."
>
> That essay turned my feet into the path which I have trodden laboriously ever since.

Since that time Miss Repplier's contributions have appeared frequently in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harpers*, the *Century*, *Lippincotts*, and other magazines. They have been for the most part essays, and are collected and published in the volumes called *Books and Men*, (1888), *Points of View* (1891), *Essays in Miniature* (1892), *Essays in Idleness* (1893), *In The Dozy Hours* (1894), *Compromises* (1904), and *A Happy Half Century* (1908). Among Miss Repplier's other books are *Philadelphia, the Place and the People* (1901), *The Fireside Sphinx* (1901), a volume dear to all cat lovers; and a reminiscence of her Sacred Heart school life called *In Our Convent Days:* she is also the compiler of a *Book of Famous Verse for Children*. Miss Repplier has found and is sure of her public. In calling herself a "lesser light," she says that her public is a small

one, "such as befits the modest nature of the illumination." It is at any rate a public firm in admiration, and enlarges steadily.

* * *

There is difficulty in attempting a mild, critical appreciation of Miss Repplier's work. It is a quick temptation to run to superlatives. On the essays in particular we really must claim the luxury of one "most"; there can be little doubt that the shelf of modern light essays owes its most delightful contributions to Miss Repplier. In admiring her revival of the almost lost art of the essayist, Dr. Howard Furness says very aptly: "There is no form of essay that she has not touched, and she has touched nothing that she has not adorned. Her wisdom is illumined, and her wit is controlled by her wisdom." The essays are written with a delicious, feminine humor, productive of the "still smiles" which Carlyle insists are the test of true humor, and always from a point of view before unfound. A critic in the *Outlook* (1904), in discussing this originality, says very well, that one must look curiously to find it.

"For," he continues, "like a hostess, she makes her own personality felt through her guidance of the thought of others rather than by her own particulars. . . . Her own originality, perhaps distinction would be a better word, depends almost wholly upon the fusion of liberty, politeness, and clarity, with which she always approaches her subject."

* * *

Those of Miss Repplier's essays which deal with literary subjects really justify the presence of one word "perfect" in the vocabulary of criticism. "Books about Books" form a type which she herself has smilingly disdained as second class after all, but they never fail to endear themselves to booklovers, and her own are a justification of the type. She selects our favorites in the literary picture-gallery and frames them in gossamer gold for our sure delight. Which of us does not smile more tenderly over his Dickens since Miss Repplier's "Humors of Gastronomy?" And how doubly dear is *Cranford* since Miss Repplier has been there, too!

In her writing Miss Repplier is not belligerently, but always correctly and deeply a Catholic. She has written for the Catholic and secular press alike, though it was through the former, as we have seen, that her work was first introduced. Her religion, which she has neither flaunted nor concealed, has never been a hindrance, as she stated, quite sanely and practically, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, of November, 1909:

> I have never in all these years found it necessary to ignore, much less conceal, my faith. I could not if I would. When faith is the most vital thing in life, when it is the source of our widest sympathies and of our

deepest feelings, when we owe to it whatever distinction of mind and harmony of soul we possess, we cannot push it *intentionally* out of sight without growing flat and dry through insincerity.

Miss Repplier's success is, of course, a matter of pride to American Catholics, and all are rejoicing at the new honor conferred upon her. The University of Notre Dame chose well; it has indeed given its Laetare medal for "distinguished achievement in letters and the noble exemplification of Catholic womanhood."

THE Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies, of which His Grace the Archbishop of New York is Honorary President, will open next fall a School of Social Studies with the object of training a limited number of Catholic men in a thorough knowledge of the questions that are usually grouped under the term "Socialism" so that these men will form a corps of lecturers available for service anywhere without charge. The courses will consist of three main departments *viz.*, Historical, Ethical and Economic, and will continue through the winter and spring.

In addition the School of Social Studies will establish a course of popular lectures on the "Layman's Difficulties" in the fields of (1) Historical and Biblical Criticism (2) Social and Political Theories (3) "Modern Science" so-called—also lectures from time to time upon matters of "current controversy" as they occur. Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J., Rev. John Corbett, S.J., Dr. James J. Walsh, Ph. D., M.D., and Messrs. Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., John A. Ryan, Andrew J. Shipman and Thomas F. Woodlock will give the courses in the School and the lectures. The League will issue a booklet this summer giving details of these courses.

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.

WRITTEN IN 1891 BY LIONEL JOHNSON.

The ancient sense of that word manners included much that we now call morals; it was in this sense that William of Wykeham took for his motto, and for the motto of his famous colleges, the fine sentence at the head of these remarks. And in truth the severance in thought and in expression of manners from morals is not a little to be deplored; spiritual grace and polite graces should go together. The most winning saint is not an Ignatius Loyola, but a Philip Neri; the most amiable sage is not a churlish Diogenes, but a gracious Plato.

Yet, since manners and morals are no longer practised as necessary parts of one virtue—good conduct—it remains to consider certain aspects of good manners to which the present age is growing

blind. To express our meaning clearly and concisely, let us lay it down for a sure truth that there should be a ritual to common life. So great a value did Comte attach to this truth that he sought to impose upon his followers a hieratic and definite scheme of rules for the management of daily life. But he was for converting the private and the public decencies of life, with their peculiar and individual charms, into an arbitrary code; which was a mistake. He would preserve order at the cost of grace; and, let Carlyle say what he will, drill is not always the best discipline.

Yet we should all so regulate our lives that in our habits and behavior there be nothing to offend against good taste, propriety, and order. "As the order of the stars in their courses doth delight me, so doth order in the lives of men." That was the mind of Pliny, a master in the art of graceful living. By this grace and order, we mean not a tedious precision of carriage and address, nor a tiresome addiction to method in the details of life, but rather a courtesy which nothing can surprise, and a graciousness never wanting. These details of life and little trifles of the hour can contribute greatly to our happiness, or minister greatly to our discomfort and discontent. Have we not all known many a man who goes through the world with this label attached to him—"A blunt, honest man, who speaks his mind plainly, and does not stand on ceremony?" How offensive the creature can be! If only he would stand on ceremony; if only he would not be quite so plain, so blunt, so unamiable!

Some patron of the rugged virtues may reply: "Would you exalt Deportment above all things? Are we to obey my Lord Chesterfield and to cover ourselves with French polish?" That is to miss the point. What we desire is not affectation in ourselves, but consideration for others. Life is a very rough business of struggle and of toil; we encounter each other hourly, and enter into innumerable relations with each other. Then let us try whether we cannot make something pleasant out of all these circumstances, not glazing over our lives with forms and ceremonies, but adorning them. Much that we indiscriminately condemn in the polite manners and the careful civility of former times was merely an expression of a desire to cultivate the gracious and comely side of life; to maintain a distinction of bearing under all circumstances. It is easy to cry out upon artificiality and affectation; it is not so easy to avoid boorishness and discourtesy.

In four excellent old books the practice of gentle manners is finely preached: the *Galateo* of Casa, the *Cortegiano* of Castiglione, the *Euphues* of Lyly, the *Compleat Gentleman* of Peacham. No one pretends that social courtesy can be taught to a man by nature a

churl; but these books present to us pictures of high and fine character, in which the outward ornaments of manner are but the signs of inward gentleness and nobility. Dickens has drawn the portraits of Sir John Chester and Mr. Turveydrop, and we have ridiculed and despised them with great zest and propriety. But modern "society" is in no danger of becoming so courtly as to be contemptible, so artificial as to be ludicrous. Rather, modern "society" seems enamoured of "popular" manners, and to be for abolishing as many marks of good breeding as possible; ignoring the certain fact that "popular" manners, in the true sense of "popular," are apt to have a natural dignity of their own. But manners are becoming "cosmopolitan." Ostentation and abruptness; recklessness and restiveness; vulgarity and avarice—they are all plain to see in the midst of us. Leisure gives place to hurry, serenity to anxiety, reverence to an ignoble familiarity. Loquax talks of Urbanus, "Quite of the old school, you know, a fossil of the last century." It only means that Urbanus has courteous ways, precision of speech, a quiet manner.

In an age of change and confusion, let us cherish urbanity, kindliness, mutual respect; that happy disposition of life which gives a value to all intercourse between all sorts and conditions of men. From the lack of that disposition come unhappy events and unhappy suspicions and unhappy recriminations. Two hundred years ago and more, a King of England wrote thus to his eldest son, after discussing "house-games" and the like: "Now it is not only lawfull but necessaire that yee have companie meete for every thing yee take on hand, as well in your games and exercises, as in your grave and earnest affairs. But learn to distinguish time according to the occasion, choosing your companie accordingly. And have the like respect to the seasons of your age, using all sortes of recreation and companie therefore agreeing thereunto." Great and small, old and young, rich and poor, may learn wisdom even now from King James I.

A CORRESPONDANT has informed us that a statement made in our review of *Robert Kimberley*, by Frank H. Spearman, in the April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is entirely unwarranted. Upon investigating the matter we find that the correspondant is right, and we were wrong in stating, as we did, "that if Mr. Spearman's priests really must use Latin phrases, they should, at least, use correct ones." We regret the error, and we are glad of this opportunity again to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Spearman's interesting novel.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
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HENRY GEORGE AND PRIVATE PROPERTY.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.

AN article entitled, "The Right to Rent and the Unearned Increment," in a recent number of a Catholic theological magazine, is only one of many signs of reawakened interest in the limits and moral validity of private landownership. Among other indications may be mentioned the legal fixation of Irish rents by British authorities; the all but compulsory sale of Irish land to its cultivators; the remarkably rapid spread in Germany of the practice of laying a special tax upon the increases in land values; the recent adoption of the same policy, and other innovations in land taxation by the British parliament, through the so-called Lloyd-George budget; the serious discussion of the proposal to apply this fiscal measure to American cities; and the renewed activity, and gradually increasing numbers of the followers of Henry George everywhere. Probably the most plausible, if not the most powerful, attack ever made upon private property in land was that of Henry George, in his *Progress and Poverty*. Probably, too, the strength of his attack, as well as the measure of success that it obtained, have been chiefly due to the fact that it was based for the most part upon moral grounds. Whatever be the value of his arguments, he undoubtedly showed a correct insight into human nature, and a practical view of

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the problem before him, when he wrote at the beginning of his chapter on "The Injustice of Private Property in Land:"

> When it is proposed to abolish private property in land the first question that will arise is that of justice. Though often warped by habit, superstition, and selfishness into the most distorted forms, the sentiment of justice is yet fundamental to the human mind, and whatever dispute arouses the passions of men, the conflict is sure to rage, not so much as to the question 'Is it wise?' as to the question 'Is it right?'
>
> "This tendency of popular discussions to take an ethical form has a cause. It springs from a law of the human mind; it rests upon a vague and instinctive recognition of what is probably the deepest truth we can grasp. That alone is wise which is just; that alone is enduring which is right.

In view of this renewed interest in the land question, and the inevitable increase in the influence of George's theories, the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD may possibly be interested in an examination of his ethical arguments.

Every concrete property right, whether to land or to artificial goods, is based upon some fact or ground called a title. It is the title that justifies a man in appropriating a particular farm, house, or hat. Titles are of two kinds, original and derived, the former being the fact by which a person becomes the owner of an ownerless thing; while a derived title is one which derives from some previous owner, and by which the ownership of a thing is transferred from one person to another. Since there cannot be an infinite series of owners, every derived title must be traceable to an original title. The derived titles are chiefly contract, inheritance, and prescription; the original titles are, according to some authorities, first occupancy and labor, while others maintain that there is only one original title. Among the defenders of private landownership, the prevailing view has always been that the one original title is occupation. If this title be not valid every derived title is worthless, and no man has a true right to the land that he calls his own. One of Henry George's arguments against the institution of private property in land consists of an attack on this title of first occupancy. Here it is in substance:

> Priority of occupation gives exclusive and perpetual title to the surface of a globe on which, in the order of nature, count-

> less generations succeed each other! . . . Has the first comer at a banquet the right to turn back all the chairs and claim that none of the other guests shall partake of the food provided, except as they make terms with him? Does the first man who presents a ticket at the door of a theatre, and passes in, acquire by his priority the right to shut the doors and have the performance go on for him alone? . . . And to this manifest absurdity does the recognition of the individual right to land come when carried to its ultimate that any one human being, could he concentrate in himself the individual rights to the land of any country, could expel therefrom all the rest of the inhabitants; and could he thus concentrate the individual rights to the whole surface of the globe, he alone of all the teeming population of the earth would have the right to live (*Progress and Poverty*, book vii., Chap. I.)

In passing it may be noted that George was not the first important writer to use the illustration drawn from the theatre. Cicero, St. Basil, and St. Thomas Aquinas all employed it in refutation of the exaggerated claims of private ownership. In answer to George's argument and illustration we say, first, that the right of ownership created by first occupancy is not unlimited either in power or in extent; and, second, that the injustice resulting from private landownership in practice has in very few instances been due to first occupation of excessively large tracts of land. The right to appropriate land that no one else has yet claimed does not include the right to take a whole region or continent, so that all subsequent arrivals are obliged to become tenants of the first. There seems to be no good reason why the first occupant is justified in claiming as his own more than he can cultivate by his own labor, or with the assistance of those who are under contract to labor for him, or who prefer to be his tenants or his employees rather than independent proprietors. Neither is the right of private landownership unlimited in its powers or comprehension. Even though a man should have become the rightful owner of all the land in a neighborhood, he would have no moral right to exclude from its use persons who could not without extreme inconvenience find a living elsewhere. He would be obliged to let them cultivate it in return for a fair rental. The Christian conception of the limitations of private ownership as to its comprehension, is practically illus-

trated in the action of Pope Clement IV., who permitted strangers to use the third part of any estate which the proprietor refused to cultivate himself (*Cf.* Ardant, *Papes et Paysans*, 1891, pp. 41, sq.).

Ownership conceived as the right to do what one pleases with one's own, is the product partly of the Roman Law, partly of the Code Napoléon, and partly, perhaps chiefly, of modern theories of individualism and *laissez-faire*. In the second place, the abuses which have occurred in the exercise of the right of private property in land are very rarely traceable to abuses of the right of first occupancy. The men who have taken too much land, and the men who have used their land to oppress their fellows, have scarcely ever been first occupants, or the successors of first occupants through the titles of purchase, cession, or inheritance. This is especially true of modern abuses and modern legal titles. In the words of Herbert Spencer:

> Violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, the claims of superior cunning—these are the sources to which these titles may be traced. The original deeds were written with the sword rather than with pen: not lawyers, but soldiers, were the conveyancers: blows were the current coin given in payment, and for seals blood was used in preference to wax. *Social Statics*, 1850, Chap. IX.

(The fact that in a later edition of this work Spencer retracted the views on landownership that he defended in the first edition, does not affect the reality of the conditions that he describes in the passage quoted above). In so far as the evils of private landownership are attributable to the titles by which the land is or has been held, other titles than first occupancy must be held responsible. Moreover, in England, and in all countries that have adopted the legal system of England, the title of first occupancy has never been available by individuals: all unoccupied land has been claimed by the Crown or by the State, and thence, subject to the supreme ownership of the State, transferred to private persons or corporations. If individuals have got too much land through this process, the State, and not the title of first occupancy, must bear the blame. The history of the United States and of Australasia affords good examples of this responsibility.

We conclude, then, that George's attack upon private landownership through the title of first occupancy is ineffective, because he attributes to this title characters that it does not possess, and consequences for which it is not accountable.

Nor is he more successful in his attempt to set up labor as the original title of all ownership, and thence to establish the conclusion that land, as not produced by labor, cannot become the object of a property right. "There can be to the ownership of anything no rightful title which is not derived from the title of the producer, and does not rest upon the natural right of the man to himself" (*Progress and Poverty, loc. cit.*). By labor he does not mean the mere exertion involved in taking possession. If he did he would be obliged to sanction the thief's possession of the goods obtained by personal theft. George has in mind productive labor, labor that creates utility, labor that adds utility to a thing by changing either its form, as when a piece of cloth is made into a coat, or its place, as when flour is carried from the mill to the housewife's kitchen. Inasmuch as the latter kind of labor brings flour into conjunction with greater wants than those existing at the mill, it is quite as productive in the economic sense as the labor of making coats or grinding wheat. In all three cases labor creates utility, that is, the power to satisfy human wants.

The fundamental principle upon which George bases his assertion that labor is the only original title of property, is man's right to himself, to the exercise of his own faculties. Undoubtedly man does possess, dependently upon God, a right to himself and to the use of his own powers; but the exercise of this right alone will never enable him to produce anything, or to become the owner of anything. Man produces only by exerting his faculties upon something outside of himself, that is, the goods of external nature. In his *Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.*" (Under No. 2 of Leo's reasons for private landownership) George writes:

> Since the changes in which man's production consists, inhere in matter so long as they persist, the right of private ownership attaches the accident to the essence, and gives the right of ownership to that natural material in which the labor of production is embodied.

But whence comes the right of the producer to take possession of the raw material upon which he wishes to impress his labor? An indirect answer is found to this question in the chapter of *Progress and Poverty*, from which we have made our previous quotations: "The right to the produce of labor cannot be enjoyed without the free use of the opportunities offered by nature." If we eliminate the misleading term "free" we recognize that the latter part of this sentence describes a natural right of the individual. For the right to use and acquire some of the gifts of nature on reasonable conditions is the fundamental right of property. It inheres in all persons, and is equal in all, because all have the same personal dignity, and the same essential needs, and because the Creator of both nature and men, Who alone would have authority to do so, has not indicated that there is any distinction of persons in the matter of this fundamental right. It is the primary right of *property*, just as the right to use one's faculties is the primary right of *activity*. Nevertheless, since it does not of itself specify or cover any determinate portion of the natural bounty, it is a general and abstract right. In order to become concreted in some particular thing, it stands in need of some kind of title. Can such a title be found in mere labor? Evidently not, when the natural goods are scarce and have an economic value; for in such cases the individual, according to George, should pay rent to "the community to satisfy the equal rights of all other members of the community" (*Progress and Poverty, loc. cit.*). Since the individual must pay this price before he begins to produce, his right to the use of natural opportunities is not "free," nor does labor alone constitute a title to those natural powers that are appropriated in production. Consequently the right to use natural bounties, plus the expenditure of labor, do not suffice to create a right to the concrete product.

Of itself labor gives the producer a right to the utility or value that he adds to the raw material, and only to that value. His right to the raw material itself, that is, the natural elements that he withdraws from the common store, and fashions into the product, say, wheat, lumber, or steel, does not originate in the title of labor, but in that of contract, the contract by which he was enabled to use the bounties of nature on payment of rent to the community. This, according to the last-quoted statement of George, is the condition by which the

producer is justified in using and appropriating a portion of the natural forces. Until he has complied with this condition he can, manifestly, acquire no right to the product into which these natural forces, as well as his own labor, have entered. George's own statement shows that the right to the product does not spring from labor alone, but from labor, plus compensation to the community for the use of a part of nature's bounty. Since the contract by which the prospective user agrees to pay this compensation or rent must precede his application of labor, it and not labor is the prior original title to the product. Since the contract is made with a particular community for the use of a particular piece of land, it must derive ultimately from the occupation of that land by that community, or by some previous community of which the existing community is either the heir or the moral continuer. Hence the logic of George's argument leads inevitably to the conclusion that the original title of ownership, at least in the matter of products drawn from economically valuable land, is first occupancy.

Even in the case of those natural goods that are unlimited relatively to the existing demand, the original title of ownership is likewise occupation, not labor. George declares that the traveler who has exercised the forethought of filling vessels with water at a free-for-all spring, owns that water when he has carried it into a desert, and owns it by the title of labor (*Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.*, under No. 2 of Leo's arguments). But in its original state this water belongs either to the community or to nobody. In the former supposition, it can become the property of the person who carries it away only through an explicit or implicit gift from the community. Consequently, it is the contract of gift, and not labor of any sort, that constitutes his title, just as the contract of hiring creates the right by which a man can claim the gold that he takes from a public mine. Nor does his right to the water originate in a title of labor, if we suppose that the spring is absolutely ownerless. The labor that he expends in carrying the water into the desert is not the title, for the water was already his before he began the journey, from the moment that he had separated it from the spring. His labor of transportation gave him a right to the *utility thus added* to the water, not a right to the water itself. Perhaps the labor of taking

the water from the spring into a vessel is the true title. Again we must reply in the negative, for labor of itself cannot create a right to the material upon which it is exerted, as we see in the case of stolen money, or of a hat made out of material that the maker does not own. If it be contended that labor together with the natural right to use the ownerless goods of nature, the goods unclaimed even by society, has all the elements of a valid title, the assertion must be rejected as unprecise and inadequate. For the right to use ownerless natural goods is a general and abstract right, a right to water in general, to some water, but not a right to a definite portion of the water in this particular spring. This general and abstract right needs to become specific and concrete through some title, and the sufficient title in this case is the title of apprehension, occupation, separation of a particular portion from the natural reservoir. Hence it is apprehension in the sense of mere seizure of an ownerless good, not labor in the sense of productive activity, nor labor in the sense of painful exertion, that constitutes the precise title whereby the man becomes the owner of the water which he has put into his cup or jug. In the present case the acts of apprehension and of productive labor (the labor is productive because water is more useful in a cup than in a spring) are, indeed, the same physically, but they are distinct logically and ethically; for one is mere occupation, while the other is production; and ownership of a thing must precede, in the order of morals if not in time, productive labor exerted upon it.

In the section of the *Open Letter* already cited, George virtually abandons the labor argument. To the objection, "if private property in land be not just, then private property in the products of land is not just, as the material of these products is taken from the land," he replies that the right of ownership in products "is in reality a mere right of temporary possession," since the raw material in them sooner or later returns to the "reservoirs provided for all, . . . and thus the ownership of them by one works no injury to others." On the other hand, insists George, private ownership of land shuts out other people from the use of the very reservoirs. Although this difference does exist between the two kinds of property, it is not always as important as George assumes. Whether a mine be exhausted through the operations of a private owner

or a leaseholder, makes no difference to the people, so far as the public resources are concerned, and need not make any difference in the price paid to the community. In both cases the reservoirs of nature are depleted to the same extent, and there is no reason why the mine may not be sold by the State to the private owner for a sum as large as the aggregate of royalties received from the leaseholder. However, we shall deal specifically with this point in another place. Here we wish rather to note the fact that, in replying to the Pope's objection to the logic of the labor argument, George does not meet it directly, but shifts his ground to a consideration of consequences. This is a title of social utility, not the title of abor.

To sum up the whole discussion on the original title of ownership: George's attack upon the title of first occupancy is unsuccessful because founded upon an exaggeration of the powers of private property in land, and a false assumption concerning the responsibility of that title for the historical evils of the system. His attempt to substitute labor as the original title of ownership is likewise a failure, inasmuch as labor can give a title only to the utility added to natural materials, not to the materials themselves. The original title of ownership in the latter is occupation. Whence it follows that the title to an artificial thing, a joint product of nature and labor, such as a hat, water taken from a spring, or a fish drawn from the sea, is a joint title, or a twofold title, namely, occupation and labor. Where the product embodies scarce and economically valuable raw material, occupation is prior to labor in time; whether the raw material be economically valuable, or free as the ownerless spring, occupation is prior to labor logically and ethically. Consequently we may say that the one original title of all property, both natural and artificial, is first occupancy. Since labor is not the original title, its absence in the case of land does not leave that form of private property unjustified. The title of first occupancy remains. Finally, the grounds upon which George asserts that labor can give a temporary but not a permanent right of ownership, do not pertain to the nature of labor itself, but derive all their force from considerations of social welfare.

The follower of Henry George might accept all of the foregoing propositions, and yet reject private property in land.

Without contradicting himself, he could still contend that the land, the raw material of nature, belongs to the community, and that to the community should go the chief advantage of landownership, namely, rent. He could still accept and urge the following contention of his teacher:

> The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. For we cannot suppose that some men have a right to be in this world, and others no right. *Progress and Poverty*, *loc. cit.*

From this principle he could draw the conclusion that no man has a right of "exclusive ownership in land," that the individual can enjoy only the right of exclusive *use* of land, and this on condition that he pay its annual rental value to the community.

Let us admit at the outset that the principle just quoted from George is extremely plausible, and seems to be in harmony with the ideal of justice in the matter of the distribution of God's natural gifts among His children. Its moral force is underestimated, and the constructive proposals based upon it are insufficiently considered by many of its opponents. What exactly are these proposals and practical conclusions?

George maintains that men's equal rights to land are fully realized when the community receives all the economic rent, and when, so far as practicable, all persons are allowed to use some portion of land on payment of this rent. Although he does not employ the terminology, we shall not misrepresent his thought if for convenience we call the former the *indirect* and the latter the *direct* use or enjoyment of land by the individual. The individual uses land indirectly, gets indirect benefit from the land, inasmuch as he is a member of a community which receives the rent of the land that it occupies; and the equal rights of all the members to the indirect use of land are satisfied only when the community gets all the rent, that is, the full amount that all the lands of the community are annually worth to the direct users. In every community there are some lands so poor that their product will merely cover the expenses of production, leaving no surplus in the form of rent, and, therefore, having no economic value. They

are, consequently, of no importance with reference to men's equal rights to the indirect enjoyment of land. A right to a valueless thing is itself valueless.

With regard to the direct use of land, men's equal rights are fully realized and protected when they are enabled to occupy and use land on condition of paying to the community the full rental value of the same every year. Undoubtedly there are many regions in which some men would be unable to obtain the direct use of producing lands, such as farms, mines, and forests, because these had been already fully occupied. Nevertheless their equal land-rights would not be violated. If they are unwilling to pay more rent than the present occupiers, they are no more unjustly treated than the unsuccessful bidders at an auction sale. Since it is impossible that two men should possess the same thing at the same time, the only fair and practical method of determining their conflicting claims is to favor the first possessor or the first arrival. Moreover, the unsuccessful seeker for producing land still enjoys his equal right to the social value of land, that is, to his share of the rent received by the community, and also his equal right to the direct and actual use of land for building. Since there will always be more than sufficient land for this purpose, and since no man would care to claim or control more of it than he could actually use, building sites would be practically available for all. The reason why a man would not wish to hold more than he could actually use is because he would be compelled to pay rent for the unused as well as for the used land. He would have no inducement to hold it as a speculation, hoping that it would become more valuable; for every increase in value would be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the rent that he would have to pay to the community. He could not expect to sell it, because the annual rent to be paid by the purchaser would leave the latter no interest on his investment. Obviously these statements are true of agricultural lands as well as of building sites. Finally, men's equal rights to the indirect use of land would not be violated by the fact that they were in possession of unequal amounts of land. Inasmuch as the holder of large tracts would pay to the community their full annual value, he would enjoy no gift of nature for which he had not returned adequate compensation, in which all the

members of the community would share. Persons who might wish to use a part of such a tract, but who were unwilling to give a larger rent for it than the present holder, would have a less valid claim than he, owing to his priority of occupation. For social reasons, as well as for the sake of the landless individuals, it might be better that large estates should be broken up, and the number of cultivators increased; but this is a detail that is neither excluded nor required by the essence of the theory or system.

That the foregoing pages present fairly and adequately the substance of George's meaning when he asserts that men have equal rights to the use of land, as well as the essentials of the method, the Single Tax System, by which he proposed to actualize these rights, will be evident to any one who examines his work and theory as a whole. Consequently, any attempt to refute this fundamental principle by assuming that it implies an actual opportunity for all persons to use agricultural land directly, or a right to equal amounts of land, or a right to any particular kind of land, or a right to equal amounts of the means of existence, or a right to equal amounts of property, is futile and irrevelant. While the principle taken by itself, and George's confusion of the right to land with the right to existence, might justify one of these interpretations, other passages from his work show that they cannot fairly be attributed to him.

Have men equal rights to land in the sense above explained? Are some men unjustly treated when, through private ownership, other men possess and use land without paying to the community its annual rent? These questions the followers of George answer in the affirmative, and the defenders of private ownership in the negative. We shall discuss them in a succeeding article.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MOSQUES AND CARAVANSERAI.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

AT some of the desert-side towns—towns which may be called the desert ports, since it is to them that the wandering caravans in their journeys across the waste converge—there are to be found certain hostelries very characteristic of the nomadic Arab life, and which have exercised, perhaps, some effect upon Arab architecture.

These caravanserai, as they are called, are built in the form of ample quadrangles, fifty to a hundred yards square, open and unroofed but with a row of rude sheds or stalls for beasts at one end, or perhaps round three sides of the square, the remaining side being occupied by the rather better but still very rough accommodation provided for travelers. A well or tap of water is an essential feature in every caravanserai, and a strong, outer wall is a needful defense against prowling thieves and brigands.

I would not, from my own experiences of such places, recommend them for the use of Europeans. They are, indeed, exceedingly picturesque, and when night falls and fires are lit in the central space, and the Arabs in their pale bournouses gather round the blaze, lolling or squatting in loose groups with their bronze faces half-seen, half-hooded, while in the background the tethered camels gurgle and grunt fitfully discernible in the obscurity—then, at such times, the interior of a caravanserai will offer pictures which tempt one to forget its many inconveniences.

It has, however, nothing to offer in the way of accommodations but bare walls and water; it is in a state of extreme filth owing to the presence of so many animals, and, from the same cause, is infested with vermin to an extent rather unusual even in Oriental lodgings.

Nevertheless, rough and squalid as they are, these caravanserai possess in a marked degree that kind of attraction

and comeliness which belong to things which are in tune with their surroundings. Their response to the necessities of the country is obvious. As simply and effectively as possible they offer safe harborage for man and beast together with the ever indispensable supply of water. In their adaptation to desert need one reads the proof of their antiquity. All Arab things are very changeless, partly perhaps because the conditions of Arab life, fixed by the desert, are themselves so changeless, and these caravanserai doubtless date from long before the dawn of written Arab history.

From the earliest recorded times the desert has been rife with marauders and cattle lifters, and wherever routes met and the opportunity was given what more obvious than to erect buildings, half inn, half fortress, where the merchant and the shepherds might lie in security?

Out of such simple demands has the structure of the caravanserai, unvarying to this day in all the deserts of the near East, arisen, and I think that all who are at all familiar with the desert must look upon these structures in the light of traditional and essential elements in desert life.

Whether the early Arab mosques were built in direct imitation of these ancient hostelries or came to resemble them by answering to the same requirements is a question difficult to answer; but, at any rate, the resemblance between the two is palpable. The early mosques are entirely distinct from later Arab architecture. They belong in reality not so much to cities as to the desert. Specimens are to be seen at Mecca, Cordova, Cairo, Kairouan and perhaps elsewhere. The last of these sacred enclosures visited by the writer was the mosque of Okba at Kairouan in Tunisia, next to Mecca and Medinah, the most holy of all Arab shrines, though since the French conquest of the city much of its sanctity would seem to have evaporated.

For some months we had been traveling across the Sahara, exposed all day to the glare of the African sun, and it may be that during that time we had unconsciously imbibed something of Arab tastes and the Arab point of view. At any rate, I remember that the feeling of deep satisfaction and content which I experienced on finding myself after these wanderings among the cool colonnades of the great mosque was such as no other form of architecture could possibly have

afforded me. It seemed I had lost touch with the more complicated styles.

He who has become used to the desert, who has fared on a few dates and a morsel of kid, whose only drink has been the brackish water of desert springs, who has grown accustomed to the freedom of those ample spaces and has lived day and night in the consciousness of the desert's vacancy and vastness—such a one has no inclination to seek from art any difficult or complicated effects. They would be at variance with his mood. The strictly enclosed interiors and all the involved decorative and structural features of a northern church or cathedral would arouse feelings too out of touch with recent existence to be tolerable. He must, ere he can appreciate the northern styles, recollect himself and recall his knowledge of history and the tradition of his race. In short, he must awaken from the desert mood, and put on the thoughts of civilized man before civilized art can touch him. Then, when he has done that, when the feelings and emotions which he experienced in the desert are forgotten, he will be free to enter again into the thoughts which have inspired European art and to feel its many attractions.

Then, but not till then. So long as the desert's influence lasts, so long as the consciousness of that vacancy and vastness is upon him, so long as the desert's primitive simplicity holds him, he will not find an utterance for his feelings in northern art, but will be driven to discover one in an original style adapted to the mood of the desert itself.

It is, as was already said of the caravanserai, their perfect adaptability to their surroundings which lend beauty to the early mosques. In form they are the caravanserai almost literally repeated—a large quadrangle walled in and bare to the sky, flanked on the inside with arched cloisters round each of its four sides and with a well in its midst, being the dominant features common to both. They are scarcely to be called architecture, a word which suggests ordered masses and stories of masonry. Hardly, in our sense of the term, are they structures at all. A European might wander through them from end to end and exclaim at last: "Where is the mosque?"

Yet do these simple enclosures possess a charm and an interest never afterward attained by Arab architecture. Under the cloistral arcade I stood and looked out betwixt faded

green columns on the open spaces beyond. The arches cast a deep, cool shade; deepest at the Mecca end where the lines of arcades were multiplied, and in the shadow the columns looked like faint shapes seen through clear water. Stirred by the difference between the inner and outer temperature, a little breeze moved through the shadowed spaces. It seemed I had all I needed. Here were the amplitude and sense of space, the desire for which had become a craving and second nature; here was the desert's necessity, water, given by the spring in the midst of the quadrangle; and here the desert's luxury, shade yielded by the rows of cloisters.

As I watched, an Arab crossed the open space to the Mecca end and drifted slowly in among the thick-standing columns. And as he passed out of the glare and the cool shadows received him I remembered how often, after the fierce heat of a long day's march, I had come upon an oasis of date palms, and with what delight I had felt myself received into their cool embrace.

Not long was this style of building maintained. Later Arab architecture rapidly developed all kinds of fanciful and fantastic features, but the note of noble and austere simplicity struck here soon died away. It was so with all things Arab. So long as the race kept contact with the desert it maintained intact its pride, its self-respect, and its love of curt, direct speech whether in art or song. But no sooner was it removed from that potent influence, no sooner was it cut off from the old inducements to hardihood, vigilance, abstinence, endurance, the desert virtues which the desert instills and nourishes in its children—and pent up in cities and civilized communities, than the old fire subsided and the fine desert qualities relaxed into effeminacy and self indulgence.

The traditional Arab manners lost their manly and stern courtesy. The earlier ballad poetry, so graphic, so decisive, so virile in its abrupt and trenchant descriptions, gave place to a softer, more ingenuous, but less vigorous form of versification. The very language of the desert became an unknown tongue to the descendants of the Bedouin tribes who had followed the banners of Kaled and Omar and Amen. And all these changes were but symptoms of that inward, deeper change in temperament and character, which a civilized state and the thick atmosphere of cultivated lands and the seden-

tary habits of cities have never failed to work in the Arab himself.

So it is with his architecture. The old caravanserai type of mosque is that which utters the Arab character while still in its pristine vigor. No matter whither their conquering arms led the Arab hosts their first essays in architecture were all of the same type, and the quadrangle, the cloister and the well sufficed them. Then, gradually, in all countries in which they settled, the same change occurred. The old simplicity was lost and the old plan abandoned. The town-bred Arabs or Moors, as they were now called, long alienated from the desert and inured to the ways of cities, could no more express themselves on the ancient Bedouin style of architecture than they could express themselves in Bedouin poetry or in the Bedouin language.

It is curious to observe how, by degrees, as the desert's influence weakens, the vast quadrangle in which that influence had spoken becomes more and more circumscribed until it is altogether lost and swallowed up in the series of enclosed courts and chambers of the later styles. Fantastically shaped arches, fretted ceilings and surfaces honeycombed with carving combine to produce the fanciful aspect which all these later buildings share. Yet it is obvious to all who seek a definite purpose in art that none such is here forthcoming; nor will any trace of such a purpose be discovered in Arab architecture until we recur to that period in its history when the race was still swayed by the influence which has fostered all that was simple and virile in its character.

It has always been an object of mine to endeavor to deal with art as an expression of life, to draw attention, that is to say, to the human interest as the embodiment of the life and thoughts of its age which it invariably possesses. Other merits and attractions, no doubt, it has, or may have. It may, in particular, be an art of beauty and may be able to demonstrate or elucidate for us the principles which make for æsthetic success. This probably is the greatest function that art can fulfill the function, too, which is most in accordance with its own nature and reveals the especial pleasure and enlightenment to which only art possesses the key.

But there are very few kinds or schools of art, excepting the Greek, which exhibit much of this quality. The most con-

tinuous and universal of the arts, the "mistress art," as Professor Bloomfield calls it, and that which most readily lends itself to interpretation, is architecture, but except for the Doric temples of the Greeks, I do not know of any styles of architecture which can be said to embody any definite æsthetic principles. But all styles of architecture, and none more than the Arab, embody the human character of their builders.

Let the reader cast his eye back on the long succession of styles that have come and gone. He will observe that, about the seventh and eight centuries of our era, the sequence and ordered evolution of these styles is suddenly broken and disturbed by a motive, a fashion of seemingly unknown and alien origin. Hitherto, and for many centuries, the manner of Rome, whether we call it Romanesque or Byzantine, had exercised an unquestioned sway. The might and majesty of the Empire, its steadfastness, its iron discipline, its ponderous routine were perfectly imaged in the concrete vaults and adamantine arches of its palaces and amphitheatres. In the round arch, used as the Romans used it, with so much simplicity and so much strength, there resides an expression of placid, almost inert power, such as was, indeed, for ages the Empire's best bulwark of defense.

I know of no forms of architecture more expressive of stern endurance than the stubborn Roman concrete and the clean-cut Roman masonry, and no structural feature more capable of conveying that sentiment than the tranquil semi-circular arch. But as we leave the seventh and enter on the eighth century this fixed immobility is strangely shaken and disturbed, and the features in which it was portrayed are dislocated as with a sudden convulsion. The wall surfaces break out, as it were, into a rash of minute and indecipherable carving, the ceilings are fretted with an elaborate honeycombing of pendentives, a strange and hitherto unheard of spirit of fantasy seems to have entered into the science of building. The old calmness gives place to innumerable fickle impulses, the old, stern strength to weak and wayward caprice. Above all, it is in the arches, in which as I have said Rome's power was so manifestly depicted, that the new influence is discernible.

I know not how to give the untraveled reader an idea of the incorrigible capriciousness of Saracenic arches or of the detestation of the calmness of the old round arch which they

one and all exhibit. It is, indeed, evident that hatred of the round arch is from the first an instinct in the new race. In Cairo there is a mosque, that of Tooloon, one of the oldest in the city and a fine example of the caravanserai type with the great open quadrangles and surrounding arcades which we have been discussing. This mosque, built before the days that the Arabs had invented structural forms of their own, employs what you take at the first glance to be round arches of a somewhat weak and unstable design. Closer inspection, however, reveals the fact that the summit of each arch is broken by a knotch evidently cut in the masonry after the arcades were completed. This does not, perhaps, give the arch a strictly pointed outline, but it does succeed in so mutilating the old round outline as entirely to destroy its characteristic expression of placid power.

And this was but one and that a tentative expedient. The hatred of the round form of arch which is in the Saracenic blood, so to speak, and which shows itself as a destructive motive at a time when, as yet, no truly Arab forms had been evolved—this hatred displays itself as the chief factor in the development of the national style. It would be impossible to give any idea without the help of illustrations of the fantastical and eccentric shapes—horseshoe and ogive and stilted and variously foliated—into which Arab arches are tangled and twisted. The only common motive apparent in their infinite diversity is their resolve to eschew strength and simplicity and to indulge in any chance vagary or whim of the moment.

Such is the character of the new style. It appears suddenly and without warning. It moves swiftly and silently through Africa and Syria and Spain, and wherever it comes in contact with Roman forms it strikes them as with a sudden violence.

No one interested in architecture can fail to be arrested by the sudden apparition of this weird influence; but it is above all those who have come to regard the great structural styles as the embodiment and incarnate image of their builders' character and temperament who will be most keenly interested. For these will know that what is here seen in stone was once acted in the flesh. It was in their own image that the Arabs built these light and perishable vaults and whimsical arcades. What we see before us—the structure we can touch and handle and which our kodaks can take note of—is not architecture

merely but a human personality. See how instinct this new style of building is with fiercely restless impulses, how it detests routine and established methods and all that speaks of permanence and continuity, how its fiery energy breaks out, now here, now there, in eager fantasies that are yet short lived, that lead to nothing, that result in no coherent purpose.

In all these things the style is but the image of the race which created it. Moreover, as it is cast in the likeness of the Arab, so its influence and effect in the world are precisely the influence and effect which the Arab himself exerted. We spoke of the old Romanesque and Byzantine structural features everywhere yielding to, and being undermined, and, as it were, crumbled away by, the attacks of Arab capriciousness. But this assault delivered in architecture and of which the distorted forms of arch and shaft are witnesses, was delivered also in actual life. This fierce impetuosity did, in the form of a lava-stream of humanity, pour down upon and engulf the old pre-existing, classical society. The architectural revolution, the most curious and sudden in the history of art, is but the picture and reflex of a social revolution of like suddenness and similar character.

I hope that all this will not appear to the reader a digression. The transition from the desert to Arab architecture seems to me a very natural one, for after all it is out of the desert that those qualities have come which we find embodied in Arab buildings. "Build here the house," is to this day the Arab chief's word to his followers when their camping ground is reached and with the butt of his long lance he indicates the drift of sand where the tent is to be erected.

That frail architecture is all he knows of. The Arabs are not builders by nature. Of all they have ever done in that line the most part is evanescent. The race never succeeded in evolving a great monumental style any more than it succeeded in evolving a coherent civilization. All it did was dogged and infected by a fatal instability. Often at mid-day halts or in the evening when our camp was pitched, lying on the barren sand slopes and drinking in the pure, stimulating desert air, I have felt, not as a matter of thought but as a physical experience, all that the Arabs have owed to the nature that nurtured them. The light, hot sand drifts and eddies to every gust of wind. Its particles glide through your fingers, restless

and incoherent it presents to your gaze a world of instability where no law or fixed purpose reigns. And yet how keen and vigilant, how sensitive to the least suggestions, how strung up and apt for sharp and sudden enterprises do all your nerves and faculties appear in this land where the air itself is an elixir and every sense seemed sharpened to twice its usual acuteness.

Rarely reclining, never dozing, the Bedouins crouch, scanning the horizon with habitual and intuitive vigilance, their spare figures and cat-like quick motions, and restless roving glances all expressing quite unmistakably the kind of nervous impetuosity which reigns in their blood. Their sanctuary of sand has been the home in all ages of passionate impulses and short-lived sudden resolves. I thought of every Arab design; of the desert Mahdis and Dervishes and the fierce ebullitions of fantastic zeal which ever and anon to this day issue from those glowing solitudes. They are all of the same character. They all exhibit the same fiery impetuosity and the same weakness and vacillation. How like, I cannot help thinking, to the architecture in which the race embodied its own emotions. Here, too, in arch and tracery are exhibited the impetuosity we know so well, and here, too, that impetuosity is undermined and brought to nought by the fatal instability that dogs it. The man and his deeds are but the outcome of a unique environment. Here in the desert, in the wind and sand and piercing sun rays, is the raw material of all the Arab has been, of all the Arab has done.

LILIUM AURATUM.

A STORY.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

DIRECTLY after breakfast on the Friday, Norroway took his new friend out into his Gloucestershire garden. He had to apologize to the guest who had never met her for Lady Norroway's absence. She had been called two days before to Paris, where the eldest daughter was at school, had lost her Channel boat, and had wired that she would reach home in the course of the morning. There was to be a large house-party, and Eugene Warrell had been urged to get there ahead of the rest; he did so gladly, because he greatly liked Norroway, and saw him too seldom.

Sympathy, rather than circumstance, had thrown them together. While Warrell, a poor student with a strong will, had been tutoring and getting up a practice in Canada, his junior, the Oxonian of leisure, had had time to marry, to be knighted, to enlarge and improve his mother's old property, to build a fine Anglican church and a mill in the village near it; and to enter Parliament. "Anybody can bear adversity; but show me the man," says Farquhar in one of his comedies, "who can bear success and champagne." Norroway was such a man, wholly unspoiled.

As for Warrell, his more painful striving was over and done. He was now for some years established as a Londoner in bachelor's quarters, and was a well-known K.C. He was stout, hazel-eyed, clean-shaven, something of a psychologist; considered a safe trustee, and a highly congenial companion.

The garden to which they had come was one of three at the Court, the finest and least frequented of them. It lay between a swift-running brook and the range of hills which divided the estate from the nearest railway station. The approaches were rocky, and in the angles of rock, in deep rich soil, was a double terrace unseen from below. Flat stones had been laid in the sloping turf for a stair; thirty of them,

then a landing and a turn, and thirty again; a climb indeed for the sedentary man of law, if not for the wiry squire. Warrell had not looked about until he got to the very top, and then he saw a sight.

Lilies! Hundreds of them, in their proudest perfection, happy and still, and with an intense fragrance. Standing in a splendid circle, with a cross-piece at top and bottom, armored in their own glossy leaves, with ferns growing beneath, they were so tall that their two tall visitors could not do much more than peer comfortably into the wide-curved cups, the cups of the big Japanese rayed lily, barred on every petal with perpendicular gold, and powdered with little purple runes and scars. Pure white, otherwise, white with some commentary, as it were, not easy to read; attractively complex as only Oriental things can be.

Sir Thomas gave vent to his owner's pride. "Magniffy?" he asked boyishly. He was boyish still at forty-three.

Warrell smiled, and sent up vast rings of smoke to spell in air his very great admiration.

"The whole thing looks like one great bright Gothic O in some illuminated missal," he remarked appreciatively.

"Right!" answered Norroway, much pleased. "With the hollow filled in with darker tones." He made a quick easy gesture.

"A fountain!" exclaimed the other. "And what a jewel of a fountain!"

He stepped nearer. Exactly in the middle of the perfumed ring was a lofty, delicate, Tuscan-looking bronze. A slim pedestal rested on a base bordered on all four sides with dark-hued pansies. On the pedestal a young faun was striding forward, with the merest scrap of wind-blown drapery touching shoulder and thigh. Under his left arm he carried a shallow oval dish, and his right hand was thrown far out; the palm contracted, the thumb held upward. It was the attitude of a sower, and what he was sowing was—water! exquisite airy jets of it, spurting more than thread-fine from every finger, and spreading like a silver cobweb on the quiet June morning. There he ran above them, working away, where the erect moisture-loving lilies could watch, all day long, their beautiful benefactor.

"Come here a moment," said the host. He strode past

the flying liquid seeds to the outer edge of the plot. "There's more below."

Warrell saw beneath them a second steep terrace as fair and as well-kept as the first, but of a more contemplative character. Lilies again! Lilies beyond counting. A giant E of them lay outlined below, a shapely black-letter capital, with all its details formed with great art; and a stone bench was placed inside each section of the down strokes of the E. Warrell also noticed something else. This was a dark object on the spot where the short thick middle line of lilies ran out straight, curled over, and ended.

"The prettiest in the world!" he began. "But considered as decoration, may I say that it has a flaw? Nobody can survey your O and your E together without danger to his neck."

"You can from high heaven!" was the unexpected reply. Something in the simplicity of the tone checked Warrell's smile. "You see that's the real point of view after all, because these terraces were laid out in memory of Oliver Ewing."

Norroway knocked the ashes from his antique pipe, slipped the latter into his pocket, and led the way down the steps; in a moment they were out on the lower pleasaunce. The sweetness of it all seemed quite wonderful to Warrell's starved city eyes. The dark object he now found to be a dial. It was bronze, like the fountain; it rose from a simply wrought little stone base which was set, again like the fountain, in a sombre pansy bed. The gnome of the dial was lifted to the level of the lilies at their central point, and stood free of their shadow. There was a motto cut around the disk which Warrell had never met with.

PER ✠ OBVMBRATIONEM ✠ SPIRITVS ✠ HVC ✠ VENIT ✠ FILII ✠ LVX ✠ DIVINA

He looked up eagerly. "Where did you get that? Deep and mystical. Sounds like Augustine."

There was a touch of a blush on Norroway's cheek.

"Piffle! I just drew it up by myself. Good theology, I think, and good dialism? None too good, though, for this place. Will you sit? Or does this strong aromatic odor bother you?"

"Not a bit. In fact, given a great open air space like this, I find it delicious. I am an old admirer of *lilium auratum*, but I never saw such huge clumps of it out-of-doors. It makes a grand show."

The speaker chose the nearer bench, leaned back, and let his gaze pass from the boughs of a single ancient sycamore to the wide-spread green beyond it, and the narrow silver stream; then on to the lovable Tudor manse, dark-gabled, high-roofed, its porch drowned in roses. All one harmony from chimney-stack to threshold, it faced south and sunned its beautiful old age.

Norroway bent towards him. "In this garden, it was bound to be *lilium auratum* if anything. I'll tell you why, at length, if you'd like to hear."

Warrell nodded. Successful barristers like himself are excellent listeners. Norroway sat on the right arm of the bench, leaning on his stick, sometimes absent-mindedly screwing the point of it into the late June grass.

"You didn't know Ewing? No? A St. Hugh's man. A first-rate fellow! Never knew anyone in the least like him. Made more rules for himself than any chap of twenty ever did, but made none at all for you! Taught himself to be so even-tempered that outsiders all put it down to born good-nature; and all the while, really, he was the very devil for fire and rockets. Oh, a first-rate fellow! and more too. I couldn't get him to row or ride or hunt (he was a crack shot at targets, but wouldn't point at anything living); but he got me to walk, and taught me on those long marches all the antiquities I ever knew. Good-looking, very: such a well-shaped head, and nice gray eyes, always a little ironic. A quick-footed lad, light as a mouse, yet strong and bony. It's a great loss to me that I have no portrait of Ewing.

"He was the last of his family. They had all been Army folk, but he intended to go in for a Fellowship and stay in the University. He came up straight from Harrow, and I from my tutor's in Vevey; but we hit it off well from the very first. His rooms were opposite mine; we quickly got acquainted. I never was much of a grind, except when reading for Greats, and if he was, it wasn't because he needed to be. What didn't that fellow know!

"We had become fast friends by the third year. In those

days, men could live their whole time in College. One night I came in from the Union, and saw Ewing's door ajar and his desk-light burning, as I went by. It was about the beginning of Hilary Term, damp and stormy; and his fire was smouldering in the grate. I tiptoed in. My word! he was asleep, or else in a trance, sitting almost upright, and presenting a highly romantic appearance, thanks to his holding a long spike or two of these Jap lilies. They lay in the fold of his right arm, like a beadle's mace."

Sir Thomas filled his pipe with deliberation, and pushed back the cap from his forehead.

"I'll give you a digression. Every man jack of us here in England, I suppose, is fond of flowers. So was Ewing: no more nor less than anybody else. He sometimes bought them at Oxford to give away, but I can't remember ever having seen them in vases about his rooms. What I do remember, though, are some of his theories about them: he had certainly a philosophy of botany all his own. And I once discovered, as it happened, that his preference was for lilies: that's a point I want to make.

"Some of us were having tea with Ewing one Saturday afternoon. A parson's son, one Haynes, a rather cantankerous little sort who lived up our staircase, was there. He began to poke fun at the Head of the House, his sizable mouth being full of Ewing's crumpets.

"'Pre'ge got new lilies all over top o' dinin' room wall,' he announced. 'Bah!'

"'Why *Bah*, my lamb?' inquired Ewing wickedly.

"'Mawkish!' answered the lamb.

"Ewing took him up.

"'Mawkish is exactly what lilies can't possibly be!' he began; and was cut short by a wag from York Hall, who sang out:

> 'As I walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily
> In my med-i-ae-val hand!'

"Of course we howled with laughter, and Ewing as loud as anybody. But then he had it out with Haynes.

"'I'll leave the Pre,' he said, 'to wallow in all his crimes and unseemlinesses' (this tickled me, because most of us had a great opinion of our venerable president), but I'll stick up

for my floral friend. Why, Haynes, it's a man's flower! Bold; matter-of-fact; straight as a corporal on parade and hardy as a bull. And what sound conclusions, what correct mathematics! So many buds, so many blooms; an honest game, every time. A forthright flower; knows his own mind, stands on his own legs; doesn't dimple and cuddle like a rose, nor gawk like a hollyhock, nor overdress like a peony or a chrysanthemum.'

"'Oh, I say!' It was Haynes, getting quite eloquent. 'A nice warm sweet rose is divinely chummy. Can't say as much for *your* vegetable, especially a white one.'

"'Wait till you grow up!' Ewing grinned, mock-paternally. 'Have another sugar? Three?' You see he "liked but disvenerated" Haynes, anyhow. He put all his sentiment into just such rattling shorthand. It was his way.

"Well, to go on . . . I had tiptoed in, as I said, on that wild evening, and stood in my wet greatcoat looking at my friend, and his almost empty brazier, and his open books; and at himself so queer in the armchair, with his big sceptre of *lilium auratum*. It struck me as awfully funny. I really hadn't time to notice whether his eyes were open or shut. Anyhow, in another moment, while I was still staring, he began to talk rather thickly, hanging his head a little.

"'Sir, I don't want them,' he said. 'They are meant, perhaps, for some sort of sign. I don't think I understand—I'd rather not understand. My lifework . . . I—these lilies—'

"'Why, Longshanks!' I cried. 'What are you braying at me for? 'Twasn't me presented you with no bouquet!'

"He flushed up hot and dark, and pulled himself together with an inward effort, and rose quickly; he did everything quickly. Then he faced me with all his own sudden sweetness.

"'Tom, I had a dream,' he answered; 'such a rotten dream! I'll tell you to-morrow. What did you say about a bouquet?' He looked rather sheepish.

"'Oh, never mind!' I spoke lightly. 'I'll never peach. Give them to me. I'll hide them if your're not friendly to them.'

"'Give you what?'

"'The lilies.'

"'What lilies? . . . Didn't I dream them?'

"'No, you didn't,' said I; 'at least not altogether; for I watched you in your sleep a moment ago, hugging them like the Blessed Damozel.'

"Ewing stood up very straight and pale, and put his hands behind him.

"'One of us is an ass, Norroway,' he declared soberly. 'There are no lilies in this room.'

"And, as a matter of fact, there were none; neither on floor nor table, nor sofa nor chair, nor window sill, nor anywhere!"

Warrell waited.

"Explanation?"

"You won't call it much of an explanation. I simply saw them, and then there was nothing to see. Ewing turned the lamp lower. But I took no hint."

"'Tell me,' I insisted. 'And don't sulk like that. It's the Yorkshire pudding, as sure as you live.' (The edible really had been particularly stodgy in Hall that evening).

"I had to work, after that jibe, I promise you, to get him to open his mouth. But when my mood had quieted down to his, he gave in. He sat on the edge of the table, and I on the hassock, facing the fire, where I could poke the coals, and make believe that I wasn't so much stirred up as I really was.

"Ewing told me it seemed to him that he was in some great assembly where he couldn't recognize a face, although it was the Oxford of the day, just the same. The talk or debate drifted in a quite unexpected direction. An elderly duffer in a D.D. gown, very consequential, stood up and began to repeat some of the usual nonsense about Roman Catholics, past and present. It was no concern of Ewing's, except that he had read almost everything printed, and liked to get at truth, and burned no candles to St. Luther and holy Cranmer. I can't recall just what moot point it was, though he told me; but on this subject, as on many others, he happened to be a perfect arsenal of exact knowledge. So he stood the old windbag as long as he possibly could, and as soon as he sat down, Ewing broke in, with every eye turned on him—an undergrad, a nobody; the brass of it all! He went at it, hammer and tongs. (He always spoke so well, you know, with such a modest young authority. Our tutor once said to me: 'Mr. Ewing has an authentic mind'). He demolished all the case

for the prosecution, and proved that this particular allegation, whatever it was, was unhistorical, ridiculous, and what not. He said he got very hot doing it, naturally; and that he seated himself again without the least idea what sort of impression he had made. He didn't care a fig, anyhow. He knew he had done right, and disinterestedly knocked the sawdust out of an old slander.

"Now just as he sat down in the crowded room, someone seemed to press up close against the back of his chair. Ewing was given in some way to feel that a standee there, was very sympathetic towards him. And then he felt a hand laid ever so lightly on his hair; as he put it, it was like the sort of caress a shy child might give you, and then run away. He knew it meant intense approval, so he screwed himself round a little to see who was near him. It was a youngish man, but gray at the temples, in a dress Ewing didn't know: all black, and picturesque and ample except for one straight piece falling down the front, and a little hood sticking up behind. What was very singular, he had a rope, like a hangman's noose, about his neck. He seemed, nevertheless, to be a don. Ewing said he was dark and tall, with a wonderfully alert, vital expression, almost mirthful, and a glance that went clean through one. I remembered so well afterwards just how he described this person."

"Identification enough in itself, almost," Warrell remarked in a low tone. "Not an individual in a thousand has anything which can properly be described as a glance. More dogs have it than men."

"That is so," answered the narrator. "It seemed this was a face one couldn't forget. Features rather close together, not handsome, but rugged, noble, resolute, with a quaint humor, ever so English in its way: rather like Strafford, I fancy, only less warlike, and far more spiritual. Just as Ewing, with quite a thrill of astonishment, caught the eye of this remarkable figure behind him, the latter bent forward, and Ewing found the lilies in his lap. Now, he wouldn't have liked that in any case, and none of us would, especially in a company of strangers. But in the dream, moreover, some word or gesture went with them, which struck my friend with a sort of horror, as if he were somehow being put into a false position, or had been misunderstood as agreeing to something against his con-

science. Hence his revulsion, and the sputtered remarks (so respectful, nevertheless, with their 'Sir,' as if the apparition were the king, or an angel!) and hence his disclaimer that the gift was not wanted.

"After we parted for the night, I naturally thought less of the incident. It struck me as curious and baffling, but I couldn't see why it should have taken such a tremendous grip on Oliver Ewing as it had done. He was pretty sensitive, as these big, spirited fellows generally are, but, as I hardly need assure you, he was no muff,"

"Did he ever find out just who the other man was?"

"Yes, he did; and that is part of my story. As I told you, Ewing was a great reader, always haunting the Bodleian. One day he wanted a rare folio, and couldn't find it in the catalogue, and complained. People think, you know, that Bod has every treasure printed since Cadmus, and get quite cross when it hasn't. Bodley's librarian came to the rescue, and what he said didn't make Ewing feel superior. 'You will find that work in the library of your own college, Mr. Ewing,' he told him. Who ever heard of an Oxford man really using, faithfully using, his own college library? Yet St. Hugh's was one of the very best: famous in fact, outside the University. Ewing came out into the Broad, with his long scholar's gown flapping behind, and I met him and went along with him. Our library there, was a beautiful old Gothic room, with leaded panes; almost as dark as a cave. Some portraits reputed to be of value, were hung along the alcoves, up among the rafters: no human eye had scanned them, I should think, since the Flood. One of these, as it happened, had been taken down for repairs, and was standing in its rich frame and mouldy clamps against the lower panels of the wall. Ewing went up to it without a word. I had just heard him draw his breath quick and sharp when the librarian came in, nice old Clumber; and all Ewing could stammer out was—'Please: who?'

"We were informed that it was a genuine Zucchero of one Basil March, some time Fellow of St. Hugh's, a person given an exquisite character by Wood and several older writers who knew him or knew of him. He was a poet, and also a monk, a member of that English Congregation of St. Benedict, which despite all the surrounding upsets in doctrine and the penal laws and so on, has never died out in this country, for twelve

hundred years and more. The succession once got down to one man, an Abbot and a prisoner, and he passed it on to a younger man, afterwards an exile; and then it flourished for centuries underground, until it could be openly established in England again. Interesting history, isn't it? This particular worthy at St. Hugh's was one of the many innocents deprived, apprehended, tortured, and finally hanged, under Queen Bess, at the London Tyburn, all for keeping to the old faith. It seems that Oxonians of that generation stuck out most tremendously against the changes in religion, so he wasn't alone in his 'treason.' The Librarian ended with that dim, crackling smile of his:

"'The Pope has made him important again, as the Blessed Basil March, O.S.B. So, as a good Protestant, I am having him brushed up!'

Ewing must have heard all this as he stood staring at the portrait. He muttered something about coming again for the folio, and I threw over him the shabby mantle of my own manners, and thanked the librarian, and got my bewitched chum out into the quad. Of course he clutched me in another moment.

"'My man!' he panted. 'My very man! No scrap of a shadow of a doubt about it. Strange, strange! A Fellow too: prowling about here yet, looking for souls, perhaps for my soul! . . . I solemnly charge you, Tom, don't on any account recur to this.'

"He was in dead earnest, and speak of the dream after that I never did.

"It was our last term together. Ewing became mopish and restless, and finally threw up the sponge, and went down before the Easter vacation, without graduating, disappointing everybody. I missed him dreadfully; his companionship was everything to me, though I had other friends; and I had an affectionate home life, one thing he hadn't to fall back upon. He did me heaps of good at that age, and the good didn't wear off. The American sage says you send your boy to the schoolmaster, and that it is the schoolmates who educate him. That's often true of university life as well. I don't mean that Ewing was conspicuously 'pi'; at least, he wasn't the kind for preachments, not he! But I can't say for sure just what he was at heart: there were deeps in him that I didn't pre-

tend to fathom. This was just two and twenty years ago. Dear Ewing! And I never saw him again."

Norroway was speaking very slowly as he came to a pause.

"Did he never write?"

"Oh, yes, he had to. I bombarded him with papers and postcards: I wasn't going to be dropped like that. I believe I could as well have spared the sun out of my life. But he seemed for a long while terribly shy even of me, and he wouldn't come here to see me, nor ask me to go where he was, and he moved about a great deal, too, at first. It was almost the end of the year before he wrote. I can't say I was greatly surprised to hear that he had become a Catholic, and that he was going to enter a monastery."

At this point the listener thoughtfully blew a small silvery butterfly from his sleeve. "Benedictine?"

"Warrell, you are fairly intelligent, aren't you? Yes; Benedictine. Mark, I don't mean to imply that he hadn't been thinking hard of certain matters before he ever saw his spook. He entered up in Yorkshire; and once he had started life as Brother Basil (he did not live to be ordained), I heard from him often."

The barrister lifted his eyebrows almost imperceptibly, taking in the "Basil."

Norroway went on:

"The rest is woven in with my own biography. You would say he had quite found himself at last, all his messages and letters sounded so happy. One day he wrote saying he was in London, that he and a companion were to go to Wales for a week's holiday before their return, and that he proposed to visit me on the way. Imagine how pleased I was! Some of us had kicked up a row when he left us and turned his back upon the ordinary careers, where he could have been anything and done anything. His was indeed a real sacrifice, but he made no fuss over it. No more did I. I loved Ewing, and I couldn't but respect his choice. Quite a wonderful business, that 'religious vocation,' as they call it. It's a sealed book to worldlings like myself and you."

Sir Thomas threw back his morning-jacket and stood up, then walked around the bench, to seat himself at Warrell's left. He bent forward, elbow on knee, his fist under his chin, in a retrospective attitude.

"I don't seem to have given you much idea of Ewing's character, have I? But if you had ever come in contact with him, you'd know how absolutely natural it was for him to act as he did, as I'm going to tell you what he did. He never did an unrelated thing, I believe, in his whole life. Every thought and act and word, whether you agreed with it or the contrary, sprang as it were from the core of him, from what he was, boy and man, and couldn't help being, a brick, and a—a selfless saint of God."

Norroway cleared his throat, and quickened his verbal pace, still looking away from his companion.

"There was an outbreak of some deadly disease just then near C——. Remember? Plague, or the like. Just a scare, well-fought and quickly over. Well, there was a woman people heard of as being there in charge; a young nurse, Miss Amelia Hillett. She won no end of praise. She was an Earl's orphan granddaughter, but desperately unhappy at home, through no fault of her own, so she had broken away and found work that she loved, first in the hospitals, then with private patients. Not afraid of anything, and beautiful and gentle and wise, but quiet, so quiet that one found it difficult at first to realize all that was in her: real heroism it was.

"She was in her uniform, traveling alone, returning from a case and looking forward to a rest, when she heard about the epidemic from an inspector at a junction. The infected district was in the neighborhood of the very next station. She took her light grip from the rack, stepped out on the unfamiliar platform, and gave up her ticket. It was pouring rain, and she had no umbrella, but a good Samaritan, a young fellow-traveler out of the carriage just ahead, gave her his, and pulled up his coat-collar; and they went on foot to the town. It was Ewing. She didn't learn his name till some time after. But she came to know him ever so well: well as only men and women can know each other who work in the presence of danger and death. The very same impulse had thrust them from their cherished holiday prospects straight into this terrible campaign. 'Ye did it unto Me' was hot at his heart, one may be sure; nor do I think such a motive could have been absent from hers. You see I am talking of two people I know.

"Oliver stopped at the little Post-Office, and sent two or

three wires; one was to me. I read it with a sick disrelish, almost a foreboding. He offered to write that evening, but he never got time for a letter.

"They found out at once, Nurse Hillett and he, where the stricken poor wretches were; and then began at it masterfully. Oh, I can't tell you! She had the superior professional knowledge and skill, and a good will equal to his own; yet what she told the newspaper men was true: she would have been almost powerless without Oliver's zest and inventiveness and miraculous energies. He actually built a hut out in the fields with only lads to help him, in two days; and he got his first sick isolated there before the health authorities had begun to plan anything. They came presently, with doctors and clergy and others, but the two pioneers had saved the day. And then—he was such an adorable creature at work! Kept them going, so that the gloom couldn't strike in. They all said he was like a light." Norroway gave a negative wave of the hand. "Really, I haven't adjectives. And then—"

Warrell's voice, too, was low. "Did he catch the disease?"

"It had to end that way. I can't go into details. He fell ill, and he died."

A couple of larks started singing far above them, with a music so thrillingly loud and glad that Norroway waited for a moment smoking vigorously.

"She nursed him, of course, doing her tired best. He made no fight at all; he had used up all his strength. It was so very sad having to bury him out there, and at once. The poor nurse was at her wits' ends. You perhaps know how trifles count at such times, how everything looms up so oracular, so significant, when you are on the borderlands of eternity! She wanted flowers, felt she must have them; and she fixed her mind (she never knew how or why), on lilies. Just a few lilies, to lay there beside a martyr: nothing in the whole world seemed so necessary as that.

"It was past noon, and his grave would be dug before sunset. It struck a chill into her heart, to remember that it was Sunday, and therefore all shops and stalls would be closed; and that it was November: not a lily in the English world now, save possibly in conservatories! Nor had she acquaintance with anyone in the town, of whom she could beg. But

the idea was too obsessive to be put aside. She went out into the streets, feeling very weak and weary, but hopeful, somehow, of success.

"At the top of a long steep avenue she stopped to get breath, not having seen any garden, so far, which looked in the least inviting. Save for a couple of sunday-school children, the road was empty. She caught sight immediately of the gate of a small estate opposite, where a sweet-looking old lady was coming out. So she crossed over, and asked quite frankly and foolishly whether she might have some lilies for a dead friend? The lady answered pleasantly and at length. She would willingly give them, only they kept no hothouse now, not for a year past: her family had gone abroad the preceding winter, leasing their little place; the tenant's boys had accidentally smashed the glass, and the repeated frosts had of course killed everything, and nothing had been grown there since.

"'I'm so sorry. . . . We shall repair it soon. Come and look in,' she ended; and the young stranger followed her down the walk, doubly saddened and full of discouragement.

"The greenhouse was indeed unkempt and ruinous. Amy —Nurse Hillett, I should say—standing in the damp, weedy doorway, inhaled a perfume she could not account for. Directly in front of her stood in profile a grave-looking man with a light pointed beard, and a long mantle with hanging sleeves. Where his collar should have been there was a frayed cord, dangling oddly. He had an air of having just come in. He turned his face towards her almost hurriedly; it was the very kindest face she had ever seen, and full of a gay idiosyncracy. Then he bent forward a little and spoke quietly, encouragingly: 'Lilies a many, as thou seest, child! and all for my son. Bear them unto him.' He moved aside, and she gave a little cry, never even noticing that she had lost him; for under the broken roof of the long enclosure, were unmistakably growing heaps of the most lovely *lilium auratum* in the world! Her heart was in her throat, it was such a glad sight; but to her exalted mood just then it didn't seem at all grotesque or impossible, nor did the words the stranger had spoken.

"'Oh! May I?' she breathed, running forward.

"'The lady murmured, taken aback: 'I wish there were anything in this desolate place for you.'

"'But there is, there is!' cried the other. 'Your gardener —what more could I ask of your generosity?'

"Can't you see her breaking the great stems eagerly, and nestling her cheek against the glorious armful? Her companion, aware neither of flowers nor of any agency which could have brought them, thought she quite understood the whole situation at last.

"'There, my dear,' she said slowly and soothingly, in her little tremulous voice; 'get all the comfort you can out of them. I am so pleased for you! And I do hope, my dear, that it may all come out right.'

"The two (there was no third now) walked back to the gateway, and the unaccountable lilies were carried home to poor Ewing. The young nurse told me afterwards that it was with a perfectly serene sense of victory that she laid them on his breast, and set the last branch of them in the fresh earth at the feet of the priest who read the burial service. She had perceived, and had to bear, the staggering truth that they were visible throughout to herself alone."

Norroway surreptitiously pulled his moustache, to steady a certain twitching of the upper lip.

"What I have told you is all absolutely true."

The other spoke rather more than half incredulously.

"In the greenhouse—it was the Blessed Basil again, I take it?"

The host looked up. "Who else? Mind you, she had never heard of him in her life, nor of these particular flowers in relation to the dream. Again, how should she (such a sincere person!) invent that archaic English, spoken word for word as I have told you? Later she marveled at it as fantastic, but not after I had assured her that the Blessed Basil was once a real Elizabethan. You're something of a botanist, aren't you?"

There was a deprecating "H'm! Oh, dear, no," from his companion.

"Else," Norroway continued, "I didn't know but that a difficulty had occurred to you. A real Elizabethan couldn't have known this species of lily, unless he had traveled in the far East. It was only introduced into England, the books say, in William IV.'s reign! Of course we got everybody's favorite Madonna lily, the *candidum*, from the Levant also; quite long

enough ago, I think, for this ghost to have known it in the flesh. However, I'm not trying to make my narrative consistent, I am simply reporting facts. What he chose for the friend of my youth, living and dead, was *lilium auratum.*"

The barrister looked thoughtful. "Did you hear this last chapter at the time from this Miss Amelia Hillett?"

"No; not just then. Some months later. It was Ewing who brought us together, for he left messages with her to be delivered to me. He forgot nothing and nobody, so long as he was conscious. He gave her a little crucifix he always carried. She had a scruple (being Low Church then, you see —she has come Higher since!) and wanted to return it to his Abbot, but the Lord Abbot made her keep it. He was so grateful to her; they all were. The community liked the way in which she spoke of him, and were most kind and friendly. She certainly had, and has, and will never lose, a wonderful reverence for Oliver Ewing.

"I am nearly forgetting something important. A good friend of mine (you've heard of Shaxted?) had become Junior Dean of St. Hugh's, and got them to let me have the March portrait photographed. It turned out very well; I'll show it to you at the house. A—Miss Hillett, that is, was here on a visit to my mother and sister. We had not been speaking of Oliver that day. I laid it in her hands and asked her if it reminded her of any one. She replied instantly that it was a singular face, singular and attractive, and that if I hadn't evidence to the contrary, she would say it was the face of the monk in her vision at C—— who showed her where to get the lilies!

"'But I haven't evidence to the contrary,' I put in, not unwillingly.

"Her brave blue eyes filled up. 'Then I'm right?'

"'I know well you must be right,'" said I.

Warrell gazed a moment at the squire, who had risen slowly, and put his pipe away.

"I thank you. The supernatural is quite out of my sphere. But it is a sweet little tale that you have told me. It has real interest. So has this votive plot."

The younger man waved his stick.

"You can't wonder that it was set apart for just these bulbs? I was one of the only two who had ever seen Ewing's

lilies, the spirit ones; so I knew just what to plant. You see, he wouldn't have liked a permanent memorial in stone. He used to call all monuments 'impudent,' considering them as so much flying in the face of our final privilege, which is to clear out and pass on. So we decided first to feast all our poor neighbors on each anniversary of his, and then to write his name here in the 'man's flower,' in something which should be lovely yet mortal, running with ourselves the chances of mortality. Do you realize that these are in bloom for only three weeks of the year? A quick commemoration, isn't it? Almost like lighting and blowing out a candle. And every scrap of this gardening from start to finish has been done with my own hands, with the family, not Judkins, to help me out. We love this place. Nor do we bring everybody up here, either."

"'We'?"

"Oh!" Sir Thomas' face lit up. "Absurd of me not to have told you! Amy Hillett has been for eighteen years my wife, my chief earthly blessing: the mother of my dear girls, and of my one precious little son."

He consulted not his watch, but his more cherished Jacobean dial.

"It has gone one o'clock," he said. "Hi! There they are!"

The sky had been windless, almost cloudless, a delicate streaked mother-of-pearl. But now a stiff northwest breeze had begun to blow, and the two stood in the fine mist cast by the fountain playing some sixteen feet above them. Eugene Warrell's eye rested first on the long gray line of Vale Court and then on a lady coming hurriedly towards the rustic bridge, making her way to the terraces.

She was all in pale green, veiled and gloved, evidently just arrived. A little boy in socks, who had been playing with a dog on the lawn, ran up to seize her hand and frisk beside her. Presently he pranced ahead, meeting his father at the foot of the steps, and throwing himself and his mop of gold curls full upon that obliging person, to be tossed and kissed. Warrell noted in him a pleasant reflection of my lady's beauty.

Norroway, thus unceremoniously situated, had to introduce guest and hostess, and Warrell won his delayed welcome, a womanly sweet welcome which did him good. The others were coming, it seemed; there were at least two motors sending up

their diabolic pillars of cloud at the foot of the hill. Husband and wife spoke together for an instant, Norroway having set down the child.

In that instant the small diplomat proceeded to subjugate the K.C., by embracing the unknown legs, after the cheerful imperative manner of four-year-olds. He whispered ingratiatingly:

"Now come and thee my guinea-pids!"

"Yes, Oliver!" Warrell, smiling, laid emphasis on the latter word.

Nolly brought the point of his puckered pink nose almost up to his shut eyes: a grimace of the purest satisfaction. Then he looked up, in his crumpled white frock, glowing. It seemed quite in order, somehow, that the kind gentleman should actually have guessed his name correctly. Oh, that loved social expedient of guinea-pigs! Was it, he began to question, absolutely necessary in this case? He felt already so blissfully conscious of a new friendship, and of a very, very jolly day. In an established mood of entire confidence, he started in again, rising on his sandaled toes towards Warrell's inaccessible ear.

"Name *are* Lolliver. 'Nother man Lolliver. I thay prayer for him, 'n' he thay prayer for me."

This theological declaration of branching import was overheard by Sir Thomas. He came to a pause, quizzically eyeing the ungrammatical news-agent and his ally, then made a wide gesture of mock despair.

"By George, it is clear what pranks we're up to! The cat's out of the bag!" he laughed happily. "Yes! Yes! We're all going to be received next week into the Catholic Church."

"Alleluia!" added my Lady, in a grateful whisper, flushing all over her lovely face, and pressing her innocent's tumbled head. "Try to be jealous of us, Mr. Warrell!"

"I am thinking," said that not unsympathetic agnostic, "how far the scent of lilies can travel, and through what thick walls of time and change."

EMILY HICKEY.

A CATHOLIC POET.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

REMEMBER very well the time I first heard of Emily Hickey. It was some time in the last century: no need to be more explicit—and I was a young person passionately interested in poetry, perhaps the more because it had not come very much in my way. A few books of Irish patriotic verse, a few volumes of magazines, but they were magazines of the great period, a book belonging to my school-boy brothers, called *Bell's Reciter*—on these my heart hungry for poetry had fed. At my convent school, I got Miss Procter—we used to write out her poems for each other in books which had pink and gray and green and yellow leaves of a satiny texture—and an occasional poem in a school book. But home from school I began to make friends. Among the earliest was a family of very clever girls, who went to read in libraries by way of diversion. There was an incessant talk of books among them, not learned books, but books of the *belles lettres*' order. It was their very clever mother who said to me one day: "Have you ever read *A Sculptor and Other Poems*, by Emily Hickey? You ought to read it. It is very beautiful poetry." And so indeed I found it. Miss Hickey's poetry at that time was very much of the school of Tennyson: at least the manner was his, though the matter was her own. Her narrative poems with the long loose lines might quite well have stepped out of a later volume of Tennyson. The poetry made a direct appeal to me and I have loved it ever since.

To take up now this early volume of Miss Hickey's, is to recall the old Dublin library where I read it. It was the Library of the Royal Dublin Society in Leinster House, Kildare Street, once the town-house of the Dukes of Leinster, before the blight of the Legislative Union had fallen upon Dublin, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland had packed up

and gone to London leaving their magnificent houses to fulfill some purpose or other different from their builders' intention. Leinster House was more fortunate than most, for the others became barracks, warehouses, charitable institutions, asylums, wholesale drapers' shops, tenement houses, etc. Leinster House then was pretty much as the Fitzgeralds left it. I remember the old stately rooms, walled about with books, the noble grates filled with roaring fires by which certain old ladies dozed and read their lives away, bringing their frugal lunches with them when they arrived as soon as the place was open of mornings, remaining there till they were turned out into the wind-blown street at night. Those high, narrow corridors with the decorated ceilings, the dim rooms with their splendid mantelpieces, spoke eloquently of the past. Fitzgerald ghosts must have trooped through them. The ghost of the Beloved—Lord Edward Fitzgerald—in his immortal youth, the ghost of Pamela, the ghost of Lord Edward's mother; the Duke of Richmond's sister, who bore her Duke twenty-two children, and after his death, although according to Mrs. Delaney, she was the proudest woman in Ireland—married her sons' Scottish tutor, the Mr. O. of Lord Edward's enchanting letters, and was the mother of yet two other children. Yet they say women led sluggish lives in those days!

Friendly and splendid Fitzgerald ghosts! and the ghosts of the beauty and wit and eloquence and dare-devil bravery of the magnificent crowded time before the Union, came trooping upon one everywhere. It was the ideal place in which to read poetry. They have a great library now of a rotunda shape, with all the latest lighting and all the rest of it. I doubt if I could read poetry with as much zest amid those excellent modern surroundings.

A Sculptor and Other Poems delighted me with its fresh, natural direct force and energy, its fearlessness, its generosity of youth, its love of humanity. There was a color, a richness in the vocabulary, which no doubt owed something to the splendid diction of the Authorized Version. The friend who had introduced me to Miss Hickey's work was the first to suggest to me that English literature owed a deal of its quality to the great old Book. Doubtless it was not at all an original observation, but at the time to me on the outside of literature it seemed new and illuminating. I believe she used

Miss Hickey's poetry to illustrate her argument while she lamented that we, Irish Catholics, had not the same gorgeous influence when we set out to make our poems and stories.

I quite saw what she meant. The Book is first of all a book of men and women, of strong, human emotions. Round about them are built up magnificently the most wonderful accessories. One thinks of the phrases:

> Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones.
>
> Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.
>
> Who is this that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners.
>
> Her eyes are dove's eyes.
>
> And their soul shall be as a watered garden.

One might make volumes of such poetry as this, poetry which has never been excelled nor perhaps equalled. All the gorgeousness of all the jewels of the earth, all the freshness of the dew, of the green pastures and cool waters, the light of the moon and stars, the freedom of the winds, the fragrance of the flowers, this great Hebrew poetry, Englished by poets worthy of the task, are heaped about the central human figure. Holy Writ does not make poetry of Nature or inanimate things for its own sake, but for its relation to the great central human figure or event.

So you will find that in the poetry of Miss Hickey, as in the poetry of Christina Rossetti, the Biblical influence comes in again and again to heighten the emotion which is essentially human. Neither poet touches on the domain of the landscape painter, making pictures without a human figure or a human meaning.

This profound interest in humanity prepared Miss Hickey to become with Dr. Furnival the founder of the Browning Society. It was several years after I had read the "Sculptor," and I read it before I knew Browning, for I had to find out my literature for myself—when I met Miss Hickey in the flesh. The Browning Society was then in full working order; the Aesthetic Movement, though not in its first youth, was

still influencing us in its non-essentials as well as in its essentials which remain; we were all flying to Liberty, who had one or two small shops in Regent Street, to be rescued from primary colors, and Miss Hickey, in what must have been one of the great cycle of English Summers, looked her poetry in a leaf-green Liberty silk and a wide velvet hat. I'm not sure that she did not wear a lily. She dresses more soberly now-a-days; but I really thought she looked, very lovely. Perhaps that green gown was an intelligent anticipation.

I have said that the long narrative poems were in the manner of Tennyson. Well, in the matter, she would always have been more in touch with Browning. Her profound interest in humanity, her love of it, the courage with which she handles its ugly problems, finding nothing common or unclean, all mark her out as one in spirit with the great master of nineteenth century poetry. The nineteenth century was a great age for English poetry, and an interest in English poetry which has perhaps left its successor fallow and exhausted. One counts them over one by one, these successors in the starry line which has never yet failed in the English poetic firmament, and two stars are brightest, Wordsworth and Browning.

Doubtless the Browning Society did an excellent work. It brought people to read and discuss Browning whose high philosophy it was a humor of the day to consider dull and crabbed. Miss Hickey could tell us if she would, but will not tell us, what the master said of her poetry. One feels that she must have pleased him, have been among his nearest and dearest disciples.

Perhaps something of the naturalness and simplicity of her style she owes to her Irish birth, for she is Irish, though she has the Scotch and English strain as well. She is the granddaughter of "Martin Doyle," a famous Irish agriculturist who instructed his countrymen in his beloved art through essays which have a certain flavor, homely, and country-like, that reminds us of Cobbett's Rural Rides.

That the Irish spirit was strong in Miss Hickey in those early days, although I suspect she had read more English than Irish poetry, is shown in the frank and fresh poem entitled "Paddy," which space does not permit us to quote.

Any judgment of Miss Hickey's poems which did not take

into account her delightful lyrical faculty would be incomplete. Her verses in a singing metre sing like birds. Some of the early songs are beautifully young and joyful and singing. Here is one that ought to be set to music if it has not been:

LOVE SONG.

I know not whether to laugh or cry,
So greatly, utterly glad am I:
For one, whose beautiful love-lit face
The distance hid for a weary space,
Has come this day of all days to me
Who am his home and his own country.

What shall I say who am here at rest,
Led from the good things up to the best?
Little my knowledge, but this I know,
It was God said "Love each other so."
O love, my love, who hast come to me,
Thy love, thy home, and thy own country.

Miss Hickey has been among the fortunate ones of poetry. She came at a time when interest in poetry was strong, when the greatest of all the arts was not held generally in indifference if not in contempt. She must have known, as I knew, the joy of recognition for her early poems, when not only was one patted on the back by the big people and the important reviews, but all sorts of delightful letters and friendships came one's way from country parsonages, from the houses of the professional classes, from London literary people. Why my own first little book opened the most wonderful worlds to me. I came over to England an Irish country-mouse, to be made much of by people whose names I had revered and by strangers who were destined in some cases to become dearest friends. Let Miss Hickey speak for herself, Hers is the record of a fortunate woman; for whom "the best was yet to be" when those early triumphs were over. And yet I think a part of her good fortune was that she had the brave and the happy and the grateful heart. "The Kingdom of God is within us"; and that inner fount is apparent in Miss Hickey's work as it is in her most lovable and striking personality. Let her tell some of her adventures for herself:

I am Irish by birth, with both the English strain and the Scotch. Far the greater part of my life has been spent in

England. I lived in the country up to the time I was thirteen, except for two years spent in a country town. My sisters were, one some years older, one some years younger than I. I loved books, and cannot remember a time at which I did not know how to read; but I also loved dolls and working for them; also romping and climbing trees. I can remember, when I was about ten, reading James's *Philip Augustus*, seated in a tree near our avenue gate. I well recall the love I had for the very look of a page of verse. I owed much in my early days to a dear lady with whom I began my school-life: Madame Stuart, *née* Planque, who is still living, at nearly ninety-four. Her goodness and sweetness made that part of my childhood very happy. She was a truly gifted teacher, as many beside myself have had occasion to testify. It is to her that I owe the development of my natural taste for poetry. She introduced me to Sir Walter Scott's fine, healthy, swinging verse, much of which I learned by heart from a little volume given by her, which I still possess. It was at her house that I first read the great old ballads, such as *The Childe of Elle*, *Sir Cauline*, *Chevy Chase*. I used to chatter to her in French, her native tongue.

My early girlhood was passed in the town of Carlow, which is surrounded by very beautiful country, with which we grew familiar through long walks with friends, one of whom introduced me to the poetry of Tennyson. I remember copying the whole of *Maud* from the precious green-bound seven-shilling volume which he lent me. As time went on I began to make some serious literary efforts, and a long poem of mine, *Told in the Firelight*, was printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

Mrs. Browning's poetry took a great hold on me. At once I felt it as greater, higher, deeper, and fuller, than any other verse I had come upon. Of Robert Browning's poetry I knew practically nothing for many a day after people had said I showed his influence strongly, which is amusing. It was to be some years before I got to know and love Shakespeare. My father discouraged the reading of him, repelled as he was by his occasional Elizabethan coarseness.

Some little time after the publication of *Told in the Firelight*, I offered a small collection of poems to Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Alexander Macmillan, then head of the firm, wrote to me most kindly and encouragingly. He thought it too early for me to think of publishing a volume, but offered to use a poem occasionally for *Macmillan's Magazine*. Several poems of mine

appeared under his kind auspices, and he took a most friendly interest in my work. He was anxious that I should write a short story for him, and was very encouraging about a novel which I had in hand. I never finished the said novel.

My first coming to England was to the Macmillans, who most kindly welcomed me as their guest, and did what they could to find me such work as seemed suitable.

My mother's death was the occasion of my returning to Ireland for about a year, after which I came back to the country that has been indeed "my most kindly nurse," spending some time in frequent visits to Ireland.

My friends have been truly loving and helpful. I have had much tenderness and loyalty shown to me. In my early days in London, more than one house was as a home to me, and I have friends now, I am thankful to say, whom I then learned to know and love. Some of them have passed beyond the veil.

I was much indebted, as a student of Shakespeare and of other English literature, to Dr. Frederick Furnivall, the fine old scholar who died a little while ago. His help and encouragement were always to be relied on. It was he who, having heard me read a paper on "Measure for Measure," at a Shakespere Society of which he was a prominent member, first suggested my lecturing on Shakespere. The story of our founding the Browning Society together is well known.

My happy connection with the Frances Mary Buss Collegiate School for Girls, where I taught English Language and Literature for some eighteen years, was through my friend, Miss Ridley, one of the governors. My book of *Poems*, 1895, is dedicated to her. She wrote the *Life of Frances Mary Buss*, as well as the *Life* of her fine old father, whose connection with South Australia was an important one. I am glad to be of the number of those who had the very great privilege of knowing Miss Buss and of working under her. She was my friend before I became a specialist teacher at her great pioneer school. To know her and to know Dr. Sophie Bryant, afterwards her successor, and to call both of them friends was indeed something to be glad of.

If I were asked what have been the strongest influences over me as regards my poetry, I should say Mrs. Browning in early days, and later on the oldest English writers, such as Cynewulf and Ælfric. Later came the work and personal friendship of the Hon. Roden Noel. To know him was to go into a region fair and broad, for his intellectual life was

vivid, his sympathies generous and wide, and his passion for humanity and for external nature great indeed. His style, however, never influenced mine. I am glad to have known, and to know, people whose share in the work of life has been an active one, as well as those who have expressed noble thought in noble words.

I have never been a member of a literary *clique*. And I have never held the pestilent heresy that the matter is of no consequence so long as the form is good. Perhaps my *Ad Poetam* (*Poems*, 1895) is the fullest expression I have given to my thought as to the function of a poet. By the way, the poem was by no means meant to be a portrait of any special poet, as at least one kind critic has supposed.

My life has been much on the practical side, and I have known the poor as one loving them, and, as I hope, in some degree, understanding them.

The best that was yet to be for Emily Hickey was her conversion to the Catholic Church. Since then, with characteristic whole-heartedness and affection she has flung herself into the service of the Mother who is ancient and yet always young and loving and beloved. A born philanthropist her love of her kind has now found an outlet in all manner of Catholic good works. To her qualities of sympathy and imagination she adds a clear common-sense which fits her eminently for the somewhat ticklish task of the philanthropic worker. However let some one else deal with this side of a many-sided woman. My interest at the present moment is mainly concerned with her poetry. I find a list of her works in *Who's Who*. "A Sculptor and Other Poems," "Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations," "Michael Villiers Idealist and Other Poems," "Our Lady of May and Other Poems," "The Dream of the Holy Rood." "Havelock the Dane" is an interesting rendering into English poetic prose from old English: and she has recently published a novel, *Lois*, besides much miscellaneous work. There are beautiful things in the second volume of poems which shows a firmer touch, a growth, a maturing. One lingers over the delightful "Margery Daw," and "Creeping Jenny," with their laughter and tears, but one has not space to quote either in its entirety and there is nothing one could do without. So I take the two sonnets "Conversion" with their curious prevision.

I.

Conversion! some will shake the head and sneer
  Even at the word: yet some can surely tell
  How bitter, sweet, and irresistible,
The change came to their life, and all things here
Grew changed; the dusk was light, the dark was clear;
  The clash of discords into music fell
  As sweet and solemn as the sacring bell;
The silence throbbed harmonious on their ear.

The life of God in glorious billows prest
  About their life, and stirred it as the roar
  Of seas might stir a sea-bird on the shore,
That burst the shell beneath a barnfowl's breast;
So were they moved and could not be at rest;
  So were they moved, once and for evermore.

II.

Yea, God's large life in awful beauty beat
  About their life. Oh, trouble and joy and great
  Sobbing of quick new sense, and passionate
Desire for something passing good and sweet!
And loins were girded up, and eager feet
  Sped swiftly o'er the King's highway, where, late,
  They had lingered in their weariful estate;
On, on, the coming of the King to greet.

"Stay, stay ye runners, what avails your speed?
  Ye will not hasten Him Who comes, one whit;
  No, not one moment earlier shall be lit
The lamp that must illume the night of need!"
"Oh we shall meet Him, see His face indeed,
  And know the utter loveliness of it."

Miss Hickey is very good in the sonnet-form, perhaps because it prunes and clarifies a certain opulence in her which may run riot. There is another poem in which I find a resemblance to Christina Rossetti, the finest woman poet England has yet produced, who ought to have been a Catholic and brought a Catholic fervor into her Protestantism.

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

Sweep out the house and dress it fair,
  Make ready hall and room;
I who have waited very long
  Shall meet my brave bridegroom,
And he will take me by the hand,
  Kiss me, and lead me home.

He did not come to fetch me home
In my time of merry youth;
He waited till the wrinkles were
About my eyes and mouth.
What matter? His face will touch my face,
And make its furrows smooth.

Oh, I shall lie at rest, at rest,
Upon his true bosom;
Lulled sweetlier far than they are lulled
Who hear the songs of home,
As they lie, half-waking, half-asleep,
In the happy summer-gloam.

Gather fair flowers to greet my love;
Flowers at whose heart are laid
Delight and fragrance; lilies, white
As the soul of Mary Maid:
Roses that laugh in the blessed sun,
And smile in the blessed shade.

What say ye, gentle maidens mine?
"Thy coming bridegroom, he
Loves better the cypress and the yew,
And the rue and the rosemary."
Nay, let me bring mine own offering;
I know him better than ye.

Good night, good night, beloveds all,
For this beloved saith
I must leave all and cleave to him;
And quickly he cometh;
His eyes are stars and his voice the sea's;
And his name is called Death.

Miss Hickey is entirely of her time, very modern in that she represents so much of the energetic and changing spirit of her time and that I think is why one says: "This is like Browning; that like Christina Rossetti," and not because her poetry is not very distinct and individual in itself. She was and is in the movement, and the trend of the movement is in a certain direction. I wrote Rossettian poetry before I knew Rossetti, as Miss Hickey wrote like Browning before she knew Browning. Perhaps there is an occult or scientific explanation: air-waves or something of the kind.

Certainly Miss Hickey's work as a teacher and a lecturer is an eloquent disproof of what I myself have generally subscribed to, *viz.*, the opinion that learning in a woman destroys

imagination. It would perhaps be truer to say that the hard way by which some women arrive at learning has the effect of stunting their imaginations. Miss Hickey is a feminine personality and a feminine Muse, yet there is something of the best of masculine, its frankness, its courage, its simplicity in her work and herself.

One more quotation and I am done. This again must be from her sonnets: and this is work warmed and vitalized by religion,—by the wonderful "best is yet to be," the glory and beauty of which seem to have fallen prophetically on her earlier days. Beautiful as the earlier poetry is there is surely a gain in this. Here is something of the simplicity, the passionate tenderness, the intimacy, we find in poets such as Crashaw and Herbert:

"Dear, remember on that day,"

says Crashaw: and Herbert:

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here,"
Love said: "You shall be he."
"I,—the unkind, ungrateful! Ah my dear,
I dare not look on thee."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

There was no room within the inn for them.
The woman who beneath her girdle bare
The hope of all the world, a stranger there
Lay all that solemn night in Bethlehem
Within a stable; Jesse's Root and Stem
Should spring the very morrow strong and fair,
And all the slumbering world was unaware.
We who still slumber, how shall we condemn?

She lies, alone with God, this holy eve;
She, whose glad eyes will look to-morrow morn
With rapture on the blessed Man-child born;
She, who in three-and-thirty years will grieve,
Pierced to the heart; she, who will yet receive
The garland of the Rose without a thorn.

II.

Oh, was there never a woman there to say,
"Behold, this woman nears her travailing,"
And take her by the hand, and gently bring

Into a room, and softly speak, and lay
The woman down, and watch by her till day,
When shade should flee and from on high should spring
The Light of Light for help and comforting?
We, blind and cold, nor dare to blame, nor may.

And yet, if men had felt the throbbing breast
Of night alive with wonder and the fair
Great Dawn, they had left their beds all empty there,
Nor cared a whit for any sleep or rest.
We, have not we rejected any guest;
Dismissed the more than angel unaware?

Miss Hickey's last wine,—or at least her latest, for we hope it will have successors, is certainly her best. And I must find room for one more quotation, a happy and lyrical bird-song which reflects at its freshest and fairest a many-sided gift.

CUCKOO SONG.

"*In April*
Come he will."
"Who doth roam?
Who will come?
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Is it only cuckoo? Why
Do you long so eagerly
For the coming of the cuckoo by-and-by?
"*In April*
Come he will."

"*In May*
He sings all day."
"Whose the song
All day long?
Whose? Whose?"
"Cuckoo's!"
Is it only cuckoo's? Oh,
That is not for me to know!
Dearest music of all music loud or low.
"*In May*
He sings all day."

"*In June*
He changes his tune."
"Who doth sing,
Varying?

Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Has the joyous cuckoo-strain
That was echoed in your brain,
Caught the trouble of the coming loss and pain?
"*In June*
He changes his tune."

"*In July*
Away he'll fly."
("Ruth is it
Infinite!)
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Oh, the summer goeth fast,
And the cuckoo-time is past;
Every day you hear him now may be the last.
"*In July*
Away he'll fly."

"*In August*
Go he must."
("What avail
Tears and wail?)
Who? Who?
"Cuckoo!"
Only cuckoo! and your face,
As you stand in your old place,
Wears the wonder of love's agony, love's grace.
"*In August*
Go he must."

A distinguished critic and lover of poetry who is also a Nonconformist divine, has commented somewhat enviously on the fact that the best religious poetry of the day is being written by Catholics, much of it by Catholic women. Well, it is an interesting fact that in England to-day so many of the women poets,—quite an extraordinary proportion in fact, should be Catholics. Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Hamilton King, Mrs. Bland (E. Nesbit), Mrs. Shorter, Lady Gilbert, Michael Field, Emily Hickey. Not so long ago we lost May Probyn. I turn up a Book of Verse by Living Women edited by Lady Margaret Sackville and I find that out of twenty-five contributors eight are known to me as Catholics and of three I am doubtful including the editor herself, whose mother is certainly a Catholic.

THE AGREEMENT PRIOR TO MIXED MARRIAGES.

BY CHARLES O'SULLIVAN.

IS IT VALID IN LAW?

THE accomplished Editor of the *New Jersey Monitor*, Rev. William P. Cantwell, asked a question in a recent issue of his paper that should interest the entire legal fraternity. Even those who profess to know little of marital affairs are probably aware that prior to the marriage of a Catholic and Protestant the latter is required to sign an agreement "that all the children of either sex born of the marriage shall be baptized and educated in the faith, and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, even if the Catholic party to the marriage should happen to be taken away by death." This document is deemed of the utmost importance by the ecclesiastical authorities, and priests are absolutely forbidden to perform what is termed a mixed-marriage until it is properly executed. Now what Father Cantwell wants to know is whether this contract is valid in law?

I.

Of course in Ireland and England the question was settled long ago. In those countries the position of the father as head of the family being more than a mere fiction, it is not surprising to find that to him is entrusted entirely the religious training of the children. It is for him to choose the creed in which they are to be reared, it is for him to appoint the church and school they are to attend; and should he die during their minority his wishes still prevail and are treated by the guardians with sacred regard. The Court never thinks of interfering between a father and his children unless his conduct is such that it actually amounts to an abandonment of parental duty. Thus grossly immoral conduct, as in the celebrated case of Wellesley vs. Wellesley, (2 Bli. N. S. 124) of bringing up the children atheists, as in the equally cele-

brated case of Shelley vs. Westbrooke (Jacobs, 266), or where the children have been educated in a certain religious faith for so long a time that to change would be injurious—have all been held sufficient causes for interference. But the breach of an ante-nuptial agreement to bring up the children according to the tenets of a particular religion does not constitute such a reason. A contract of that kind is absolutely worthless.

In Ireland the two leading cases on this topic—that is the cases that firmly fix the principle of law thus establishing a precedent for future decisions are *In re Browne, a Minor*, (21r. Ch. Reports 151) and *In re Meades, Minors*, (Irish Law Reports, 5 Eq. 98). In the Browne case a really remarkable opinion was written by the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Sir Cusack Smith. It seems that Albert William Browne, a Catholic, married Jane Cashel, a Protestant, having first agreed verbally that the children of the marriage should be brought up in the Protestant faith. There were two children, Jane Cecilia, who died shortly after birth, and Cecilia Jane. Mrs. Browne died when the latter was only six months old and the father immediately placed the child under the care of a Mrs. Watts, a Protestant, and the minor's maternal grand-aunt. Later on Browne died leaving a will whereby he appointed his mother and his brother, a Catholic clergyman, joint executors and sole guardians of his only child, who, he directed, should be educated and brought up in the faith of the Catholic religion. In overruling the objections of Mrs. Watts to this clause of the will, the Master of the Rolls said:

> Suppose a member of the Established church married a Roman Catholic lady, and agreed before marriage that the children of the marriage should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith ; and suppose that after marriage the husband, entertaining more serious views on the subject of religion than when he entered into the agreement, considers that the eternal welfare of his child may depend upon the nature of the religious instruction which the child shall receive, would it be an abuse of parental authority that the father should take the necessary steps to have his child brought up a Protestant ? . . . I am of the opinion that it would not be an abuse of parental authority, if Albert William Browne were now living, that he should insist on bringing up his child according to his

own religious views, unless the contract of agreement found by the report was binding upon him in point of law, which question I shall hereafter consider; and, if not, it is no abuse of the testimentary guardians that they should seek to follow the directions contained in his will. The question, therefore, is whether the Court on this motion has jurisdiction to enforce the performance of the contract or agreement found by the report? If a bill or cause petition was filed for the specific performance of such a contract, there would be great difficulty in sustaining the suit, not only on the ground stated in the report, but on the broader ground upon which the case has been argued by Mrs. Browne's counsel. . . . How could the Court enforce the performance, by the father of the child, of such a contract as is found by the report? Is the Court to separate the child from its father, to prevent a violation of the contract? Is the Court to separate the husband and wife, and place the children with the wife, to enable her to educate them in the faith which she professes, and in which the husband contracted the children should be brought up? Who is to provide the funds to educate the child in the religion the father objects to? Is the Court to apply the property of the husband, during his lifetime and against his will, to the education of his child in that form of religious faith from which he conscientiously differs, and the adoption of which by his child he believes will be destructive to his eternal welfare? By what process is the property of the husband to be sequestered for such purpose? Is the Court to pronounce a decree or order against the husband, who, from the purest and most conscientious motives, does not perform his agreement? And is the Court to issue an attachment against him, and lodge him in gaol for his life, unless he consents that his child shall be brought up in that religious faith which he believes to be unscriptural and erroneous, and furnishes the funds necessary for that purpose? . . . In the present case it appears to me that the case rests entirely on the alleged contract. It is a matter of notoriety that stipulations are constantly entered into where mixed marriages take place, as to the religious faith in which the children are to be brought up; but no case has ever occurred, that I am aware of, in which it has been attempted to enforce such a contract in a Court of Equity. I am of the opinion that in this case the Equity is not to be administered in this Court, that it would be detrimental to the interests of the public that a Court of Equity should attempt to enforce the performance of such a contract as is alleged to

> have been entered into in this case. . . . Let the report stand confirmed so far as it finds that the minor should be brought up and educated in the Roman Catholic religion.

The Meade case differs from the Browne case in this: that the father was Protestant and the mother Catholic. Before the marriage took place Mr. Meade promised his bride and her relations that the female issue should be baptized and brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. He repeated and extended this promise, when required to do so by the officiating clergyman at the time of the marriage, by adding the further engagement that all the issue should be Roman Catholics. During his wife's lifetime, this pledge was observed; and the children were educated and reared in the Catholic faith. Mrs. Meade died when the older child was seven years of age and the younger six, and her husband then invited his sister-in-law to reside in his house and to her he repeatedly renewed his promises that he would not interfere with the religious education of the children. So time passed: the children continued to receive Catholic instruction and practice the Catholic religion for three years more, when Mr. Meade, being about to be married a second time, announced his determination thenceforth to bring them up in the Protestant faith. Immediately the children's aunt petitioned the Court of Chancery praying that the minors be made wards of Court and that their father be restrained from interfering in any way with their religion. The case aroused interest everywhere and the opinion of the Court was awaited with considerable curiosity. After some delay the decision was finally rendered by Lord O'Hagan, of Tullahogue, the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland since the reign of James II.; and those who know even a little of the character of that eminent judge—of his piety, his profound learning in the law, and his zeal for causes that he thought just, will realize in a measure, the anxious circumspection with which he approached such a case and the bitter pang it must have cost him to decide it against the interests of the Church he loved so well.

> The authority of a father [says the learned Lord Chancellor] to guide and govern the education of his child is a very sacred thing, bestowed by the Almighty, and to be sustained to the uttermost by human law. It is not to be abrogated or

> abridged without the most coercive reason. For the parent and child alike its maintenance is essential, that their reciprocal relations may be fruitful of happiness and virtue; and no disturbing intervention should be allowed between them, whilst those relations are pure and wholesome and conducive to their mutual benefit. . . . I have said that, upon the affidavits, I have no doubt as to the making of the promise imputed by the petitioner to the respondent. From the breach of it has arisen all the strife and bitterness, which have destroyed the kindly relations once subsisting between the parties: and one can hardly avoid a feeling of natural regret that an engagement so solemn, so openly avowed, so strengthened by repetition, so confirmed by the consecration of the grave, should have been disregarded. But that engagement was not of binding force in law; and circumstances are conceivable in which its observance might be held to be a violation of conscience. At any rate, for the purpose of this case, it does not aid the petitioner save in so far as it gives probability to the allegation—which indeed is not disputed—as to the course and the effect of the teaching of the mother and the aunt.

These opinions comprehending as they do all the qualities characteristic of the finest judicial decisions—clearness, fairness, learning, and logic—won warm praise from the English judges, when cases involving like questions arose in their courts. For instance in *Andrews vs. Salt* (L. R. 8 Ch. 622), a case in which the husband, who was a Catholic, entered into a verbal agreement with his wife, who was a Protestant, that the boys born of the marriage should be Catholics and the girls Protestants, we find Lord Justice Mellish heartily concurring with what was said by Lord O'Hagan in the Meade case. And as it sometimes adds weight to words to know who uttered them, it may be said of Lord Justice Mellish, that so great was his learning in the law that his brethren were wont to compare him to Achitophel of old, whose counsel (says Holy Writ), was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God.

> The first question [says the Lord Justice in the course of his opinion] we shall consider is, what is the legal effect of an agreement made before marriage between a husband and wife of different religious persuasions, that boys should be educated in the religion of the father and girls in the

> religion of the mother? We are of the opinion that such an agreement is not binding as a legal contract. No damages can be recovered for a breach of it in a court of law, and it cannot be enforced by a suit for specific performance in equity. We think that a father cannot bind himself conclusively by contract, to exercise, in all events, in a particular way, rights which the law gives him for the benefit of his children and not for his own. We entirely agree with the opinion of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland (In re Meades, Minors), in which he held that the court could not during the life time of a father compel him out of his own funds to educate a child in a different religion from his own.

In *Agar-Ellis vs. Lescelles* (L. R. 10 Ch. 49), a novel and most interesting point is passed on. In the cases previously discussed, an attempt was made by a third person to enforce the contracts after the death of one of the parties to the instrument; in this case we find one of the contracting parties trying to compel the other to perform.

> What would be the result [asks Father Cantwell] if the wife should endeavor to enforce the agreement against her husband?

The answer to that question is to be found in the decision rendered in the Agar-Ellis case. The facts were as follows: The Hon. Leopold Agar-Ellis prior to his marriage with Miss Harriet Stoner, daughter of Lord Camoys, the head of the famous Catholic family, solemnly promised that the children of the marriage would be brought up in the Catholic faith. This contract was made in the presence of several well-known persons, among them being the Duke of Sutherland. There were four children of the marriage, and although the father complacently consented to the baptism of the first, he refused to permit the baptism and education of the others as Catholics. Thenceforth, there was no peace in the house of Agar-Ellis. The father, determined that the children should be Protestants, did everything possible to bring them up in that faith; while the mother fought to save them to the Church of her ancestors with a fervor that before this has won crowns for martyrs. Whether her ardor was really as praiseworthy as it seems—whether she did *right* as a Catholic in deliberately tricking her husband and teaching her children to de-

ceive and disobey their father, are questions to be settled by the theologians and not by lawyers. Such a state of things, however, could not long continue, and soon we find these unhappy persons—this husband and wife become open enemies —exposing their domestic wounds to the gaze of the curious in a Court of Law. The Vice Chancellor, whose opinion was fully confirmed by the Court of Appeal, disposed of the agreement in summary fashion saying:

> But in truth the petition rests on this that Mr. Agar-Ellis promised before the marriage that the children should be brought up Roman Catholics. Now I have written down the result in a very few words of all the cases and they amount to this: the promise by the father that his children should be brought up in a religion other than his own is thoroughly settled not to be binding. . . . Therefore, I come to the decision in this case that the father however absolutely he may have promised, is at liberty to revoke it. He may alter his own views. He may not have cared much about religion when he married, but if he afterwards thinks more of religious subjects, he is at liberty to say, "I conscientiously dissent from the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church," or the converse, for it makes no difference, "and I must have my children brought up in that form of religion which I alone can sanction."

He then quotes with approval the opinion of Lord O'Hagan in the Meade case and the opinion of Sir C. Smith in the Browne case that the promise of the father is absolutely null and cannot be in any way enforced. The Court of Appeal has held in a comparatively recent case that a written agreement providing that children are to be brought up in a particular faith is no better than a verbal one. In the case referred to (In re Violet Nevin, 1891—2 Ch.), both husband and wife signed the following contract:

> We, the undersigned do hereby each of us solemnly promise and engage that all the children of both sexes that may be born of our marriage, shall be baptized in the Catholic Church, and shall be carefully brought up in the knowledge and practice of the Catholic religion.

On the death of the parents an attempt was made by the infant's uncle to enforce this agreement and from an adverse

decision by Mr. Justice Chitty in the Chancery Division, the case was carried to the Court of Appeal.

> In determining what the Court ought to do [says Lord Justice Bowen] we have to consider that a father is charged with the right and duty of providing for the religious education of his children, and he cannot fetter himself in its exercise or renounce the right. An ante-nuptial agreement on the subject is one which he may consider himself bound in honor to carry out,—but it is not legally binding on him; he must from time to time consider what is in his judgment most for the good of the children and an ante-nuptial agreement to have them educated in a particular religion is not binding on him during his life. So also declarations of his intention as to the religious education of his children made at one time are declarations from which he is at liberty to depart. This view of his position during his life throws light upon what ought to be done after his death. An ante-nuptial agreement as to the religious education of the children which was not binding on the father during his life-time cannot be binding on the Court after his death.

Curiously enough it was not until the other day that a pre-nuptial agreement of the character we have been discussing was passed upon by an American Court of Appeal. On April 19, 1910, the Missouri Court of Appeals rendered a decision in the case of Brewer against Cary (127 S. W. R. 685) holding that an ante-nuptial contract providing that the offspring should be brought up in the Catholic faith even if the wife should die was not enforceable for the following reasons: (1) Because there are no property rights involved; (2) Public policy forbids the permanent transfer of the natural rights of a parent; (3) Equity has no jurisdiction, since only a moral duty is involved; (4) the Court will not enforce such a contract even for the benefit of the infant since it would result in determining between religions. It is worth observing that to the three reasons advanced by the foreign tribunals for denying the validity of the contract, the Missouri Court adds a fourth, with the manifest intention of emphasizing the fact that in this country the existence of religion in any form will not be recognized by law. In the course of his opinion the Presiding Justice quotes with approval the following sentiments recently expressed by Judge Bakewell of Missouri:

> The State of which we are citizens and officers does not regard herself as having any competency in spiritual matters. She looks with equal eye upon all forms of a so-called Christianity and subjects no one to any disability for rejecting Christianity in any form, nor for rejecting the generally accepted doctrines of natural religion. A father in Missouri forfeits no rights to the custody and control of his child by being, or becoming an atheist; nor are his rights in this respect increased before the law by his believing rightly. The law does not profess to know what is a right belief.

So that what is deemed in Great Britain the best of all reasons for interfering between a parent and his children, is considered in the United States an excellent argument for refraining from such action. Truly a startling reminder that ours is a Godless government!

II.

Since then it is evident that the pre-nuptial agreement as now drawn is invalid and cannot be enforced, Catholic lawyers must use their wits to find a way by which such a contract can be made in legal form. Certainly the question is worthy of the attention even of the intellectually elect. A Catholic mother would look on death with added horror if she thought that when she was gone her husband might bring the children up in some other faith or drag them into the dark paths of agnosticism. Some say that it would deter mixed marriages if people clearly understood that an agreement as to the religious education of unborn children was not binding. This hardly follows, however, for it is known to all that those who indulge in love dreams are apt, during those golden hours, to place faith in pledges that cannot stand the test of the first dreary day of married life. As a great poet has said:

> "Yet if thou swear'st,
> Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' prejuries
> They say Jove laughs."

Well, three ways occur by which such an agreement can be made legally binding.

First: The contract might specify a sum of money payable to the wife as liquidated damages for non-performance.

The objection to this plan is that if the Court held the contract invalid *ab initio*, it is unlikely that damages for breach could be collected.

Second: A trust could be created in favor of the wife, the property to go to the children when they were twenty-one if they had been educated in the Catholic religion, otherwise to vest absolutely in the wife. It is thought that this would constitute a valid trust, but—and unfortunately a *but* generally bobs up when a legal question is under discussion—it would necessitate the possession of property by the husband, and as a trust constitutes a lien against property, it would undoubtedly be objected to on that ground by the prospective bridegroom, or his watchful attorneys.

Third: A simpler way than either of those suggested would be for the husband and wife to agree in writing prior to the marriage that in the event of children being born, two other persons, both Catholics, should act as guardians together with the father and mother. This plan would effectually dispose of the points raised in the case of *Brewer v. Carey*. If the mother of the children died, a "next friend" proceeding would then be unnecessary as three guardians would still survive to care for the infants' interests. It could not be said that the father had waived his natural rights for he would merely share them with others selected by himself and his wife. And as religion would not even be mentioned in the agreement, it is extremely doubtful if the document could be objected to on that ground. To be sure the majority of the guardians might insist that the boys of the marriage be educated at Georgetown or Seton Hall rather than Yale or Princeton, and these institutions might be criticised because they are well known to be owned and conducted by Catholic priests. But what then? In Georgetown many subjects are taught besides Christian Doctrine; and logic, the ancient and modern languages and the higher mathematics, as well as Church History, are imparted to the students of Seton Hall.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER.

BY SEBASTIAN MEYNELL.

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt was in England last June, he sent, through a friend, a message to Sir William Butler, expressing his admiration for his *Great Lone Land*, and his hope of an early meeting with its author. That meeting did not take place, for already the Irish Catholic soldier-author was confined to the sick-bed from which he was not to rise. A few days later came the news of his death. The end to a long and crowded career had come swiftly and peacefully, in his native Tipperary, its rigors consoled by the rites of the Church.

The Great Lone Land was his first and most popular book. It has passed through some twenty editions, and, in a sense, time only adds to its freshness. The North American scenes which it describes are no longer to be looked at by the eye of man. When Butler set foot in Canada, forty years ago, the hungry tide from overcharged Europe had not yet eaten into the heart of the North Western wilderness. His pen has faithfully transcribed the old life of the prairie, over which the Indian tribes then freely warred and wandered, and the buffalo roamed in countless herds, with the moose and the other wild things of the waste. With *The Great Lone Land* must be mentioned a companion volume to which many will ascribe a literary merit beyond that of the more popular work. *The Wild North Land* expresses more perfectly the very genius of travel. It is the narrative of a winter journey, with dog-trains, from fort to lonely fort of the Hudson Bay Company, by frozen prairie or sub-arctic forest, or along the channel of sealed rivers stretching northwards towards the lifeless ocean.

By these two volumes their author is most likely to be known on the North American continent. But the most famous praises of Butler as an author (Ruskin's) were called forth by another book—a little volume of miscellaneous papers en-

titled *Far Out: Rovings Re-told*, published in 1880. Ruskin, in the preface to *Our Fathers Have Told Us*, thus greeted its appearance: "A book has just been published by a British officer who, if he had not been otherwise and more actively employed, could not only have written all my books about landscape and pictures, but is very singularly also of one mind with me (God knows of how few Englishmen I can now say so) on matters regarding the Queen's safety and the nation's honor." Ruskin's tribute forms perhaps the best introduction to this brief account of the career, character, and opinions of Sir William Butler, drawn chiefly from the posthumously published Autobiography,* which adds to the dozen or more volumes produced during a career of busy external activity a work altogether worthy of its predecessors and of the life it records.

It is the man rather than the soldier whom I will keep in view, the unit of the larger army—the ever-marching, ever led-on Army of Human Beings. For this soldier always wore his uniform-harness in the full knowledge that beneath it he "had his soul to keep." Though constantly in service he led a life apart. In this many-sided character, we have the idealist as well as the man of action, the man of independent outlook and wide sympathies as well as the soldier sworn to duty, the Irish patriot as well as the servant of the British Empire, the administrator whose persistent championship of the weaker nationalities of that empire found him at times in conflict with the official policies of which he was the instrument. His was a knighthood in a British military order; but his also was that "loyalty to one's thought" which constitutes the only knighthood worth the name.

A Catholic Irishman, born in County Tipperary nine years before "Black 'Forty-seven," the year of famine, Butler inherited his fighting spirit from his Hibernicised-Norman ancestors, the Ormond Butlers; but his hatred of oppression and championship of the weak must have been first inspired by the cruel scenes of famine and eviction which emerge as the most vivid impressions of his childhood. One memory which he carried with him all his life was that of being hoisted in the stalwart arms of Daniel O'Connell, to the accompaniment

* *Sir William Butler: An Autobiography.* By Lieut-General the Right Hon. Sir W. F. Butler, G.C.B. London: Constable & Co. 1911.

of the Liberator's stentorian "Hurrah for Tipperary"! If it is to the pages of his *Autobiography* that we must turn for the formal account of Butler's boyhood, its spirit is perhaps better conveyed in the opening chapter of his tale of *Red Cloud: The Solitary Sioux*—a capital boys' book of stirring Red Indian adventure. The boyhood of the Irish hero of his fiction seems sketched from his own, with a reminiscent parish-priest as his hero's "schoolmaster for God." It all rings true, down to the last injunction of the Irish mother to the son never to be ashamed of faith or fatherland. That dual devotion was translated into living fact in the career which awaited the Tipperary boy of very real life. As Irishman and as Catholic he bore his witness very noticeably before the world. His early education was of the desultory and unconventional type common among the impoverished Irish gentry of the period. "I often wondered in after life," he moralizes, "how the balance of the account lay, between the loss of school education caused by those famine years, and the gain of that other lesson of life—its necessities, its sorrows, its hard, bed-rock facts which that terrible time had implanted in my mind."

Butler, from his earliest days, had a restless passion for "seeing and knowing"; a gaze intent upon the whole pageant of the world; a desire to "drink life to the lees." It was his love of travel, of adventure, of soldiering—that is to say, the idealized conception of soldiering present to a boy's fancy—that made him choose a military career. He writes of the "noble profession of arms," much in the spirit of a knight-errant, a paladin from the middle ages drifted into the wrong century. From the aims of modern commercial jingoism he instinctively recoiled: they seemed to him a poor basis for soldiering. But fate introduced him to the British Army at an unpropitious moment for a young man ambitious of knightly service. The struggles of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny were just ended, and the period of Great Britain's "Little Wars" did not begin immediately. From the start of army life he kept a note-book, and we can see how assiduously he cultivated the literary gift native to him. In India with his regiment shortly after the Mutiny, the observant subaltern made a record of his youthful impressions which reads even more freshly to-day, amid the prevalent native unrest, than

when he penned it fifty years ago. He wrote: "It is yet to be proved in our rapid development of intellectual power among the people of India, whether it be possible to graft upon the decaying trunk of an old civilization the young offshoot of a newer and more vigorous one. . . . We pull down the barriers within which the native mind has hitherto moved, but the flood of his enquiry being set flowing, we cannot stay or confine it to our own limits."

Regimental duty at Guernsey in 1866 was brightened for him by meetings with Victor Hugo. During one of these, the poet said to him abruptly "I have examined your face, and if ever I were to be tried, I would wish to have you for judge." At length, after twelve years of the usual routine of the peace soldier, varied only by change of station, the Red River Expedition of 1870 gave Butler his first chance. There was "no berth vacant," he was told, with the force sent against Riel and his discontented half-breeds in the Canadian North-West; but Butler's resourcefulness circumvented all obstacles of red tape, and his own initiative and the friendly offices of Colonel Wolseley, who was in command, secured him employment. Wolseley, then the "coming man" of the British Army, was quick to note his young lieutenant's abilities; and there was thus begun a comradeship sealed by many a subsequent service. "I always regarded you as a host in yourself," wrote Lord Wolseley to Butler during his last illness,—"ready to undertake any difficult job, and the more dangerous it was the more you enjoyed it." Still, there was no hint yet of that career of military distinction which was to provide the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the British Army with matter for this retrospect. Indeed, the publication of *The Great Lone Land*, embodying the Red River experiences and subsequent travels as a Civil Commissioner to the Saskatchewan Indians, seemed rather to point to literary success.

In 1872 Butler became a captain on half-pay, and the Army seemed likely to lose him. In the midst of blank professional prospects he found consolation in the thought, dear to Stevenson, that he was "free to wander." He speaks of the "irksomeness" of his "uniform-harness," and of "the spirit of adventure which only tended to sicken in the ranks." That spirit now turned his steps to regions more remote than the virgin prairies of Saskatchewan. "At that time, I was

boiling with the spirit of movement, and distance alone sufficed to lend enchantment to my prospect of travel. The scene could not be too remote, nor the theatre too lonely. The things I did not want to see or know of were trains and steamboats: the canoe or the prairie pony in summer, the snow-shoe and dog-sled in winter, one's own feet and legs at all times—these were good enough for passing over the surface of God's wonderful world." Accordingly he made that memorable winter journey with dogs across northern North America which has its record in *The Wild North Land*.

But all truant rovings came to an abrupt end with the Ashanti Expedition of 1874, and its summons to military adventure in West Africa. The contest which now awaited him was with hostile African nature rather than armed African man. Of the hour to hour fight with malarial fever in the tropical forest, the narrative remains fixed in the memory of all who have read it. But he barely came off victor at the last. For the fever, kept at bay by quinine and an iron will while work was to be done, reasserted itself on the voyage home, till he lay in his hammock as one dead. Indeed, he only escaped premature burial at sea through the obstinacy of an inquisitive sailor. But at last the death-stupor and the crisis of his fever passed, till at length: "As we slowly sailed into cooler latitudes the fever of the brain grew less; and at Madeira a Portuguese clergyman came off to the tossing ship, bad sailor though he was, to bring to the 'ruckle of bones' the final ministrations of that Faith, the tinkle of whose Mass-bell—more continuous and far-reaching even than the loud drum-beat of England which the American imagined circling the earth and keeping company with the hours—carries its morning message of mercy to the sinners of the world."

Such was Butler's introduction to a continent where every effort of his life brought to him a "sense of ultimate frustration." With a civil mission to Natal in 1875 came the opportunity for first studying those South African problems which almost dominated his later career. Then, at a three years' interval, came the Zulu War, and his discharge of staff duties at the base of operations was marked by a task which he calls one of the saddest of his life. He had to arrange for the reception at Durban and the transmission to England of the

remains of Eugene Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France. Like the Napiers before him among British officers, Butler always found in Napoleon a fascinating object of military hero-worship. For the great Chief of War he had an overmastering admiration. Butler could appreciate more then most the strangeness and the irony of the destiny which fated this young representative of England's mortal foe to fall, by the hands of savages, a volunteer in England's service. But a month before the tragady, Butler had wished God-speed to the young prince on his way to the front.

The Irish soldier testifies in his *Memoirs* to those lovable qualities which impressed all who knew the Prince Imperial, "handsome, active, brave to a fault, the soul of chivalrous honor, yet withal of a singular grace and gentleness." He writes with feeling of the wanton sacrifice of this young life, an episode, and the circumstances attending it, which he regarded as a graver blot upon British arms than many Isandulas.

The scene of service next shifts to Egypt. Butler, now a colonel, was on the staff of the army which invaded the Nile Delta in 1882, and overthrew Arabi Pasha and his nationalist forces. His brilliant military work during the campaign had a characteristic sequel in the unofficial action which he took at its close, when the fate of the "rebel," Arabi, hung in the balance. The execution of Arabi under the shelter of Khedivial authority he considered would be a disgrace to England, and he wrote to a military superior who was in touch with Mr. Gladstone a strong and generous letter urging that the prisoner should have a public trial.

With this campaign begins the story of the English in Egypt. Succeeding events soon brought in their train Gordon's mission to the Sudan and the belated effort to rescue him. The Gordon Relief Expedition provided Butler with a task that commanded his whole enthusiasm. It fell to him to devise, and to convoy over the Nile cataracts, the boat service for the conveyance of the British fighting forces and their supplies. "The grandest and noblest work in war tried in my time," he calls this Campaign of the Cataracts. After its collapse, he writes home: "Is it not strange that the very first war in the Victorian era in which the object" (the rescue of Gordon) "was entirely noble and worthy should have proved

an utter and complete failure, beaten at the finish by forty-eight hours?" Reviewing the sad but brilliant chapter of his *Autobiography* which deals with his own part in this abortive effort, and noting the dates and the successive stages in the River journey, it is hard to resist the conclusion that, if a free hand had been given him and if his efforts had not been foiled by the delays of others, the expedition would have been in time to save the Solitary of Khartum.

Captain Sword and Captain Pen had a rare union in this Irish soldier, and four years later he published the biographical study of that fellow-fighter and fellow-Celt which forms the best brief memorial of General Gordon in the language. Other military biographies he wrote, but I mention this one because of the perfect sympathy which informs it, revealing much of the writer's own ideals and philosophy of life. Reading it, we understand how it is that such men as Gordon and Butler, who "have their souls to keep," do not always "hit it off" in the official world, where they get the name of being "bad subordinates." The official mind in its foreign outlook has one main preoccupation, which may be summed up as "the maintenance of imperial prestige." But such minds as Gordon's and Butler's formulate their own principle of action towards the native races and subject nationalities of an empire: "Advise what is universally right throughout the world and what is best for the people themselves." In Gordon, moreover, Butler recognizes not only the "foremost man of action of his race and time," but the one whose "ruling principle was faith and good works." Elsewhere he calls him "the most successful ruler of Eastern and African races that England has produced"; yet Gordon died a plain Major-General, and long periods of unemployment were his. The official recognition he obtained supplies no measure of his fame. Butler, living longer, won greater professional honors, but not so great as lesser contemporaries obtained for slighter achievements. Reading Butler's own *Life*, we see how qualities similar to those he writes about in Gordon stood somewhat in the way of his own professional advancement. Soldiers of their stamp must ever be something more than mere military machines. Fighting is to them a means, not an end; the soldier's true function constructive rather than destructive. If they pull down, it is only the better to build up again.

General Butler's command in South Africa just before the great Anglo-Boer war opens out a tangled skein of politics which it would be vain for me to attempt to unravel here. Upon arrival in South Africa, Sir William Butler, in addition to the heavy military responsibilities of his post, had to discharge the civil duties of Deputy-Governor and High Commissioner while Sir Alfred Milner was away consulting Mr. Chamberlain in England. When it became Butler's duty to write despatches to the English Colonial Office on the squabbles of Johannesburg, he was at no pains to conceal his distaste for the tactics of cosmopolitan finance, pursuing its intrigues under the cloak of patriotism. Finding forces at work to "inflame racial differences, mislead public opinion, and produce strife with the Transvaal," he vainly tried to promote a better feeling in South Africa, and to warn his superiors at home of the dangers he saw ahead. From the first he saw clearly the magnitude of the war which England was entering upon in a spirit of blind optimism. But the fact that he had declared the coming war to be avoidable, and therefore criminal, caused all his other opinions and recommendations to be received with suspicion. The estimate which he formed of the material and moral strength of the Dutch Republics met with incredulity alike at the Cape and in London. Reports became current that "his sympathies were with England's possible enemies." "I do not know who has spread these reports about my opinions," he writes to a London official at the time: "it is true that I have, and long have had, sympathy with the people of Dutch race in South Africa. Long ago I studied their history and formed my opinion about them, and these opinions I have openly stated in my writings for years past. But I have never held the opinion that the claims of British subjects upon the Transvaal Boers were unjustifiable, nor that resistance of the Boers to those claims was fair and right."

Shortly after Milner's return Butler found himself obliged to resign his command. By this act, he seemed to outsiders to be deliberately turning his back upon the finest opportunity of his professional career; and, no doubt, to so keen a soldier, the sacrifice he made by quitting South Africa when he did, must have been in one sense great. For, in the ordinary course, he would doubtless have filled that position of promi-

nent command in the field during the ensuing struggle for which his gifts and experiences prëeminently fitted him. But while his career may have paid forfeit in the loss of possible honors, public opinion, viewing the muddle and mismanagement of that time, came, before the end of his life, to do justice to the man who always staked more upon *honor* than he did on *honors*.

With Butler's return from South Africa, his *Autobiography* ceases, so that we miss the chapters which would have told of the peaceful work of his last years in Ireland. But its import may be found in a book which he published less than a year before his death—*The Light of the West*, a volume embodying, with other matter, some of the addresses he delivered in various parts of Ireland during this time. In these addresses his message is direct to his countrymen; he is concerned with "results to be achieved, endeavors to be undertaken, by Irishmen in their own country." He had lived to see the Irish peasant, whose cause he had been pleading all his life, firmly planted on Irish soil, free, in great measure, to shape the future for himself. He did not stand up in these last years of his life in order to flatter. He would call the peasant, at need, to sobriety and industry, reproaching him with the field left untilled and the hay ungarnered. Always direct and outspoken, he puts the question, "Are we, as a nation, making the best use of our land?" How to lessen and stop emigration (that ceaseless drain which is leaving the heart of Ireland bloodless), how to lessen or destroy drunkenness, how to subdue the spirit of gambling and betting—"the insanity of the thing they call sport, which seems to me, when I read of it in the public journals, and turn from the page to look at the real condition of the island, to be the gigantic realization of a whole people fiddling and dancing while all their bogs and houses and barns are burning." Such are some of the economic and social problems of present-day Ireland to which Sir William Butler turns in *The Light of the West*. "Nothing has ever been written in my judgment more fit to illumine the past and the present for Englishmen and Irishmen than some of the papers on Ireland in this little-known book." So writes Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M. P., in a recent issue of *The Nineteenth Century*. Of Butler's endeavors for Ireland, Mr. Gwynn is particularly qualified to speak, for he was the General's colleague on the Commission

appointed to draw up the statutes of the new National University, and also on the Board of National Education.

But I will end by a final quotation from Butler himself—a passage which will at once appeal to the American reader and also go far to justify, in his estimation, Ruskin's magnificent praises, already cited, of the Catholic soldier's style. The writer has been describing how St. Patrick first kindled the light of Catholic faith in Ireland—the Light which was never to be extinguished despite ceaseless persecution and in contempt of every imaginable bribe, discovering, in the permanence of its brilliance, the supreme and solitary triumph of the Irish race. At length the time comes for the same torch to be born across the Atlantic:

> Yes, there was Light far away in the West: out in the great ocean, far down below the sunset's farthest verge, from westmost hill-top the New World lay waiting for the Light. It came, borne by the hands of Ireland's starving children. The old man tottered with the precious burthen from the fever-stricken ship; the young child carried the light in feeble hands to the shore; the strong man bore it to the Western prairies, and into the cañons of snowy sierras; the maiden brought it into the homestead to be a future dower to her husband and a legacy to her children. And lo! ere famine's night had passed from Ireland, the Church of Patrick arose over all that vast new world of America, from where the great St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into the daybreak of the Atlantic, to where California flings wide her golden gate to the sunsets of the Pacific.

NOTE.—*Sir William Butler.* An Autobiography—is published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; in England by Constable & Co., London. Price $4.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW YORK'S FIRST PARISH SCHOOL.

BY MICHAEL HENRY LUCEY, PH.D.

THE fathers of the Society of Jesus, who were the pioneer priests of New York, and who established the first Catholic school on Manhattan Island, were compelled to close their school and leave the city on the accession of William and Mary in 1688. Almost a hundred years later, the evacuation of the city by the British removed the ban on Catholicity, and the Jesuits again openly began their missionary work. But even during the occupancy of the town by the British, there is good reason for believing that at least one Jesuit priest, the Rev. Ferdinand Steinmeyer, braved the dangers and entered the city in disguise. On these trips from Maryland he assumed the name of Farmer, and while in the city ministered to a small congregation which met in the home of a devout German in Wall Street. On the departure of the British forces he came openly to the city, and organized the small body of Catholics whom he found there. He remained with them until the arrival, in October, 1784, of the Rev. Charles Whelan, a former chaplain on De Grasse's fleet, who had come from Ireland in response to an invitation from the Catholics of New York. To him the Rev. Mr. Steinmeyer turned over the small congregation and returned to Philadelphia.

New York was then the capital of the nation, and was, in consequence, the residence of the foreign ministers, several of whom, including the Spanish and French, were Catholics. During the annual sessions of Congress, Catholic members, the most distinguished of whom was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, resided there. The presence of these distinguished Catholics greatly encouraged the struggling faithful of the city. The congregation, however, was too poor to secure a permanent place of worship and, accordingly, met in various halls.

In April, 1785, Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, Consul General of France, applied on behalf of the Catholics to the city authorities for the use of the Exchange on Broad Street, a building

which was then unoccupied. Permission was refused. Under the leadership of the Consul General the Catholics then formed a society, and on June 10, 1785, became incorporated under the title of "The Trustees of the Roman Catholic Church in the City of New York." The first trustees were Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, Joze Roiz Silva, James Stewart and Henry Dufflin.

Steps were immediately taken looking toward the erection of a church building. During the summer a lease of five lots on Barclay Street, extending through to Church Street, was bought. In August, Trinity Church, which owned the fee, encouraged the Catholics by agreeing to sell them the reversion on easy terms, and later this was done.

A carpenter shop which stood on the ground served as a temporary chapel, while the congregation was devising ways and means to secure funds for the erection of a suitable church. The means of the congregation having been exhausted in the purchase of the lots, it was deemed necessary to appeal to outside quarters for aid.

One of the leading members of the Board of Trustees was Dominick Lynch, a native of Galway, Ireland, who had spent some time on the continent, and who had afterwards emigrated to New York, where he was engaged in business with Don Thomas Stoughton, later the Spanish Consul. Mr. Lynch, in a letter which accompanied one from the Board of Trustees addressed to the Rev. Augustine Kirwan, asking for aid, gives such a good account of the condition of Catholicity on Manhattan Island at that time that it is here reproduced in part.

> You must be informed [he writes under date of September 22, 1785,] that before the late Revolution, the Roman Catholic religion was never allowed to be exercised in the state. Upon the peace, Government thought proper to make no distinction nor to give the smallest preference to any persuasions whatever.
>
> Therefore ours being carried on with prudence and moderation is upon equal footing, and every member composing it is entitled to all the privileges that any citizen can enjoy. In short they may be elected to the first post and employment. On my arrival here, seeing everything so favorable, I thought it would be a disgrace to our religion not to have a place of decency for divine worship. I therefore used every effort in

my power to forward such an undertaking. I prevailed on some few to engage in the purchase of a lot of ground for the purpose, which we have effected and are now preparing the foundation. Yet though great our exertions may be, it will be utterly impossible for us to complete this laudable plan without foreign aid and assistance. I apply to you for your kind and good interference in our behalf to carry on this work of God. Enclosed I send a petition from the trustees. I have no occasion to recommend it, as I am sure you will do what is possible in procuring a liberal collection which will reflect eternal honor on the town and county of Galway, and don't doubt in time but it may be in the power of the congregation to return it tenfold. I have set my heart on forwarding this business, and cannot point out to you the very great advancement it would be to our Faith, our having a decent church, with a good preacher, which would be the means of awaking in the hearts of thousands a religion in which their forefathers were educated, but for want of opportunity they have not in their power to exercise. Consider the extent of this state and not one church of our persuasion erected in it, the more glorious this work will be when completed which, under God I hope all benevolent well-disposed Christians will assist us in doing. As we cannot proceed much further without supplies, whatever collection you may make, I request you will remit to your relation in London, Mr. John Kirwan.

Help was also sought for in other quarters, appeals being addressed to the Kings of France and Spain. Charles IV. of Spain did contribute one thousand dollars through his ambassador, but no response was received from the French King.

Work was begun on the new church in the autumn of 1785, and the next year the building had so far progressed that it was decided to dedicate it. This event took place on November 7, 1786, in the presence of the Spanish Ambassador, Don Gardoqui, and several other gentlemen of distinction.

The church did not, however, advance to completion as rapidly as it should. Dissentions arose between the people and their pastors. The faithful Father Whelan was forced out to make room for the Rev. Andrew Nugent, who was considerered an excellent preacher. But Father Nugent, in turn, was unable to maintain peace in the congregation, and was deposed by Dr. Carroll, the Vicar Apostolic, on the request of a majority of the trustees. The Rev. Mr. Nugent, however,

had a following of his own, and for a time refused to surrender the church. The trustees then invoked the aid of the law against him and his adherents, and the Rev. William O'Brien, the new pastor, was left to do his work in peace.

What with these dissensions and their own poverty, the congregation found themselves in sore straits. The church debt was pressing heavily on them, and they were scarcely able to pay the salary of their pastor. They appealed for aid in various quarters, more especially to the Spanish king and to his subjects, both in the old world and in the new. In a letter to Count de Moutiers, the Spanish minister, under date of June 13, 1789, the trustees say:

> This building (the church) hath been attended with more expense than at first expected, and the congregation, composed of the greatest numbers of poor though zealous people, instead of being able by their subscriptions to discharge a heavy debt, contracted for in the erection of the edifice, it is with difficulty a competence can be raised to support a clergyman.

Three years later matters had not improved. On April 10, 1792, the trustees addressed the following memorial to Trinity Church Corporation.

The trustees of the Church of St. Peter in the City of New York beg leave most respectfully to state the following facts:

> That encouraged by the spirit of liberality contained in the Constitution of this State (which has and must ever be the admiration of all who enjoy it), they were induced to erect a church to the honor of that Deity in whom all Christians confide, on lands belonging to your corporation. That at the time said church was erected the congregation were in united harmony and peace, but, unfortunately, certain differences that afterwards took place, and which we most sincerely lament, tended to depress and reduce our finances. That their said church has been compelled to borrow moneys, both from the Bank of New York and individuals for its support, which money to a very considerable amount is still unpaid. That from these circumstances, the remembrance of which to us is painful, and which cannot be pleasing for you to hear, we have been unable to discharge the ground rent, so justly your due, and having learned that the secretary of your corporation had received directions to commence suit for the re-

> covery of the same, confident of your generosity, acquainted with your resources, and relying upon your charity, we are emboldened not only to pray for your interposition, but to request your further benevolence. We earnestly solicit an abatement of the debt itself by arrears, and of our annual rent, in such proportion as your liberality shall suggest, and we will, though poor, endeavor to discharge it punctually, and as we increase in our temporalities, we shall with grateful hearts remember such relief as in our present distressed circumstances we hope to experience from the corporation of Trinity Church.

It was not until 1796 that St. Peter's was able to pay the stipulated fee of $5,000 and take up the deed of the property.

With these financial troubles, then, it is not to be wondered at that the trustees could not see their way to assume the additional expense of a school. Even those churches which had been long established, and which had been liberally aided in times past by the state, found it difficult to maintain their schools. Dunshee, the historian of the Dutch Reformed School, speaking of this time says, "The period succeeding protracted war has ever constituted the dark days of religion and literature; and such was the crippled condition of the Collegiate Church at this time that it was with difficulty that the school was maintained."

For a period of fifteen years, therefore, after the erection of St. Peter's no Catholic school was opened. It is necessary, then, to inquire what schools existed during this time, in which the children of the congregation might receive an education.

There were at this time no public schools, nor was there any public aid given to such church schools as existed. The two most notable of these latter were the charity schools connected with the Reformed Dutch Church and with Trinity Church. Several private schools existed, and to these the well-to-do Catholics sent their children. But there was no provision for the education of the children of such Catholics as could not afford to pay fees to the private schools.

In 1795, however, the people of the state of New York, as represented in the Senate and Assembly, realizing the importance of proper training for the future citizens of the

state, enacted a measure for the promotion of education, whereby $20,000 was appropriated annually for the support of schools in the different counties of the state.

There being no public schools in the city, the question now arose as to the proper disposition of the funds to be derived from the operation of the law. On June 1, 1795, accordingly, a committee was appointed at a meeting of the Common Council "to report to the Board the necessary steps to be taken on the Law passed at the last session of the Legislature on the subject of schools." As time went on three solutions were proposed, as follows:

1. To apportion the fund among the various private schools.
2. To apportion it among the various charity or church schools.
3. To establish church schools.

Each scheme had its advocates, but the two latter had the more numerous supporters. Before the establishment of the first Catholic parish school, therefore, we find the state support of church schools an important issue before the Common Council, and one which was decided in favor of the church schools.

But now to consider the plans in detail. The committee appointed in June, 1795, had evidently been unable to arrive at any solution of the point at issue, for on April 25, of the next year, it was ordered that the clerk publish this advertisement in all the public newspapers:

> That all persons who have been employed in the city of New York in teaching the English language between the first Tuesday of April, 1795, and the first Tuesday of April last, are requested to deliver into the office of the clerk of said city, on or before the first day of June next, an account on oath of the number of Scholars taught by them respectively within said Period, and how long each of them were so taught, and what compensation has been received for the same.

The schoolmasters filed their petitions in due form, and on September 22, the committee on the subject of schools

> made a verbal report thereon, and a question was raised for the consideration of the Board whether it would be proper to distribute any part of the moneys granted by the Legislature for the encouragement of schools, and the moneys raised by

tax in the city for that purpose among the Schoolmasters or Teachers in this city, and it was determined unanimously in the negative.

Having decided this point the Board turned to other means of disposal, and a motion "was then made that the parcel of the said moneys should be granted and distributed to and among the charity schools of the religious societies in the city, upon which debates arose, and the question being put on the said motion, it appeared in the affirmative," the vote standing eight to three.

A minority of the Council were of the opinion that public schools should be established and, accordingly, it was resolved that "application be made to the Legislature at their next meeting for legal provision to establish public schools in the city."

Although we find this feeling in favor of public schools cropping out from time to time in the Council for the next five years, the general sentiment of the community was that education should be looked after by the various charitable and religious organizations, and finally this opinion prevailed.

The distribution of the money above mentioned was left to a committee which, on October 24, 1796, reported that "they have weighed every circumstance and are of the opinion that the following distribution be made, which was agreed on by the Board, *viz.*:

The Episcopal Charity School, . .	1,110
The Presbyterian " " . . .	200
The Reformed Protestant " . . .	250
The German Lutheran " . . .	54
The Scotch Presbyterian " . . .	100
The African Free " . . .	230
	1,944

On May 31, 1800, the proper disposal of the school fund was again brought up in the Common Council. The committee which had charge of the matter reported that after paying the schools their respective shares there was left $29,869.16. The members of the Council again considered the advisability of establishing one or more free schools, but favorable action was not taken, since the majority were opposed to the plan.

The next year the church schools won a decisive victory. On April 8, a law entitled "An Act to direct certain moneys to be applied to the use of Free schools in the city of New York" directed that the Common Council pay to each of the schools named below one eleventh part of the school funds which remained in their hands. The trustees of the several churches were directed to invest their respective shares, and to expend the income in "the instruction of poor children in the most useful branches of common education"; to report annually to the Common Council the manner in which the principal had been invested, and how the income was being expended. The church schools enumerated by the act, were:

Episcopal, Christ Church, First Presbyterian, Reformed, Methodist Episcopal, Scotch Presbyterian, United German Lutheran, German Reformed, First Baptist, United Brethren or Moravian, and African.

Thus it was decided that church schools were to be the agents of the state in the education of the youth. But before the state had acted so decisively in the matter the authorities of St. Peter's Church had decided to provide means for the proper training of their children. Religious instruction had been looked after from the first, lessons being given on Sundays in Christian Doctrine. Later two lessons were given to the children each week, and a singing master attended to "form and direct them."

The congregation had now grown, and the burden of the church debt pressed less heavily. Bishop Carroll, who had visited St. Peter's, urged the pastor, the Rev. William O'Brien, to do all in his power for the education of the children of the parish. The pastor and trustees, seeing the need of a school, and feeling that now the congregation could support one, on March 30, 1800, adopted the following resolutions.

> Resolved: 1—That a free school for the education of children be and is hereby established, and that a proper master be chosen Superintendent of said school. 2—That a committee be appointed to carry into effect the above resolution. 3—That Messrs. Morris, Naylor, C. Heaney and Rev. Mr. O'Brien be and are hereby charged for the due and immediate execution of the same.

Despite the insistent tone of this resolution matters dragged along. On January 5, 1801, the pastor, writing to Bishop

Carroll, states that "the next object is a charity school." The school was established some time during the year 1801, but is not mentioned in the list of schools enumerated in the school act passed in April of that year, and hence did not benefit by its provisions.

All the school fund, both principal and interest, having been disposed of, St. Peter's was left to struggle along as best it could. It was supported by money raised twice a year by the congregation, a charity sermon being preached on each occasion, as was the case in the other churches of the day. The school was conducted by lay teachers. At first there was only one, but later, as the number of pupils increased, two teachers were employed. In 1805 James Redmond and Thomas Kelly were the teachers. The school was evidently conducted in a room connected with the church, for *Longworth's Directory* of 1805, gives the address of the teachers as 16 Barclay Street, which is the address likewise given for St. Peter's Church.

At this time, 1805, St. Peter's School, although without the support of the public funds, and despite its late start, had outdistanced the other church schools in point of numbers. Under the caption "Schools," Longworth's *New York Directory* of 1805 gives the following:

> There are charity schools attached to many of the churches in the city where the children of the poor members receive instruction and clothing gratis. The most considerable are those of Trinity, the Dutch, the Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic Churches. The Scholars at the Trinity establishment amount to 86; those on the Dutch to about 70; those on the Presbyterian to 50; and those on the Roman Catholic to 100.

The work of the school in common with the church schools was very simple. The children were instructed in the principles of religion; they were taught reading, writing, arithmatic, and the keeping of merchant's accounts.

In 1805 a Catholic, Francis Cooper, was elected to the assembly, but found that the oath of office was one which he, as a Catholic, could not take. A general meeting of the Roman Catholics of the city was held on January 6, 1806, under the auspices of the trustees of St. Peter's Church. At this

meeting a memorial was drawn up in which grounds of opposition to the oath were stated and relief sought. This memorial was presented to the Legislature, and had the desired effect. Mr. Cooper soon took his seat.

Having now secured representation and a voice in the State Legislature, the Catholics sought to redress the inequality under which they had been laboring. It will be recalled that by an act of the Legislature on April 8, 1801, the school funds were distributed equally among the ten charity schools then existing, and the African Free School, each school getting one-eleventh of the fund.

The Catholics, having now the largest charity school in the city, petitioned the Legislature to grant them the same amount as had been granted to the other charity schools. Through the efforts of Mr. Cooper and others the petition was granted, and on March 21, 1806, the Legislature passed an act "Respecting the Free School of St. Peter's Church in the City of New York." The document is of much interest and importance because it marks the first grant of public money to a Catholic school in New York State. It is as follows:

> Be it enacted by the People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly, that it shall be lawful for the mayor, aldermen and commonalty of the City of New York to pay to the trustees of the Roman Catholic Congregation in the City of New York the like sum as was paid to the other congregations respectively by virtue of an act entitled: "An act directing certain moneys to be applied to the use of free schools in the City of New York"; and the money paid to be applied according to the directions of the said act, and the treasurer of this state is hereby directed to pay to the said mayor, aldermen and commonalty of the City of New York, the sum so paid by them, out of the unappropriated money arising from the duties on sales at auction in said city.

We have now reached a period in which the Free School of St. Peter's is in a prosperous condition; in which it has proved its worth, as is evidenced by its growth and the hearty support of the congregation; and in which it stands on a par with the other church schools in the matter of public support.

In subsequent articles we will continue the history of the relations between the parish schools and the state.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN PORTUGAL.

BY FRANCIS McCULLAGH.

THE decree separating Church and State in Portugal which was issued after Easter, and which is to come into operation on June 1, will undoubtedly mark a very critical point in the history of the Portuguese Republic. Why this should be the case it is not at first very easy to see. The Irish Church was disestablished without causing any great excitement even among Irish churchmen. In France and in Brazil Church and State were divided without either party suffering very much as a result of the operation.

In Portugal, however, the union between Church and State is more intimate than it has ever been in any of the countries alluded to. Moreover, the party who wishes to carry the measure is proportionately very small, and it is acting, not through a constitutional Government, but through a dictatorship. There are over five millions of Roman Catholics in Portugal, against about forty thousand non-Catholics. Few of the former are in favor of the Separation Law, and not all of the latter. Consequently, the opponents of the measure feel themselves to be insulted and degraded as well as flouted. This feeling of insult and degradation is enormously intensified by the fact that the proposers of the law are giving themselves no trouble to placate their opponents. On the contrary they are forcing the measure on the country with the maximum of friction and tactlessness. The English Unionist party is complaining at the present moment of the violence with which the Premier is forcing the Veto Bill through Parliament. Between the methods of Mr. Asquith, however, and those of Dr. Affonso Costa there is as much difference as between the methods of a Mayfair hostess inviting her guests to try the *hors d'œuvre* and those of a Holloway warder forcibly feeding a prisoner who refuses to take food.

Whether the separation of Church and State in Portugal

would be a good thing in itself is not, therefore, the point at issue. Personally, I am inclined to think that it would, if properly carried out, be good for both Church and State. But this question is removed to quite another plane when the Provinicial Government declares that it is only a step on the way to the extirpation of Catholicity. That being the case, I can quite understand how even Christians who do not belong to the Catholic Church are opposed to the disestablishment of that Church in Portugal. For Roman Catholicism temporarily ceases under the circumstances to be an alien and hostile organization, and becomes, instead, an outlying intrenchment of Christianity itself.

Such being the feelings of some English Protestants with regard to this matter, one can imagine what the feelings of Portuguese Catholics are. Dr. Affonso Costa, the Portuguese Minister of Justice, has declared that the Catholics in Portugal are quite unconcerned, but a few days after making this declaration he postponed till after Easter the publication of his ukase, in deference to the religious susceptibilities of the Catholics.

As a matter of fact he was very much frightened by the outlook in the North, and it was fear of that outlook which induced him to postpone the promulgation of his law. And undoubtedly the situation in Northern Portugal was, and is, extremely grave. The royalists threaten to utilize the hatred of the people against the Separation Law. The Ministers have pledged themselves so often and so emphatically to that law that they cannot now retrace their steps. The enforcement of the new measure is practically certain, therefore, to mean a royalist insurrection in the North. May or June will, in all probability, see the flag of the Braganzas unfurled again in Portugal; will see the inauguration of a civil conflict which may last for years and which may end in the disappearance of Portugal as a separate nation and in the appropriation of her colonies by foreign Powers.

If these disasters come, the blame for them must rest almost entirely with Dr. Affonso Costa whose violence in connection with this measure is only equalled by his bad policy in falling to the rear when he sees the attack which he has provoked. His violence of language reached its culminating point a few weeks ago at a meeting of the *Grande Oriente*

Lusitano Unido, a Portuguese freemason lodge. For a Cabinet Minister to deliver an important pronouncement at such a meeting was in itself a mistake. In every civilized country of the world, Cabinet Ministers prefer on occasions of great national interest to make their views known in ancient municipal halls, in the splendid salons of venerable clubs, in places over which a halo is thrown by great names, the traditions of powerful parties, the records of a political activity extending over hundreds of years. Even Cabinet Ministers who have begun their career by waving red flags, soon fall into this large and stately habit, soon come to recognize the fact that for the time being they represent a nation and not a small clique of enthusiasts on whose shoulders they may have climbed into power.

In Portugal alone things are different. There the Cabinet Minister cannot, unfortunately, forget the dynamitards' club in which he spent the happy days of his childhood or the fierce, narrow enthusiasms under the influence of which his mind was unalterably moulded and hardened into a shape not very desirable. Accordingly when some great public announcement has to be made, it is still made in secret-society dens known only to the initiated and triply guarded from the observation of the uninitiated by passwords, grips, and symbols. There and there only can the wearied republican statesman breathe again the close, vitiated atmosphere which long habit has made pleasant, stimulating, and even necessary to him. There can he draw inspiration from the last pair of boots worn by Ferrer, from the carabine that killed Dom Carlos, and from other holy relics of regicides and plotters.

To return, however, to Dr. Affonso Costa's speech at the *Grande Oriente Lusitano*. It was full of a most unstatesmanlike animus against the Portuguese church. It was delivered in a conclave of virulent freethinkers. No wonder that most of the Portuguese republican papers refused to print it. No wonder that Dr. Affonso Costa's colleagues were ashamed of it. According to the Lisbon correspondent of *The Times*, the Minister of Foreign Affairs explained, on being questioned with regard to this extraordinary utterance, that "Dr. Costa being on leave spoke as a freethinker, not as a member of the Provisional Government."*

* I quote from memory.

And, as usual, Dr. Costa himself was chilled and taken aback when, having issued from the heated dynamitards' den, he read his own remarks next morning in cold print and heard of the ominous manner in which they had been received in the North. He then attempted to hedge. We were told in effect by Lisbon telegrams that "in consequence of the Government's regard for the religious susceptibilities of the people, the law decreeing the separation of Church and State would not be published till after Easter."

This mixture of recklessness and cowardice has marked every legislative step which the Provisional Government has so far taken. A few weeks ago a delirious decree, probably drawn up in some Carbonaria bomb-factory, abolished religious processions of all kinds throughout all Portuguese territory. A few days after, the Government hastily explained that it only meant Lisbon and Oporto. Before that, the Rent Law (it should have been called the "No Rent" Law), caused a chorus of disapproval to rise from both landlords and tenants. Thereupon Dr. Affonso Costa hurriedly drew back and issued innumerable modifications of that legislative achievement. The law under which the General Elections are to be held is probably the worst law of its kind in existence. It was drawn up by an unscrupulous Monarchist "boss," Hintze Ribeiro, as an infallible means of returning a government to power no matter how much the nation was opposed to it. The republicans denounced that law when it was made and they continued to denounce it until the monarchy fell. On March 24 they adopted it themselves. But here again a hasty retreat was made. Even the government's own supporters inveighed against it for this treachery. One republican paper in Oporto quite turned against the Provisional Government on this point. The republicans in that city built up a new organization called the "Republican Union," with repudiation of that iniquitous election law as its corner-stone. Then the Government hastened (on April 6) to make modifications and explanations innumerable. In this way it has earned the hearty contempt of its opponents as well as their hatred. It has shown that its malevolence is only bounded by its fear.

How great that malevolence is so far as the Church is concerned, can be seen by a perusal of Dr. Affonso Costa's speech on the Separation of Church and State, which has appeared

in some republican papers. One of these papers is the *Tempo*, from which I quote, as follows:

> Dr. Affonso Costa invoked the memory of Miguel Bombarda, the soul of the anti-clerical movement and, after glorying in the fact that he was a Freemason, announced to his brethern the approaching promulgation of the law for the separation of Church and State.
>
> The orator admitted that the law had been criticized "and the most curious thing about this criticism was the fact that it came not only from monarchists . . . but from men whom he regarded as the best and most sincere republicans" . . . But the speaker would listen to no protest. The moment for the promulgation of the law had come.
>
> Dr. Costa spoke in the presence of the Brazilian representative, who warmly applauded. In Brazil, Church and State had been separated. The State had left the Church entirely to its own devices, nevertheless the membership and the wealth of the Church had increased. He spoke before a representative of France, the Socialist Zevaés, who enthusiastically applauded—"Shall this law of Separation be French or Brazilian? No. It shall be Portuguese." The audience loudly applauded the patriotic character of this declaration.
>
> In the celebrated pastoral [of the Portuguese Bishops], asphyxiated at the moment of its birth, the bishops had said that there were more than five million Catholics in Portugal and hardly forty or fifty thousand non-Catholics. He might ask if the bishops numbered as Catholics the unfortunates who were not able to speak for themselves, the idiots, the prisoners in the penitentiaries, the lunatics in Rilhafolles, the human derelicts who for want of positions or of a fixed residence . . . are unable to get themselves entered in the census returns.*
>
> The Church had no such thing as five million followers in Portugal. It had some adherents, but the State which comprised all the citizens was greater than the Church. The Church worked inside the State like any other commercial company. The State possessed, therefore, the right of controlling the Church. This grave duty could not be neglected.

* This is a close translation of what, according to the *Tempo*, Dr. Costa said, but though it is clear that the Minister intends to be insulting, it is not easy to understand exactly what it is that he means. Is it that "when the Census was taken, the Church put down large numbers of people as Catholics without consulting them?" If so, Dr. Costa is in error, for everyone was perfectly free to declare his religious belief; while the number of people in mad-houses would make very little difference one way or the other.

> The Church must be controlled exactly like any other joint-stock company . . . The Government must know the nationality of the men who ruled it. The Government must ascertain if the Church gave refuge to criminals. It must be informed of all the ecclesiastical regulations and must forbid such regulations as were intended to coerce the mind of any man either by taking advantage of his ignorance or by dominating him through terror. In its work of propaganda the Church will enjoy liberty, but in the name of the same liberty it must submit to certain restrictions. The régime of separation will serve to make the people find out little by little that the Church is nothing but a huge *polvo*.* It assumes many forms but it always has the one mission—to suck the people dry. Henceforward this state of things will be remedied by the grant of life pensions to the clergy at present representing the Church throughout Portugal.
>
> The Government is admirably preparing the people for this law and the action of the new measure will be so salutary that in two generations we shall have completely eliminated from Portugal that Catholic religion which has been the chief cause of the deplorable state of decay into which this country has fallen.

The tone of the above remarks seems injudicious, and the whole attitude of Dr. Costa on this question is not that of a moderate, patriotic and constitutional statesman who desires to deliver his country from what he regards as an incubus: it is rather that of a frenzied persecutor. It has, at all events, given the Catholics of Portugal the impression that the coming separation will not be a complete divorce but a *separação na oppressão*—a subjection of the Church to servitude.

And that this is the correct view to take, no unprejudiced student of Portuguese affairs can deny. The whole trend of republican policy supports it. When the revolution took place some republican heroes broke into a Lisbon schoolroom where two priests were teaching a number of boys and, after murdering these priests—one of whom was a very aged man—mutilated them before the schoolboys in a manner worthy of "Jack the Ripper." The Government made no inquiry into the crime. The anti-Catholic divorce law followed, then the refusal to recognize marriages registered only in the churches, then the

*A fish, also called *pourcountrel* or many-footed, which assumes the color of its background and never lets go of what it once gets hold.

abolition of the oath in courts of justice. The name of the Supreme Being was ostentatiously omitted from all public documents, the words "Health and Fraternity" being employed instead. All holidays were abolished and the observance of Sunday rest is not now obligatory, for the new law on this subject makes it optional for employers to give their assistants a holiday any day of the week. In short the policy of the republic has been in the last degree not only anti-Catholic but even anti-Christian.

It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the State will continue to persecute the clergy even after it has ceased to pay them. It has already attempted to impose on them what they regard as "a criminal silence," that is, it has attempted to prevent them from saying anything at all about politics. The Bishop of Oporto was recently suspended because he ventured to intimate in a pastoral that some of the acts of the republic were not friendly to the Church. It is true that here again Dr. Affonso Costa got frightened and, after dismissing the Bishop, granted him a pension, but the Minister's intense hatred of Catholicity had been plainly shown.

On the same occasion all the clergy in the vast diocese of Oporto were arrested for reading the pastoral in question. Before this time, the Rev. Augusto Carlos Ferreira Coimbra, professor of mathematics in the seminary of Cabo Verde, was suspended for preaching against the new law of divorce.

It is authoritatively stated that the preacher confined himself to saying that no Catholic can make use of the facilities for divorce which the Provisional Government has placed at his disposal, and to protesting against the anti-religious laws of the Government. But even in this country (where, as President Braga would put it, we "groan" under a monarchical form of Government,) the Roman Catholic bishops and even the clergy of the established Church frequently speak in the same way without exposing themselves to punishment.

If the new Portuguese Divorce Law were enforced in this country it would call forth protests from all religious denominations,—save, perhaps, the Mormons. It is the most liberal divorce law in Europe, more liberal even than the French divorce law inasmuch as it sanctions divorce by mutual consent. Even when the French clergy were paid by the state no punishment was inflicted on the bishops for publicly pro-

testing against the legislation of the Republic. Cardinal Andrieu spoke very strongly at Bordeaux, Mgr. Gieure spoke strongly at Bayonne; but the Cabinet wisely took no notice of what either ecclesiastic said.

In the case of the Rev. Augusto Carlos Ferreira Coimbra, mentioned above, the Portuguese Government took action under article 137 of the Penal Code or rather under a forced official "interpretation" of that law against which the best men of all parties in Portugal protested at the time it was made. The republicans are thus using for purposes of oppression the very worst laws of the defunct monarchy or rather of the unprincipled and corrupt politicians who ruined the monarchy.

Under the monarchy those laws were most exceptional and were only, in some instances, brought into existence at times of acute crisis and during some of the dictatorships which Portugal has seen during the last half century. But the republicans are making every-day use of them. This cynical disregard of promises and of principles does not tend, naturally, to make people trust the republic.

The law under which the present elections are being held is, as I have already pointed out, a *chef d'œuvre* of corruption, and owes its origin to a most unprincipled monarchical "boss," Hinze Ribeiro. For a dozen years and more the republicans protested against it with indescribable fury and indignation. Now they are using it themselves. In the time of Franco, the Government acquired for a few months the right of having political offences tried in Lisbon or Oporto by magistrates who were under the special orders of the Minister of Justice. The Republicans have now made that exceptional system a permanent institution.

The late Sr. Augusto Fuschini, a republican and an ex-minister whose recent death drew bitter editorial tears from the republican "Mundo," deplored some months ago, in the "Imparcial" the republic's preference for what he called "*leis de excepcâo*," (exceptional laws). He wrote as follows:

> Exceptional laws, easily become instruments of persecution. Pombal expelled the Jesuits. Aguiar expelled the Friars. Each adopted this course at different historical crises and for different reasons. Aguiar wanted to save a liberty menaced by an army of 80,000 rich and disciplined monks.

> But the Government of the Republic cannot shelter itself behind these obsolete expulsion laws adopted as a temporary expedient. A true democracy like ours, conscious of its strength and of its duties, ought not to feel itself called upon to prohibit the existence in this country of certain religious Orders. By expelling them it only copies, in an inverse manner, the tyranny of those reactionary nations which prohibit associations of Freethinkers. Exceptional laws bearing on religious matters present grave inconveniences, are perilous and difficult to execute, and easily lend themselves to sophistry and persecution.

Those exceptional laws are still more dangerous when they are also vindictive laws, drawn up in a passion of hatred and administered in a spirit of revenge. That the Portuguese Separation Law comes under this description is clear from the declarations of its author which I have already quoted. It is clear also from the declarations of other republicans. Speaking at Oporto, on April 3, Dr. Alexander Braga, the President's brother, quoted in effect the statement of Dr. Affonso Costa that the government has the right to control the Church and to legislate for it "as for any other Limited Liability Company." Dr. Braga continued:

> The State has the right to know what persons are at the head of the Church—if they are respectable persons, foreigners, or criminals. The State has the right to supervise the religious teaching given by the Church so as to prevent that teaching being employed as a poisoned weapon. State control will be useful not only for the State but for the Church itself, which will thus be purged of suspicious characters.

THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA*

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

IT is related that when Father Junipera Serra founded the Mission of San Antonio de Padua at Los Robles, having halted and carefully surveyed the place, he selected a plain skirting the bank of the river for the site of the Mission. Then at once suspending from the branch of a tree, the bell he had brought, he began to ring it, crying aloud: "Oh, Indians, come, come to the Holy Church. Come to receive the faith of Jesus Christ." On being remonstrated with by Padre Miguel Peiras for his impetuosity, Serra replied: "Ah, let me satisfy the longing of my heart! Would to God the voice of this bell could resound throughout the whole world!"

Though San Antonio stands desolate and alone to day amid the rugged mountains of Santa Lucia, the voice of its bell still cries aloud in the wilderness, telling the story of the sacrifice and faith of its saintly founder. Nay, more: borne on the vibrating melody of the bells of San Gabriel Archangel and San Juan Capistrano, come the echoes of that sublime courage, heroism, aspiration, conflict, and triumph, that defeat and despair, inextricably interwoven with the founding of the Spanish Missions in California.

Never can the imaginative tourist forget the first sight of one of those ruined adobe Missions. An old building of any description has a certain pathos, it is so like a human thing. Its windows are eyes which regard one mournfully and seem to say: "Come, I have a strange story to tell you." One instinctively thinks of the lives of those who have been sheltered by its walls—their sorrows, joys, loves, and hates, their ambitions and disappointments. If it be an historic mansion, one quickly

* The memory of St. Francis of Assisi will be honored publicly at the celebration at San Diego, Cal., to commemorate the breaking of the ground for the Panama California Exposition. This celebration will be held in July beginning with religious and civic ceremonies on July 19, and ending July 22 with a parade and attendant pageantry representing twenty-one Franciscan Missions of California. The date of this celebration is the same as that on which the first Mission of California was founded by Father Junipera Serra in 1769. [EDITOR C. W.]

re-peoples it with the illustrious dead. At fancy's magic invocation, a line of fair women and brave men file through the empty rooms. Perhaps the rustle of a stiff brocade is heard once more, or it may be the clank of a fiery sword. Longfellow says:

> "All houses wherein men have lived and died
> Are haunted. Thro' the open doors
> The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
> With feet that make no sound upon the floors."

The European traveler who is conversant with history, poetry and romance, and who possesses imagination and sentiment, appreciates this truth as he stands within castle or cathedral, whose almost every stone has some tale to tell. And he, who has crossed the burning, fiery American desert, choked and stifled with its frightful sandy dust, with eyes aching from the fierce white light of the alkali plains, as he comes within sight of the trembling blue of the glorious Pacific, looks upon that majestic ruin, the mission of San Juan Capistrano, (St. John the Captain,) as upon the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Dominating the whole peaceful green valley, it stands forlorn, dismantled, but like a dethroned and dying monarch, commanding respect and homage. Gone are its lofty towers save the broken shell, in which, one above another, hang the great bells; the ruined corridors and arches alone remain to tell their strange story. Melrose or Holyrood has not more beautiful surroundings. Before the Mission stretches the broad expanse of the Pacific, while its background is a rampart of the everlasting hills.

San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1776 by Father Serra, the Franciscan priest who was sent on this errand directly after the expulsion from Mexico of the Jesuits. General José de Galvez had been sent in 1767 by King Charles III. of Spain to take possession of the Californias, and to convert the Indians found there. His orders were to plant a Mission and garrison for "God and the king," first at San Diego, then at Monterey, and then half way between these points, the latter to be called Buena Ventura. Galvez and Serra worked together for the colonization of California, and it was during this period of the Franciscans that San Diego, Los Angelos, San

Juan Capistrano, San Louis Rey, San Gabriel, San Buena Ventura, San Luis Obispo, San Fernando, San Pedro, and Santa Barbara pueblos, or towns, were all founded. Practically the chief significance of the founding of the Missions is that these Franciscan padres first began the colonization of California, being the pathfinders and map-makers, as well as the architects and builders.

Father Junipera Serra was a loyal and zealous son of the Church. Highly educated and cultivated, a brilliant and eloquent orator, he yet had no other ambition than to preach Christ Crucified to the savages of the New World. He was profoundly impressed with the thought that these Indians would never know eternal life unless some one proclaimed to them the gospel of Jesus Christ. So, putting behind him the things of this world, gladly, humbly, prayerfully, he went into the forests of California to do his duty.

The first Mission founded by the ardent apostle was that of San Diego in 1769. The conditions under which this Mission was founded were of an especially dramatic character. It was the beginning of the realization of the priest's ambition. Fired with enthusiasm, he quitted San Fernando, in Mexico. After a four months' journey, reaching San Diego with sick and dying sailors on board both his ships, with insufficient provisions, with angry and insolent Indians to harass him on his landing, he yet kept the holy fire ablaze on the altar of his heart, and made ready to found his first Mission. Erecting a rough wooden cross, which looked seaward, and building a rude booth of branches and reeds, Father Serra offered Mass in the presence of Galvez' troops, his own sailors, and the curious and amazed Indians. The congregation sang "Veni Creator," the standard of Spain was flung to the breeze, the water was blessed, the bell was rung, and a volley from the muskets of the troops furnished smoke for the incense. Thus was the first Mass celebrated in the wilds of California, and the country taken for the glory of "God and King Charles of Spain."

Scarcely a month later occurred the first attack of the Indians on this historic Mission. The savages were, however, repulsed, and in a few days began bringing their wounded to be cared for at the Mission. Here was Serra's golden opportunity to win their hearts. By the exercise of that wonderful charity and patience which characterized his whole blameless

life, he soon gained the friendship and confidence of the Indians. The site of the Mission was removed in 1774, and in 1813 the church was built, the ruins of which are now shown to the tourist. The main building is ninety feet long, the adobe walls of which are four feet in thickness, the doorways and windows being made of burned tiles. Two giant palm-trees stand guard over the crumbling ruins; indeed these huge palms are a feature of nearly every Mission ruin—fit symbol, perhaps, of the spiritual victory which the Church militant obtained in the wilderness of a strange land.

The bells from this Mission have been removed to Oldtown, the old Spanish quarter of San Diego. Lashed to a huge beam, they hang outside the little 'dobe chapel where, it is said, Father Gaspara, the fighting priest, united the gentle Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt's novel, to Allesandro, her Indian lover. Strike them, and they ring as sweet and true as when Padre Serra first blessed them. The surroundings are picturesque though mournful.

Oldtown, even in its out-at-elbow, poverty-stricken condition, has yet a pathos and dignity which command one's respect and sympathy. Once from these broken casements lovers leaned; once sounded the gay click of castanets and the soft tinkle of the guitar; once rang those silver bells, summoning all devout believers to Mass. To-day it is indeed a deserted village. Not a face looks forth from the windows. An air of profound silence and melancholy broods over the place. Only a few swarthy, dirty Mexicans lounge yonder in front of that old 'dobe, lazily rolling their cigarettes and eyeing the *Americanos* with languid insolence. But the sun gladdens with its splendor, soft breezes steal gently from the sapphire bay, and the ruins of old San Diego, like the graves of the dead, are covered with myrtle and roses.

The Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, at Monterey, was next founded on June 3, 1770. This was one of the wealthiest of all the Missions. It has recently been restored, and is one of the greatest objects of interest in that region. Monterey was especially dear to Father Serra. Here he labored and suffered more than in any other Mission, here he died, here rests his body, and here on a lofty eminence, near the presidio, stands the superb monument built by Mrs. Leland Stanford to his memory. It is a life-size statue representing the padre just

stepping from his boat upon the rocks at Monterey. He is in priestly vestments, and holds his prayer book clasped to his heart with one hand, while the other is extended as if invoking prayer. The face is most beautiful, wearing the expression of lofty and sweet serenity, characteristic of those who have attained the heights of self-immolation and of that peace which passeth all understanding.

One of the most picturesque and, at the same time, well-preserved of the Missions is San Gabriel Archangel, near Pasadena. It is the oldest Mission now existing in a reasonable state of preservation. It has a most quaint bell-tower, in which hang four bells. There are niches for six bells, but two have vanished—one illustrating only too well Shakespeare's words, "to what base usage must thou come at last," being the dinner bell at Santa Anita, the ranch of "Lucky" Baldwin, the former famous sportsman.

The Mission of San Gabriel Archangel was founded in 1771. During the twenty-five years of its building over four thousand Indians were baptized. In 1806 there came to take charge of this Mission Padre José Maria Zalvidea. He was the original of the priest, Father Salvierderra, who figures so prominently in *Ramona*. Under his efficient management the Mission grew rich and prosperous. The flocks and herds multiplied; the padres built mills and aqueducts, the remains of which are yet to be seen. It may be that the surroundings have much to do with the attractions of this surpassingly lovely Mission; surely they enhance its charms. Pasadena, that fairest of all California's fair daughters, lies only five miles away; the San Gabriel valley, through which one drives to reach the Mission, is a veritable promised land, a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of olives and wine, of figs and grapes, a garden full of sweet and rare perfumes and gorgeous coloring, while above and over all this enchanted region—this Hesperides of the New World—towers the glorious range of the Sierra Madre.

Within the next five years the important Missions, San Luis Obispo and San Francisco de Asis, were founded. To the disaster which befell the first-named Mission we are indebted for the picturesque brick that protect many of the Missions. Three times was San Luis Obispo burned, and this train of misfortune caused one of the padres to make roof tiles that would successfully resist fire.

Padre Luis Martinez, who for a long time was in charge of this Mission, is another character who figures prominently in Helen Hunt's widely read novel.

San Luis Obispo was somewhat shattered by the earthquake of 1812, and to-day adds one more to the list of these ruined, deserted memorials of former beauty and power.

The founding of San Juan Capistrano came next, the same year as the declaration of our Independence. Originally built almost entirely of stone and mortar, it solved in one part of the building that most difficult of architectural problems, the triple arch. The Indians themselves, guided by the padres, built this Mission; and as a well-known writer says: "A semi-savage origin is traceable in all one sees. The long row of arches is stately after a barbaric fashion."

Many are the traditions which cluster around San Juan Capistrano. Bonsard, the notorious pirate, once seized and occupied it for a three days' debauch, to the great scandal of the priests and neophytes, who fled by Taabuco Creek until the freebooters finished their revel and swaggered off again to sea, leaving desolation and chaos behind.

In 1833 came the long-dreaded order of secularization and the political tornado of spoliation descended upon San Juan Capistrano, as well as upon the other Missions. The herds were scattered and slain; the books and church records were ruthlessly destroyed; to those of the Indians who were deemed sufficiently civilized were allotted lands, and they were no longer under the control of the Franciscan fathers, though still many came as ever to them for guidance and advice. The magnificent Mission was bought by private individuals for the paltry sum of $710. It has, however, since been restored by order of the courts to the Catholic Church, and within its crumbling walls services are now held by the priest of the village of Capistrano.

Santa Clara Mission, of whose pristine glory the only vestige to-day is a ruined 'dobe chapel, was the scene of many stirring events. Yoscolo's rebellion was perhaps as exciting as any. Yoscolo was a young Indian who had been trained by the padres, and who at twenty-one was made chief of the Indians about the Mission. He was responsible to the padres for the management of the tribe, but he was not amenable to

discipline, for when some of his followers committed certain depredations he refused to permit them to be punished by the padres, and revolted with 500 of his tribe.

The rebels broke open the Mission stores, and seized blankets, arms and whatever they could conveniently carry away. Next they besieged the convent where Indian girls were being educated, and carried off 200 maidens to the mountains. From his fastness in the range above Mariposa, Yoscolo inaugurated a system of brigandage equal to any ever carried out in Italy. He became a terror to the country, but was at last killed in battle by the troops of the Mission, and his head was stuck on top of a pole, which was placed in front of the church as a warning to other recalcitrant Indians.

One of the most beautiful of all the Missions is Santa Barbara, founded in 1782. This was the swan's song, the last great work of the noble Serra's life. The governor decided that before the Mission should be finished the presidio must be built for the protection of all concerned. Serra concurred in this plan, and worked heartily with the soldiers as they built their barracks and storehouses. At length he was obliged to go to Monterey, whither he departed, as usual, on foot. He saw Santa Barbara only once after that, and was bitterly disappointed at the tardy building of the Mission, crying out in anguish as he beheld its unfinished state, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His vineyard." Soon after he died, in the seventieth year of his age.

Year after year the slow building of this noble Mission went on. At last, in 1820, it was completed and dedicated with most imposing ceremonies and great rejoicing. By virtue of its prosperity Santa Barbara was always heavily taxed; but when Mexico declared its independence, it was plundered on all sides. Although secularization accomplished some of its disastrous work here as elsewhere, the buildings have always remained in the hands of the Franciscans, and the Mission now forms a part of the province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and has become an Apostolic College for the education of novices. To-day the Mission is in good repair, and the garden a dream of beauty, with its long rows of stately palms, graceful feathery pepper and haughty eucalyptus trees, its beds of tropical flowers, its dim, winding paths, and drowsily

murmuring fountains; a place in which to dream, to remember, and to pray.

This article would be incomplete without mention of that majestic and imposing ruin San Luis Rey, founded after Serra's death by Padre Peyri. By many this magnificent Mission is deemed the monarch of them all. No other had so fine a church. Its dimensions were 160 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 60 feet high, with walls 4 feet in thickness. Its tower held eight bells. One corridor alone had 256 arches, and the gold and silver ornamentation of its altars was superb.

Here let me disgress a moment to speak of the present condition of the Mission Indians, which is absolutely deplorable. After the suppression of the Missions they were forgotten by all. To be sure there were Indian agents, but the reservations were undefined, and the tribes scattered far and wide. Several years ago Congress appointed a commission to establish reservations for the Mission Indians. As a result there are at present about twenty-five reservations, ranging in size from eighty acres to several thousand in San Diego and Inyo Counties.

Under the *régime* of the Franciscans, the Indians were gathered around the Mission Churches, and their lives were regulated by these devout men. At stipulated hours they attended Mass, went to their daily toil, and assembled for evening devotions. They were taught to cultivate the land, plant grains and fruits and to live decently. When secularization came, it brought a host of the evils of civilization to these creatures. Their moral condition to-day is frightful. They drink, gamble, and race horses, while purity among the women is unknown. They are dirty, lazy and ungrateful. Far, far better had it been to have left the Franciscan fathers in control of them. Secularization took away from them all that they had, and gave them absolutely nothing in its place.

Eastern people who have never visited the Far West can have no conception of the horrors of Indian existence. Let the tourist visit an Indian village or pueblo, and for him Dante's "*Inferno*" will have lost many of its terrors. The noble red man is very picturesque in full dress and war paint on the stage, or within the covers of a romance, but once see him and smell him at close range, visit him in his hogan or tepee, and as Mr. Kipling would say, "it is quite another

story." And yet these educated, cultivated, brilliant Franciscans loved these degraded beings.

After the wicked order of secularization reached San Luis Rey, the good Padre Peyri sorrowfully decided that he must leave the place where, for thirty years, he had labored so earnestly for the bodily and spiritual welfare of his Indian children. Dreading the farewells, he stole away by night to San Diego; but the Indians knew, when they missed him the next morning, what his unaccustomed absence portended. Mounting their ponies in haste, five hundred rode after him, and reached San Diego just as his ship was leaving the harbor. With cries and tears, and prayers, these savages flung themselves into the waters and swam after the outgoing ship. Standing on the deck, Padre Peyri waved them his farewell, and made over them the sign of the cross.

Such is the closing, pathetic chapter of a history filled with romance and heroism. The tumbling ruins of these Missions are fast disappearing before the relentless advance of a cynical and materialistic century.

Still there are many in this prosaic day who love to muse upon the past and listen to tales of good and brave deeds. And if some day you stand in the drowsy, perfume-laden gardens of Santa Barbara, or among the mournful ruins of San Juan Capistrano, I doubt not imagination will conjure before you a notable array of shadows. It may be a Franciscan priest in stole or cassock, who will glide through the arches near you, or perhaps, with clatter of armor or clank of sword, one of Galvez' dashing officers may swagger across your path. Perhaps a dusky face framed in coarse black hair may peer dreadfully at you from behind a broken column, or the wicked features of the swashbuckler and pirate flash through the crumbling casement. And if you listen intently, there may be borne again from out the dim historic past the roll of drums and the rattle of muskets, the chant of voices, or the tolling of a solemn bell, as once more the warriors of Galvez and the soldiers of the Cross take possession of California "for God and the king."

A REQUEST.

BY SIR WILLIAM F. BUTLER, G.C.B.

Give me but six-feet-three (one inch to spare)
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,
Or *borreen* trod by peasants' shoe-less feet;
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,
More than the green fields of my river Suir,
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish Poor—
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,
And yet be unto *them* of praise the meed,
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed:
I learnt it there.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;
And let some passing peasant give a prayer
For the soul there.

New Books.

THE INTELLECTUALS: AN EXPERIMENT IN IRISH CLUB LIFE. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

A new book by Canon Sheehan generally causes a stir in Catholic literary circles. His admirers are many, and whether they will be satisfied with *The Intellectuals*, his latest work, remains to be seen. The book may be described as a literary experiment on a social experiment. A young, enthusiastic priest in the south of Ireland is struck by the happy idea of gathering together a few of the more intellectual persons of his neighborhood, and forming with them a club wherein all kinds of subjects may be debated freely. The meetings are to take place in the members' houses in rotation, and essays, poems, and discussions on these, will be the order of the day. The plan of the book gives to the author a wide scope for writing in his most learned style, and he certainly avails himself of it. The most abstruse, difficult, and esoteric themes are dealt with, and to add to the literary flavor there is a considerable number of poems.

The great drawback about the book is the absence of that general interest attached to a narrative. Each chapter—session is the term used—could be taken out, and its removal would hardly affect the remaining portion of the book. A faint connection there certainly is between one session and another by the presence of a mild and unobtrusive love theme; but from the beginning the reader can see how matters are to end. Were it not for the caustic sayings of the Doctor we should feel rather doubtful of the success of the book. As it stands, opinion will be divided as to whether the author has advanced or receded from the high standard he once gave us.

Taken as a whole the club started by Father Dillon was a great success from every point of view. To our mind this was inevitable, for it is a foregone conclusion that when half a dozen people, each of whom has reached that degree of perfection that five languages besides English can be rattled off at will, band together for mutual enlightenment their superabundance of learning will tide them over many difficulties. The really remarkable point about the characters in this book

is the philosophical temperament of the ladies. This was, in our humble opinion, the key to the successful issue of the club. When a lady begins to talk something like philosophy or to quote Latin the average man hangs his head in fear and trembling, and is willing to agree to anything. Where all submit, or agree to differ, there will surely be peace and contentment, ending perhaps in a couple of marriages. The possibility of the latter is suggested to us by the author.

THE DOORKEEPER AND OTHER POEMS. By the late John W. Taylor, M.Sc., F.R.C.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Those of us who remember Dr. Taylor's *Coming of the Saints*—a volume in which, with rare charm of imagination, was bound up something of the dim mysteriousness, the high and radiant heroism which clung about the dawn of Christianity—will welcome sadly enough this posthumous collection of his poems. It is but a little book, built up in the leisure of a life full of service: the life of a busy surgeon and physician, with scant time for "cultivating the Muses." But its pages are their own justification. They are not—indeed, how should they be?—of equal artistic excellence. But they are invariably true to the spirit of art; and they show a scholarly and sympathetic familiarity with the best that has been known and thought down the ages.

The poems, almost without exception, are exceedingly devout. The little Franciscan pieces are of great sweetness and naïveté; while those which deal with more modern conditions—the "struggle of life," the "refusal of life"—voice their own problems poignantly and truly.

Mrs. Taylor's *Memoir* of her husband is itself the raw material of much high poetry. It tells of a life which in largeness, serenity, and tenderness of view, in refinement of thought, in self-devotion, and fidelity to spiritual ideals, recalls the gracious life of Aubrey de Vere. It would seem that Dr. Taylor never actually entered the Church. But the poems of this intimate collection, even more convincingly than the imaginative studies of the earlier volume, reveal an essentially Catholic attitude toward life and God—even an abiding fellowship with the saints, who came more than once to their reverent brother upon earth.

FIRST NATIONAL CATHOLIC CONGRESS. Leeds—1910. Official Report. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

No more interesting and vital book has come to our desk for a long time than this official Report of the First English Catholic Congress held last summer in Leeds.

The English, as a people, seem to be much given to creating public opinion in respect to great issues by public gatherings, and they are wont to impress their purpose by outward symbols, processions, banners, costumes, to an extent which is uncommon on this side of the Atlantic.

This first National Catholic Congress was lacking in nothing that goes to make up a big demonstration, and what is much more desirable, it emphasized the extent and character of Church work in this, the second half-century of English Catholic emancipation. The city of Leeds gave their Catholic guests a hearty welcome by the presence of its Lord Mayor and the Aldermanic Board—the Church was represented by some fifteen or more visiting bishops under the presidency of the Archbishop of Westminster, there were titled names in Church and State, but the main feature was the presence of delegates and representatives from the many Catholic organizations throughout England. This Congress was the presentation to English Catholics and to the world generally of the many varied phases of organized Catholic activity, it was a demonstration of life—of what has been attempted and what has been accomplished and hence it was a work of mutual encouragement, of co-ordination and review, it was a renewal of energy and hope, a reaching out to wider aims.

Every sphere of Catholic action had its exponent, every phase of modern life, its critic, and the papers on Socialism, Education, the Working Man and Woman, the Poor Laws, Temperance, the Civil Disabilities of Catholics, Missions to Protestants, Federation are all worthy of careful perusal, since they are concreted experience of Catholic men and women, experts in their own field, who are using up-to-date methods in helping along the solution of these great problems.

For our readers, and particularly for the many among them who are giving thought and service, as well, to social problems, this Report is a splendid summary of Catholic loyalty and accomplishment in fields which are remarkably like those of our own country.

THE PATRICIAN. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

We may as well tell at once the "story" of this novel. Lord Miltoun, the heir of his house, is destined for a parliamentary career. His success is assured until he gives his heart to Audrey Noel, a woman not of his class and married, separated from her husband but not divorced. He decides that he must give up either the woman or the career. He decides to give up the latter. Then comes forward, in the person of old Lady Castelrey, Authority with a big *A* which interpreted means family pride and tradition, position and social standing. Audrey Noel cares not for Miltoun's career, but (how amazingly unselfish is the love of these heroines of fiction!) does desire above all things his happiness. Authority, through Lady Castelrey, shows her that if Lord Miltoun gives up, as he intends to do, public life for her sake, he will be wretchedly unhappy in spite of his love. Mrs. Noel saves him any annoyance and like the Arab folds her tent and silently steals away. And Lord Miltoun continues his public life.

Again, a daughter of the same house, high-spirited, vivacious, falls in love with an adventurer, Courtier. Authority here again triumphs. Courtier sees her walking with another man—a man of her own class, while he is enjoying, in anticipation, an appointment she has made with him for an hour later, and he, too, hastens away from England to foreign parts.

So runs the story. Commonplace in outline it is and as old as story-telling itself—but apart from the bald artificiality which is evidently brought in to fit the author's purpose (such as, for example, the legal and religious ties that bind Audrey Noel) the genuine power of Mr. Galsworthy has made the commonplace glow with intense, dramatic interest. His virtue and his weakness is that he is an impressionist. What he does tells of unusual strength, of almost unique power among present-day writers. But one feels, viewing his work, that it is incomplete. The reader expects great things. He gets the beginnings or the outlines, but the consistent great thing never realizes. The last chapters of the book are a decided falling off—a disappointment.

Mr. Galsworthy has endeavored to show how the upper, the privileged class of English society intends to face the social forces that to-day are bent upon its destruction. In the

illustrations that he uses one feels that he has not touched the problems. The same situations might arise and do arise among the families of any class, high or low, rich or poor, privileged or non-privileged.

The book offers no solution—not that the author is obliged to give one—but even in the problem he puts before him he is at sea. There is a hint at the end of a solution but it resolves itself into a classical fatalism. The upper class with its rock-ribbed respect for authority evidently has not the author's sympathy; neither has the proletariat, for one cannot help thinking that the author often repeats to himself the words of Horace: *odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

The solution, as far as one can judge, which the author would offer for the great social strife is that noble men of both sides will come forward and lead society back to saneness and sobriety. This is but a shirking of the problem. And, indeed, we feel that the indefiniteness of statement both in problem and in detail, the repeated tributes of worthiness and righteousness to both sides, the unscholarly antithesis of law and liberty, authority and individualism, the exposition of conscience as rejecting the gnat and swallowing the camel, the weak surrender to every character as to a thing moulded and fixed by fate, all betray a palpable confusion of principles and an ignorance of the fundamental truths that govern the welfare of any and of all human society. We have the right to exact that knowledge even from a novelist when he attempts to solve, or begins to solve, social questions.

There are many truths put forth in this novel, many passages that are excellent; but truth is so mixed up in its presentation with error that it is hard to distinguish it; and we cannot but feel at times that Christian truth itself is satirically caricatured.

Mr. Galsworthy loves external nature. He uses it as a prelude to most of his chapters. It voices his message; it interprets the moods and actions of his characters; it sings, sorrows and rejoices with them, and we believe that Mr. Galsworthy is more of a poet than an exact thinker even for a novelist. What he sees he sees well. His is a graphic power of description; but in measuring reality, in sounding life to its depths—and to measure demands the possession of a standard—Mr. Galsworthy fails.

SOCIALISM. A CRITICAL ANALYSIS. By Oscar D. Skelton. $1.50 net.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING AMONG THE INDUSTRIAL POPULATION OF AMERICA. By Frank H. Streightoff. $1 net. (Hart, Schaffner, and Marx Prize Essays in Economics). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The prizes offered by Messrs Hart, Schaffner, and Marx for the best investigations of present economic problems by the younger generation of American students, have already furthered the production of several noteworthy publications. Two of the most recent are before us now.

Professor Skelton's book is in certain respects the most satisfactory of the many attempts already made to interpret and criticize scientific socialism for the benefit of the thoughtful, yet not technically inclined, public. Beginning with a rapid survey of pre-Marxian systems, he then proceeds to present the socialistic indictment of the existing order and, in contrast, to enumerate the counterbalancing considerations which socialists are commonly disposed to minimize or totally overlook. Three chapters are devoted to a brightly written and penetrating analysis of the fundamental principles of Marx's teaching: the materialistic conception of history; the labor theory of value and the theory of surplus value; and the law of capitalist development. Then comes an exposition of modern revised socialism, its ideals and its activities. The book is cleverly written and well adapted for purposes of practical discussion.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. Streightoff's essay submitted in class B (undergraduates of any American college) was deemed of sufficient merit for consideration in class A (open to any American without restriction) and was awarded the First Prize (six hundred dollars) in that class.

At the first inspection three things strike us in this book: the author's systematic methods of work, his wide reading, his terse sentences. At once scientific and intelligible, his treatise helpfully promotes the discussion of a vital and very complex subject which of course, for many years to come, will still bristle with unsolved difficulties. In the main the writer has aimed at originality only in collating data and testimony, and gives a general view of a large field instead of concentrating upon any one special point.

To give a resumè of the book:

Unemployment at present is a burden on the country and a curse to millions of individuals; it must be remedied by wise temporal distribution of public work, free state employment bureaus, and the lessening of accidents and occupational diseases.

Millions of men are getting less than a living wage; this must be remedied by unions, immigration laws, and minimum wage boards.

The homes of several million laborers are far below a reasonable standard of comfort and of morality; this calls for state tenement house and health codes, and greater social activity on the part of the Church.

One third of the American industrial people—through ignorance or poverty—is inadequately nourished, a high percentage is insufficiently clothed, and health is frequently undermined by these causes combined with long hours and unsanitary conditions of labor. Higher wages, popularization of domestic economy, encouragement, medical supervision and labor legislation must be depended on for progress here.

Industrial education, finally, is perhaps the most powerful factor in the promotion of a higher standard of living. But even when greater physical comfort has been attained, the most important part of man's nature will be still unprovided for, unless both employer and employee recognize the divine authority of Christianity.

The frequent and careful use of statistical tables is one of the excellent features of the author's work.

THE MEANING OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Albion W. Small. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

In his own audacious and suggestive way Professor Small insists in these ten lectures on the complexity of social problems, the present lack of co-operative investigation—teamwork—on the part of the various social specialists, and on the innate capacity of social science to do pretty much everything worth doing and incidentally to become the only conceivable body of vital religion. The discussions are amusing and stimulating. Our appalling ignorance with regard to commonplace subjects of study—say the French Revolution or the American Civil War—is delineated so convincingly as to rob all but the

bravest and most sanguine of all hope of ever thoroughly knowing anything. In the united and persistent efforts of social scientists, however, the author sees the promise of a future compared with which our present stage is less than babyhood—an "uncharted future," an orbit that we have no power to calculate.

Needless to say the book is crowded with those curious anomalies which so frequently reveal some broad-minded, liberty-loving, justice-seeking sociologist to be narrow, intolerant, unfair. The Professor here permits himself to be dogmatic; he even descends at times to scorn. He laughs at the Catholic notion of doctrinal infallibility—which would be unbecoming even were he confident that he understood it perfectly.

AMERICAN CORPORATIONS. The Legal Rules Governing Corporate Organization and Management with Forms and Illustrations by John J. Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

In the book before us, Professor Sullivan presents the practical rules governing the formation and conduct of corporations in the United States. Prepared with a view to the needs of the general reader, it brings within his reach precise information with regard to a subject which has been and will continue to be a matter of absorbing interest to the American business man. Owing to the striking differences in the state regulations, it is no small convenience to have at hand the detailed information here given. The appendices enumerate the general statutes of the various states with regard to incorporation, and the penalties incurred by foreign corporations disregarding local laws. Both the student of economics and the teacher of law will find the volume serviceable.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING. By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

From time to time, no doubt, some curious searcher will still uncover a minor fact or two significant for the interpretation of Browning's work, but with the publication of the present volume the great mass of biographical material is evidently exhausted. Over Mrs. Orr, Professor Dowden enjoyed the advantage of the published *Letters of Robert Browning and*

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. Professor Griffin possessed the further privilege of having Domett's unpublished diary put at his disposal. Unhappily Professor Griffin died when he had only half finished the writing of his book. Mr. Minchin, however, seems to have completed the work conscientiously and with success.

The present volume is a record rather than an interpretation. Its tone is discriminating. The breach with Macready is rather fully explained—and fairly too. Two appendices give five poems not commonly published, and a translation of some documents in the Casanatense Library bearing on the murder of Pompilia.

AS PAPAL ENVOY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR. By the Abbé Bridier; translated by Frances Jackson; St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25.

The life story of an eye witness of the fateful days of the French Revolution; of one who stood side by side with the victims of the massacres of September, yet survived to write their eulogy; who lived in hiding, eluding a warrant of arrest through the Terror, yet exercised the duties of Vicar Apostolic and continued a detailed correspondence with the Holy See; who, under the Directory, again suffered imprisonment, could not fail to thrill with its intense human interest.

Such is the story of Louis Siffren Joseph de Salamon, Member of the Parliament and of the Chambre des Vacations of France; Papal Internuncio and Vicar Apostolic; Administrator of the Diocese of Normandy; Auditor of the Rota, and Bishop of Orthozia *in partibus;* and, after the Restoration, Bishop of Bellay and of St. Flour. It is now given in a most attractive make-up to the English-reading public. The recital is intimate, personal, written fourteen years after the events recorded, for the eye of a friend only. With the Gallican "mania for confession" Monseigneur de Salamon conceals nothing from the details of his *menu* to the secret sins of his soul. The big and the little elbow each other in his character and leave him very human, and very amiable. His equal frankness regarding others has left us never-to-be-forgotten portraits of men and women who rose above human frailty to heroic heights or fell below it to cruel depths. Besides this intimate introduction to men and women of his day, and a vivid

picture of the times, the writer places beyond question the authenticity and formal promulgation of the Brief against the Civil Constitution of Clergy; tells of the final deliberations of the Chambre des Vacations, of which he was the sole member to escape arrest and the scaffold; and claims to have negotiated a Concordat between Pius VI. and the Directory in 1796. "The Concordat of 1801 is carried back to 1796! Attributed to Pius VI. and the Directory and no longer to Pius VII. and the First Consul! Negotiated by the Abbé de Salamon and no longer by Consaloi" says the Abbé Bridier in 1890 in the Introduction to the first French Edition of "The Unpublished *Memoirs* of Monseigneur de Salamon, Internuncio at Paris During the Revolution from 1790 to 1801." No wonder he deplored the missing correspondence with the Cardinal Secretary of State! A few years later a portion of the Correspondence was discovered in the Vatican Library by the Vicomte de Richemont, and edited by him in 1898 as "The Secret Correspondence of the Abbé de Salamon in charge of the Affairs of the Holy See during the Revolution with Cardinal de Zelada." Unfortunately the letters found are of an earlier period and the world must still wait for a confirmation of this astonishing reversal of history.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE. Chosen by St. John Lucas. Oxford University Press. $2.

Handsomely bound and printed and including a summary history of Italian poetry from San Francesco to Carducci, these discriminating selections from Italy's sweet singers and grave bards well display the distinctive qualities of Italian verse.

The introduction would have been no less valuable had some kindly friend chastened it of the too frequently recurring evidences of an *odium theologico-poeticum*;—the Jesuits were not wholly to blame for all the literary flatness and bad taste of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The book contains an Index of Authors and an Index of First Lines. It lacks a Table of Contents.

LIFE THROUGH LABOR'S EYES. Essays, Letters, and Lyrics from the Worker's Own Point of View. By George Milligan. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents.

In the hope of championing and enlightening their com-

rades a small band of Liverpool dockers once founded and for more than a year published a little paper called *The Mersey Magazine*. It was in the columns of that publication, now defunct, that much of the present book first appeared in print. The author thinks and writes with no little force, for he thinks and writes with intelligence and sincerity. We meet often enough with the published reflections of some workingman possessed of the gift of literary expression; it is but seldom however, that such writers rank with Mr. Milligan in sane originality. Filled with practical good sense, worded pointedly, penetrated with a noble enthusiasm, inspired with boundless faith in the social value of religion, this little volume will be intelligible to any workingman and profitable to any reader.

MEMORABILIA. Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books. With an Introduction by Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.

For a numerous, and we believe steadily growing body of readers, there is a particular charm in whatever comes from Father Wilberforce's pen. When he presented the treatises of Blosius to the English-speaking devout world he performed a service that will not be readily forgotten; the old ties were strengthened and new ones formed, when in the recently published *Life of Father Wilberforce*, we learned how truly his writing had been the sincere reflection of his own holiness. And now Father McNabb has been good enough to glean from Father Wilberforce's note books many a page of beauty and inspiration and to bind them into a little volume of reflections and meditations. As the editor truly says:

> Not one of these meditations was merely spoken or written. They were thought; and above all they were lived. . . . If anyone chooses to take this little book with him into the desert of a retreat he may do so in the full assurance of being companioned by no mere literary product fashioned for sale in an hour of leisure, but by real meditations woven and dyed in the loom and vat of a brave man's thinking and doing.

EVERYWOMAN: A MODERN MORALITY PLAY. By Walter Browne. New York: The H. K. Fly Company. $1.

The most striking thing about this play is the evident sincerity of the author, and his desire to give to a phase of

modern life a mysticism which seems at first sight to be rather out of place. Yet it is not so. Our surprise at the quaint style of the play comes from the unusualness of employing the methods of the thirteenth century in this materialistic twentieth. To the reader who knows anything about the history of mediaeval Mystery, Miracle, or Morality plays *Everywoman* fails in not having the one great essential of such plays—a religious atmosphere. Besides this want of a definite religious idea or dramatic scheme the author thwarts his purpose by neglecting to keep his language under firm control.

The play is divided into five acts, or canticles as they are termed. Everywoman is in quest of love, and when Modesty is driven from her, she sinks lower and lower in her pursuit of what she deems to be the ecstacy of happiness. Her two other companions are Youth and Beauty who accompany her for a part of her journey. Flattery first leads her astray, and then she falls in with Wealth, who becomes her companion along with Vice, Greed, and Chorus girls who are the personification of certain unwomanly traits. The scene where Everywoman is seated on the supper-table surrounded by these, drinking champagne and bending the knee before her, and that immediately following it when she begins to awaken to her own degradation are the two best parts of the play.

In a few places there is some clever punning on the titles and qualities of the persons of the drama. The author also drives home some telling truths, and makes us feel that had he given more labor to his work, and been less indulgent in self-criticism, he would have produced something worthy of a lasting place in dramatic literature.

CHURCH SYMBOLISM. By the Very Rev. M. C. Nieuwbarn, O.P. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. John Watereus. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents.

This is one of the subjects about which the Catholic laity is lamentably ignorant, and a small and cheap treatise is a real want. We are not going to say that the present one fills that want, for we have some serious faults to find with Father Nieuwbarn's book. First of all Symbolism is a subject upon which the wildest theories may be built, the wildest

assertions may be made, and yet the greatest difficulty will be experienced in determining what is exactly correct and what is incorrect. The symbolism (which the author defines as "the science of symbols, that is the knowledge of the meaning of certain signs, emblems, figures, representations, memorials, allusions, by which another thing, is known or inferred belonging to a higher and nobler sphere") which would be clear to one mind would be lost upon another. Hence there is ample room for fantastic assertions, and we feel constrained to say that Father Nieuwbarn has admitted a lot of absurd, nonsensical symbolic interpretations, especially in the second part of his book.

No matter how childish the symbolism may sometimes become, it is always connected with something liturgical, and in connection with the subject to which the symbolism is attached there should be no hesitation about accuracy. In one instance, and it is a remarkable one, we have failed to find this necessary accuracy. On p. 63 the author speaks of the consecration of altars, and his language shows that he either does not know the liturgical laws of the Church concerning altars, or his translator has failed to interpret him properly. He speaks of crosses being hewn in "the stone slabs"; he should know that such an altar could not be consecrated; and in the same paragraph he lays stress on "the altar stone" in contradistinction to the table of the altar. In common, everyday talk this passes without the necessity of explanations, but in a liturgical treatise the nicety and exactness of liturgical expression should be adhered to. Father Nieuwbarn would have done much more good if he had devoted half a dozen pages to the symbolism of a fixed altar, and left out a corresponding number of pages concerning the wild guesses on the symbolism of plants and trees.

There are many illustrations decorating the book. Some illustrate the text; others only fill up space. We cannot understand why a modern book connected with the liturgy could not give a chance to a modern artist to illustrate it according to modern ideas. Why, for instance, should we be forced to look upon such a stupid illustration as that of the consecration of a church (p. 43) where we see a bishop about fifteen feet tall (if any laws of perspective are accepted) attended by something like a Chinese infant? Could not any

Catholic modern artist draw a better picture than this in five minutes?

To add to these shortcomings we are afraid that Father Nieuwbarn has not been very fortunate in his translator. There are some expressions that show an imperfect knowledge of English, though we are obliged in strict justice to say that they will not interfere with the ordinary reader's enjoyment of the book, which is worth reading. We hope that it will reach a second edition so that its author may have an opportunity of removing the imperfections now disfiguring it.

AN EXCERPT FROM RELIQUIAE BAXTERIANAE. AND AN ESSAY BY SIR JAMES STEPHEN ON RICHARD BAXTER. London: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

There is nothing in this volume that will appeal to the general reader, but for the close student of history, particularly of the Cromwellian period in England, there will be found considerable to interest. About sixty pages are occupied with a portion of the autobiography of Baxter, who is described as the most voluminous theological writer of English Protestantism. Sir James Stephen in his long essay credits Baxter with one hundred and sixty-eight folio and quarto printed volumes. As he was a prolific writer, so was he an omnivorous reader, and Catholic as well as Protestant writers became his daily *pabulum.* In spite of the narrowness of the age in which he lived, and in spite of the extreme narrow theological opinions he had imbibed, he has a good word for the writings of St. Thomas, Scotus, and Durandus. "I much value the method and sobriety of Aquinas, the subtlety of Scotus and Ockam, the plainess of Durandus . . ."

Born in 1615 he had a stormy life. From Episcopalianism he gradually withdrew into Puritanism, and accordingly suffered severely at the hands of the law. Nothing could curb his pen, with the inevitable result that he was generally in hot water. A confirmed opponent of a married clergy during the earlier part of his life he stirred up all the powers of the wits by entering upon marriage in his fiftieth year—after he had been expelled from his parsonage—with a young girl not turned twenty. This wife predeceased him, and he, broken down from imprisonment, died in 1691. The strange thing about Baxter is that, notwithstanding his wonderful

powers for work, he was an invalid all his life. "The mournful list of his chronic diseases," writes the essayist, in this volume, "renders almost miraculous the mental vigor which bore him through exertions resembling those of a disembodied spirit."

The Protestant Bishop of Chester writes a Preface to the volume, and supplies some notes and appendices. Of the Preface we have nothing remarkable to note, but we feel that His Lordship went out of his way in the notes to color them according to his own views; and, if signs prove anything, he writes himself down as a man of narrower opinions than the subject of his labors.

THE following eight publications come to us from Benziger Brothers, New York: *The Life of St. Leonard*, Surnamed the Solitary of Limousine, France, translated by Comtesse Marie de Borchgrave D'Altena (40 cents) is a neat little volume that will help much to make St. Leonard better known. Before the ruthless devastation of the Protestant Reformation there were in England alone 152 churches dedicated to this saint The brief history of *The Order of the Visitation* (60 cents net) is an interesting sketch from the pen of the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. *Mementoes of the English Martyrs and Confessors for Every Day in the Year* (45 cents) by the Rev. Henry Sebastian Bowden is valuable both for history and personal devotion. Its extracts are necessarily short, but they bring home to us very vividly what the faith meant to that goodly company of faithful. A clock upon the stairs knows much, very much of the history of the house wherein it dwells and we find how true this is by reading: *What the Old Clock Saw* (75 cents) by Sophie Maude. The title fits the tale admirably. The story is light, readable and distinctly Catholic in tone. A small volume entitled *The English Lourdes* (70 cents) by Father Clement Tyck, C.R.P. tells us of a new grotto of Lourdes built some two years ago at Spalding, Lincolnshire, England. The booklet gives the historical details of the growth of the shrine. *Feasts for the Faithful* (30 cents) is a booklet which gives for children appropriate instructions on the Feasts of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. A *Short Course in Catholic Doctrine for non-Catholics Intending Marriage with Catholics* (10 cents) by the Rev. J. T. Durward,

is a timely, practical pamphlet. *The Child Prepared for First Communion* by Rev. F. M. DeZulueta, S.J., is particularly useful at the present time. It sells for $2.25 per one hundred copies.

A NEW edition of Mrs. Bessie R. Belloc's *Historic Nuns* (75 cents) comes to us from B. Herder, St. Louis. The life stories of such noble women as Mary Aikenhead, foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity; Catherine McAulay, foundress of the great Order of Mercy; Madame Duchesne of the Madames of the Sacred Heart, and our own Mother Seton find a place in the volume. THE CATHOLIC WORLD heartily recommends this second edition as it did the first to its readers.

THE GOLDEN WEB. (By Anthony Partridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.) *The Golden Web* is a tale of mild mystery, hinging on the struggle for possession of the title-deeds to the "Little Anna" gold mine. It will innocently while away an hour of fatigue, while the treatment of its not very novel theme displays some interesting phases of the most modern light fiction. For one thing, we have a story of murder, theft, and fraud, which yet contains no technical villain. The most unexpected situation in the book is developed by the admission of the heroine, after she has bewildered the hero by protesting that she has never been in the place where she clearly has been or held the conversation with him which he distinctly recalls. The natural explanation (in fiction) would be based on some theory of duplex personality or the subconscious self. The one given in the book is so likely that it never enters our minds. The heroine told a lie!

FATHER TIM, by Rosa Mulholland (London: Sands & Co. 90 cents) tells in simple language of the work of a young Irish priest, first in a little mountain village, and later in a parish in the slums of Dublin. The author pictures vividly "the bewildering mixture of tragedy and grotesque humor" which make up Father Tim's experience. The drink question in its various phases enters largely into the story.

CHARACTER GLIMPSES OF THE MOST REVEREND WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, D.D., is a most happy and fitting memorial to the late distinguished Archbishop of Cin-

cinnati. The editors have gathered together a number of letters written by the late Archbishop Elder during his boyhood and student days at Mt. St. Mary's and to within a few years of the end of his life, and the greater part of the volume consists of these letters. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. $1.25.

IN view of the happy increase of frequent Communion among our people, we recommend with special emphasis as a helpful, stimulating volume, *Devotions for Holy Communion*, with a preface by Alban Goodier, S.J., issued from the Rockhampton Convent, England, and published by Benziger Brothers, New York. $1. The volume is particularly useful because it includes the devotional writings that have the approval of age —long Catholic tradition. It gives selections from the *Missal* and the *Breviary*, the *Paradisus Animae*, *The Imitation*, and includes the psalms that foreshadow the delights of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

UNION WITH JESUS is a small pamphlet by the Very Rev. Canon Antoni, encouraging the faithful to receive Holy Communion as often as they assist at Mass. It is published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 5 cents.

C. W. THOMPSON & CO., Boston, have published *The Little Past*, ($1) a cycle of eight songs of child life. The words are by Josephine Preston Peabody; the music by William Spencer Johnson. Both words and music are delightfully simple, and the songs should serve well in both the kindergarten and the home.

THE *Life of St. Bridget of Sweden*, by Francesca M. Steele (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents), is a small, well-written volume by the author of *Anchoresses of the West*. The work adds but little to Mrs. Partridge's volume in the "Quarterly Series," but first presentations of the lives of the saints are always welcome.

THIS volume (*The Lands of the Tamed Turk: or The Balkan States of To-day*. By Blair Jaekel. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.50) is number thirteen in the profusely illustrated and ornately bound "Little Pilgrimages" series.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST. By S. D. Woods. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20. This volume of graphic, well-presented reminiscences of life and doings in California during the last half of the century just past is sure to have many readers among that elder generation contemporary with its author. Its character study is accurate, its description vivid and its style attractive.

OUR LORD'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. Thoughts on Foreign Missions. Adapted from the German by a Member of St. Joseph's Society, Mill Hill. (New York: Benziger Bros. 55 cents.) Solid as it is, urgent as is the need from which it has sprung we fear that this book will not accomplish its purpose of fostering the interest and increasing the support of Foreign Missions among the Catholics of the United States. It lacks vivid presentation of facts and, for a missionary publication, is much too heavy in tone.

FROM the publishing house of Pierre Tequi, Paris, we have received *L'Evangile et le Temps Present*, par l'Abbé Perrin, which presents a series of studies on the gospel for each Sunday of the year, especially adapted to the needs of the present day. *Plans d'Instruction* pour le Diocese de Nevers, par Mgr. Lelong is a new and enlarged edition of a useful book for preachers. *Le Ange Gardien*, par l'Abbé P. Feige, contains thirty simple and practical meditations for the young. *L'Art d'Arriver au Vrai*, par J. Balmes, is a translation of a Spanish work into French by E. Manec. It deals with the realities of man's present life and his immortal future. *Jeunesse et Pieté*, par l'Abbé Niorice, is a collection of conferences addressed to young boys.

LA VALEUR SOCIALE DE L'EVANGILE, par L. Garriguet, is one of a series of studies on Morals and Sociology, and is published by Bloud et Cie., of Paris. *Le Positivisme Chrétien*, par André Godard, also comes from the same publishers. It is a new edition of a work well known in the field of Christian apologetics.

SURSUM CORDA. HAUT LES COEURS, par B. Contret, is a simple *recueil* of thoughts or short reflections for Christian souls, published by Pontioy of Paris. *Bossuet et les*

Protestants, par l'Abbé Julien, published by Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie., of Paris, traces the controversies of Bossuet on fundamental points of doctrine, in such a manner as to present an exposition of Catholic dogma with regard to the Lutheran and Calvinistic variations. *Suzel et sa Marraine* is a simple story for girls, published by T. Paillart, Paris.

THE short and cheap publications of Bloud et Cie continue to be of timely interest and importance. Those of the clergy and laity who are familiar with French will find them of exceptional value, and our regret is that we have not got a series in English corresponding to them.

To mention some of the later pamphlets of this *Science et Religion* series: In *Le Dogme* M. Charles refutes Loisy and Le Roy and explains the orthodox teaching on the question of dogma. In *Les Jeunes Filles Françaises* M. Feyel discusses the education of women, contrasting the methods of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with those of to-day, and advocates higher education for women. The question of allegiance to faith and allegiance to country is discussed by M. Julien in *Civisme et Catholicisme.* M. Fonsegrive writes a most valuable discussion on the essentials of true art in literature, painting, etc., in *Art et Pornographie.* The life of a poor religious who became one of the purest glories of Paris and who was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor—but who never wore it—is told in *Sœur Rosalie* by M. Laudet. A brief but comprehensive church history will be found in *Historie de l'Eglise* by MM. David and Lorette. An inspiring knowledge of the martyrs will be gained from *Le Martyrologe* by Dom Baudot.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (15 April): A recent decision of the Holy See states that the Decree "Maxima Cura" on the administrative removal of priests having the care of souls, applies to England and the United States.——"Lambeth and Upsala: A New Departure." For many years the Anglican Church, through her official representatives, has sought closer relations with the Established Church of Sweden. The writer shows to what results such an alliance would lead, because of the Swedish Church's attitude on the questions of episcopal consecration and succession.

(22 April): Two correspondents write to call attention to the way in which Catholic emigrants are left to drift for themselves on their arrival at Canadian ports. Protestant denominations are represented in the emigration sheds during the arrival of vessels; "but there is no office for the Catholic priest."——Catholic Scotland will keep the centenary of one of her greatest bishops since the Reformation, Bishop Hay, in the course of the coming autumn.

(29 April): "A Stupendous Moral Revolution." Within a comparatively few years, the Chinese Government has succeeded in eradicating a secret vice which had enslaved millions—the use of opium. It is hoped that the evil will be a thing of the past within two years. ——The Archbishop and clergy of Tuam have drawn up a resolution recommending "the teaching of agriculture on thoroughly practical and up-to-date lines to the youth of Ireland."

(6 May): President Taft's proposals for a treaty of unconditional arbitration were heartily endorsed by the nation at a great gathering in the London Guildhall. ——Mgr. Moyes writes on "Catholics and the Pageant of London."

Dublin Review (April): "Lord Acton and the French Revolution," by W. S. Lilly, gives Lord Acton's interpretation of the numerous causes, and the famous Declaration of 1789 which he says "outweighs libraries, and is stronger than all the armies of Napoleon." The funda-

mental principle was, "that the majority of the French people claimed to govern themselves with a power proportioned to their numbers."——Father John Chapman, O.S.B. commenting on Doctor Ryder's Essays, shows the merit of hesitating judgments and mature deliberation. Doctor Ryder's literary output was infinitesimal in quantity but of the finest quality.——Abbé Dimnet's book "Les Soeurs Brontë" according to Alice Meynell is a valuable work. The work of the Brontës was "not humorous but impassioned, and passion speaks the universal tongue, whereas humor laughs and thinks in her own dialect." Alone among the many writers who have commented on Charlotte Brontë's life, M. Dimnet gives a just judgment of the bitter woman with her arrogant thoughts of herself and wounding thoughts of others.

The Month (May): "Supposed Cases of Diabolical Possession in 1585–6," by Rev. J. H. Pollen relates some curious and apparently to some extent superstitious exorcisms among the English Catholics.——Father Gerard gives "the Strange History of Eels"—that they originate in the ocean as flat transparent bodies, mount rivers, and after maturity return to the ocean.——"Christian Charity in Hong Kong," by Alfred Cunningham describes the work of an orphan asylum conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor.——Rev. J. R. Meagher attributes to "Catholic Social Action in Bergamo" the greater loyalty of the Catholics of this diocese.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (April): "Death—Real and Apparent" Rev. John J. Sheridan, C.C., regards the prudent yet liberal administration of the sacraments to one apparently dead, though possibly alive. The author concludes: "It is better to expose a sacrament to danger of invalidity, than man to the danger of eternal damnation."——"Holy Week in Spain," by Rev. M. J. O'Doherty, D.D. "Outside Oberammergau with its Passion Play, there is no place in the world where the story of Calvary is brought so vividly home to one as in the streets of a Spanish city during the days of Holy Week."——"Scholastic Philosophy." Rev. D. O'Keefe, M.A., touches, among other things, upon the scientific mind and Neo-scholasticism.

The National Review (May): In "Episodes of the Month"

Lord Willoughby De Broke offers some suggestions on the Reform of the House of Lords, and the situation as it presents itself to-day.——"When England Awakes" is a further defence of a recent statement made by the author, W. Morton Fullerton, to the effect that "It is important not to misconstrue the European situation in so far as it affects French interests; it is important to see it, for instruction's sake, as it is viewed through French spectacles," and a plea for still more cordial relations between England and France.——"The Case for Woman's Suffrage," is an argument for the "antis" by Lord Ebury.——Richard Bagot under the caption "The Triumph of Italy" glories in the recent Italian celebration which he heralds as a victory over "tyranny, oppression, foreign dominion, ignorance, superstition and priestcraft." It is such an article as one might expect from the author.——"American Affairs" are reviewed by A Maurice Low.

The International Journal of Ethics (April): In "The Question of Moral Obligation," Ralph Barton Perry, discusses what acts are obligatory; or what act or type of action is such that I ought to perform it?——"The Spencerian Formula of Justice," by H. S. Shelton, "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." Shelton, however, cites instances and declares many more could be given, which are sufficient to show that, admitting the general validity of the principle, it is futile, in so involved and complicated a civilization as our own, to press it to minute detail, and still more useless to apply it ruthlessly in one direction, if we admit huge breaches in another.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 April): Carra de Vaux presents an historical sketch of the religion of Islam.——F. Martin criticises the work of "A New Painter of the Gospel," Mr. William Hole, who in the opinion of the critic, "has a right to all our eulogies," and to whom also he assigns a place of eminence among such artists as Moreau, Schnorr, Hoffman, and Tissot.——Under the heading, "History and Erudition," Ch. Urbain considers among other subjects, the philosophic doctrines of the

eighteenth century, a manual of critical history of French literature, the commencement of the Bulgarian nation.

(15 April): E. Mangenot treats of "The Two Genealogies of Our Savior," reviewing the study of M. Heer, "privat-dozent" at the University of Freiburg. "Whatever may be the value of certain arguments of detail," he says, "the most important result of the study of M. Heer, is, that if the genealogy of the first Gospel is that of St. Joseph, the genealogy of the third is that of the Blessed Virgin—Apropos of the "Social Movement" Ch. Calippe presents an article on the "Fight against Public Immorality," in which he discusses the French law against public immorality, individual action, the French leagues against immorality, white slavery, and other topics.——P. Batiffol writes of "The Essence and Origin of Catholicism according to Harnack and Sohm."

(1 May): P. Godet presents an article on "The Theology about Mary, Yesterday and To-day."——In his "Chronicle of Apologetics," J. Bricout writes of the following topics: "The Order of the world," apropos of a recent work, "The Marvels of the Eye"; "The Problem of Evil, in which he notices a new edition of P. de Bonniot's book on the subject; "The Historical Value of the Gospels, commenting on "The Canonical Gospels," by M. Lepin; "Bossuet and the Protestants"; "The Systematic Mind of M. Harnack."——Eugene Evrard gives a sketch of "Literature in the Making."——A. Villein writes on the decree "Maxims Cura."

Revue Thomiste (March–April): Rev. C. Henry, P.B., concludes his article on the "History of Proofs for the Existence of God," reviewing the work of the theologians from the Middle Age to the end of the scholastic epoch. This second installment begins with William of Auxerre, and includes, among others, Alexander Hales, Albert the Great, and St. Bonaventure. The author in conclusion devotes several pages to St. Thomas Aquinas.——The second part of Le Guichaoua's "Progress of Dogma According to the Principles of St. Thomas," also appears.——In treating of "Maladies of the Will," Edouard Hugon, O.P., distinguishes three pathological states which influence liberty: (1) those which directly influence the

will; (2) those which directly affect the nervous system and indirectly the will, *e.g.*, hysteria; and (3) those affecting both body and mind, *e.g.*, a hypnotic sleep.

Études (5 April): "Ultramontanism and Local Traditions," by G. Neyron. The nineteenth century has witnessed in France the suppression of local differences contrary to unity of doctrine, and the return to unity of liturgy. The Church of France has left untouched the security of its most venerable and cherished traditions by becoming more closely united with the Church of Rome, Gallicanism and Ultramontanism are henceforth names of another age.——"'L'Union Fasnèliale' of Charonne." B. Marty outlines the work done and the methods employed by this social organization, it is somewhat akin in nature to the "College Settlements" of England. ——"Unpublished Letters of Lamennais to De Coux." These five letters (1832–1835) give evidence of the great friendship which existed between these two men, and at the same time throw considerable light upon the state of Lamennais' mind previous to and after the appearance of the Encyclical "Mirari Vos."——"A Poet of the Romagna–Giovanni Pascoli." L. Chervoillot gives an appreciation of this Italian poet's works: "though he has suffered shipwreck of his religious convictions, still his imagination and heart have remained Catholic."

(20 April): "A New Plan for the Union of the Churches." The plan proposed by Prince Max of Saxony for the union of the churches is considered by J. Urban to be impracticable, perhaps impossible. "We should be zealous for breaking down barriers which retard this union, but we should have the same zeal never to sacrifice a single point of certain Catholic dogma with the view of bringing over more easily our separated brethren."—— "The Question of Pure Love—Apropos of Fenelon." S. Hasent first lays down the principles established by the Catholic Church in this matter previous to Fenelon's age; then gives the position of Fenelon and his opponents, with the strong and weak points of each; and finally the exact sense of Fenelon's condemnation by Rome.——"Charles de Pomairols." This is an appreciation of the works of the poet, "The Lamartine of the Fireside," by P. Bernard.——"Excavations in

Samaria" is an account by A. Condamin of the work accomplished by the first expedition sent out from Harvard University.——"Exegesis of the New Testament." Under this title L. de Grandmaison reviews the latest works of Harnack and Loisy at considerable length. Of Loisy's work "Jesus et la Tradition Évangelique" he says, "It is inconsistent; it is already obsolete."

Le Correspondant (10 April): "The Prime-Ministers of Finance of the Third Republic" by A. de Foville, is the second and last account of the administration of Pouyer Quértier. ——With this issue ends the fourth installment of the private letters of Empress Marie Louise to the Duchess of Montebello.——"About Italy," by Pierre de Quirielle, is a description of the beauties of Italy as seen in the writings of various authors,——"France and the Ottoman Empire," by André Chéradame is a study of the relations between these two countries, political and financial.——"Holy Week in Venice," by Jacques Normand, is a description of the magnificent ceremonies as seen by the writer.——"The Economic Life and the Social Movement," by A. Béchaux discusses such important subjects as length of hours of labor, salaries of men and women, and parliamentary reform in voting.

(25 April): "French Colonization in Tunis," by Louis Arnould discusses the climate, and agricultural possibilities under such a scheme.——"The Seminary of Issy During the Commune," by Henri Welschinged describes the outrages committed on the sacred property by the French soldiers and the massacres of the clergy.—— "Some Founders and Collaborators of the First Correspondant" by Charles Sainte-Foi, deals with the early struggles of this magazine.——"From Borrelli to Baratier" by Avesnes describes the literary works of these officers of the French army.——"Ingres," by Georges Lecomte discusses the work and influence of this French artist.——"In Albania," by M. Weissen Szumlanska is a description of the cities, people and customs of Albania.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 April): "For Humanity, Religion and Country," by Alfred Baudrillart, is a consideration of Catholic missionary work in the East.

——"From Wittenberg to Rome," by E. Moura, gives briefly a comparison of the German and English converts. The convert, M. von Ruville, is especially considered. His book, "Back to Holy Church," is reviewed, [particular mention is made of the chapters on the Eucharist, Authority, Love and Liberty in the Church.] (15 April): "The Human in Things Divine," by H. Lesetre. The author treats his subject under three headings: the Incarnation, the Bible, the Church.—— "Another Defeat for Haeckel," by G. Lapeyre. The article is a criticism of a brochure, by Haeckel entitled, "Sandalion. A Public Answer to the Accusation of Falsifications made by the Jesuits."

Revue Bénédictine (April): Dom A. Wilmart has an article on "The Latin Versions of the Epistles of Evagrius to the Virgins." The author upholds the authenticity of the works of this learned monk of the fourth century and gives the Latin text of one of the epistles.——In "A Study of Arnobius the Younger" the Semi-Pelagian of the fifth century, G. Morin sets forth all the biographical notes available, together with an examination of the works of Arnobius. Besides being the author of a Commentary on the Psalms [the only work usually ascribed to him] Dom Morin concludes that Arnobius wrote at least three other treatises, one of which has been attributed to St. John Chrysostom.——The series of "Unpublished Letters of the Benedictines of St. Maur" begun by Berlière in the January issue is continued. Twenty-one were given in the earlier number; seventeen more, ranging from 1722 to 1806 are published now.

La Civiltà Cattolica (15 April): The opening article describes the nature of the crisis that now threatens the institution of the family as a result of the breaking up of the foundations of society by modern irreligious ideas. Thus far it has resisted these forces but statistics of births and divorces clearly show that it is beginning to feel their effects.——"The Patriotic Celebrations of 1901," are discussed in an article which recites the historical incidents of 1861 and their development up to the present day, and justifies the action of the late Pope and Pius X. in declining to modify their attitude towards

the state.——"The Schools in France" concludes with some encouraging facts regarding the action of Catholics in protection of their children against the anti-religious schools, teachers, and text books.——A further installment of the story of "Leo N. Tolstoi" deals with his religious aberrations and describes the manner in which he floundered mentally from one error to another, partly through ignorance but partly also through lack of humility.——"A Visit to Montecassino" is continued. ——Books reviewed are Nicola Franco's *Defense of Christianity and the Union of the Churches.* The author is a Uniat Greek priest and his book is on the whole commended although it is pointed out that he is rather loose in some of his statements regarding the views of his opponents—the sixth volume of Baumgartner's great work on the World's Literature, dealing with Italian writers, and a highly interesting book on Nicolas Cousin, confessor of Louis XIII. and Richelieu which does tardy justice to a man who has been much maligned and misunderstood.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1911, No. 4): Under the caption "St. Ignatius of Loyola as seen by a Liberalist," M. Reichmann, S.J. reviews adversely a work by Wilhelm Ohr, entitled "The Jesuits."——K. Frank, S.J., contributes the first of a series of articles on "Modern Science on the Descent of Man." He sketches what morphology, paleontology, embryology and "blood-reaction" have to say on the question. Far from proving man's descent from brute animals, he thinks they tend to create a presumption against such a theory.

Biblische Zeitschrift (April): Dr. Andreas Eberharter gives reasons why it is not possible to conclude from the presence of certain Hebrew nouns a post-exilic origin of certain books of the Old Testament.——Dr. Paul Heinisch discusses Wisdom 8, 19, 20 and finds the opinion which would maintain that sacred writers were dependant on Plato for his views on anthropology is incompatible with the context.——Ch. Sigwalt writes on the "Chronology of Esdras IV.——Dr. Theophil Bromboszez criticises Professor Belser's chronology of the history of our Lord's Passion.

Recent Events.

France.

The new Ministry has found itself involved in a sea of troubles both internal and external. So serious are the events that have taken place in France itself that the enemies of the country, or at least, of its existing institutions, look upon them as signs of national decadence, and even the friends of the present form of government are far from feeling satisfied. A wide-spread spirit of revolt not confined to the recent strikers permeates many of the population. Even in the Chamber itself something of the same spirit is shown by the dislike which exists of a really strong government. M. Briand used to say that, so long as he was at the head of the government, it would govern. Such utterances seemed to indicate a somewhat imperious spirit. The fact was, however, that he perceived that the real need of France at the present time, was a just and strong government, and wished to offer a remedy for the existing evils. When he found himself too weak to do this, he resigned, rather than make the situation worse by concession to the elements of disorder.

The present Ministry reposes for support upon the sections on the left of the Chamber, and even upon the Socialists who look upon M. Jaurès as their leader. It came into power, not indeed with the declared object of yielding to certain demands which M. Briand looked upon as unjust, but with the expectation that such a policy would be pursued. But, it has had to act in just the opposite way, and to take so decided a stand against strikers, and disturbers of the public peace, and destroyers of property that had it not been for the troubles in Morocco it would have lost the support of those upon whom it depended for existence. The trouble in Morocco, as involving national honor and duty, found for the government supporters in other parts of the Chamber, and so has rendered its existence more stable.

The disturbances in the Aube department were serious, indeed, but those in the Marne were even worse. In both departments they sprang from the same cause. By a recent law champagne grown only in the department of Marne was entitled to be sold as Champagne pure and simple. This was not pleasing to the dwellers in the Aube Department. There-

upon the Senate passed a resolution in favor of abrogating the privilege of the Marne Department, by taking away the limitation hitherto established. This in its turn was not pleasing to those who were enjoying this privilege, and they proceeded to make their displeasure felt in very decided ways.

In the Aube Department mayors and municipal councils resigned office, as well as most of the members of the Council-General. The motto of the Republic "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," which adorns all public buildings in France, was in many places effaced with red paint. Large numbers of the inhabitants refused to fill up the papers for the quinquennial census. Tax-assessment papers were burned wholesale in the market-places, to show the determination not to pay taxes. Processions of wine-growers and laborers in eighty communes marched with banners, declaring that Liberty is rot and Fraternity and Equality lies. The red flag was hoisted in many places and the Tricolor torn down, and this in the presence of local senators, deputies and government officials. Oaths were imposed upon the parliamentary representatives that they would defend the rights of the department; and sympathy not only with these demands but also with the ways taken of manifesting them was openly shown by those whose duty it was to defend law and order. This, indeed, is one of the characteristic features of the occurrences that have taken place—the fact that those in authority used their influence and power to abet and not to suppress disorder. A member of the Senate addressing the crowd at Bar-sur-Aube said: "Continue to refuse to pay your taxes, and lay down your public offices; and if it should chance that an attempt is made to compel you by armed force to pay your taxes, you will answer force with force. For the moment we are temporizing. Let there be no violence to-day. But if it prove necessary, we will march together. You know what that means." In fact the main features of the *jacquerie* which attended the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 have been reproduced in the recent disturbance in the Aube Department.

In the Marne the proceedings were even worse. The interests of the wine-growers and laborers in that department are opposed to those of the same class in the Aube Department, and when it seemed probable that the demands of the latter were going to be granted the former thought it necessary to make themselves heard. When the Senate passed a

resolution in favor of abrogating territorial delimitation, the Marne *vignerons* rose as one man. They burst into wine-cellars, destroyed countless bottles of wine, and sacked the private houses of obnoxious wine merchants. It is noteworthy that the rioters, except in a few cases, abstained from actual plunder. It was by destruction—*Sabotage*—that they wished to manifest their discontent. The plant for making champagne was in many places totally wrecked. In one place some ten thousand or twelve thousand peasant wine-dressers swooped down upon the valley armed with bludgeons. They trampled over the brown vineyards just when the young slips were some six inches or eight inches above the ground. The shoots were broken off, the straw thatching made to protect the shoots burned. Similar occurrences took place in many parts. It was done deliberately and with organization. Certain large wine-makers have been in the habit of importing grapes from other districts when the crop in the Marne district was short, thereby disappointing the expectation of the small growers of grapes, that they would be able to sell at an enhanced price their produce to those large makers of wine. For the past two years they have suffered in this way, and their disappointment, coupled with the proposed abrogation of limitation, has led to these excesses. No government, of course, could acquiesce in such proceedings. Large numbers of troops were accordingly sent to the disturbed districts, and these were able to bring under control the unruly mobs and to prevent the extension and continuance of the riots. But sullen discontent cannot be driven out by force. That a real remedy may be found, the injustices complained of must be removed. This the government is endeavoring to do by referring the whole limitation question to the Council of State. This body is a permanent part of the French Constitutional organism, the function of which is to advise the President and the Government, and to guide their decisions in cases of difficulty. It has no initiative, and only gives its opinion on cases voluntarily laid before it, but hitherto it has been looked upon as a duty to accept the decisions which it gives.

While the disturbances in the two departments in which champagne is made were by far the worst, in other parts of France there were strikes which tended to increase the general uneasiness. Dock laborers at various ports placed hinderances in the way of the ordinary course of commerce. The

threat of a general strike which the revolutionary Confederation of Labor permanently holds out, is a constant source of apprehension and dread hanging like a nightmare over the nation. The demands for reinstatement made by former employees who were dismissed for the part which they took in the Railway strike last autumn, to which M. Briand refused the support of the Government, have been endorsed by a vote of the Chamber; but as they have no power to carry it into effect on the Railways privately owned, and as the Companies refuse to comply with a demand which they look upon as both unjust and illegal, the only effect has been to add to the general dissatisfaction. In consequence of the deep sense of uneasiness so widely felt the government took the same step that M. Briand took last year—for taking which he was so bitterly condemned. It prohibited all labor processions and similar demonstrations in Paris on May Day and brought troops into Paris to enforce the prohibition. M. Jaurès was very much disappointed, but the rest of France applauded this action.

In higher circles evidences of corruption have manifested themselves, but as the government has taken prompt measures to punish the malefactors, the state of things need not be looked upon as hopeless. Three men have been arrested charged with the revelation of the secrets of the Foreign Office, two of them being officials in the employment of the State. An officer in charge of the accounts of the same office has suffered the same fate, being charged with dishonestly appropriating to his own use the funds entrusted to his care, and one of the leading architects of the country has been arrested as an accomplice. The latter however has been able to show his innocence. The sale of decorations has led to still further arrests, but not of persons connected with the State.

The general impression that all is not right in the moral development of France under the Third Republic is rendered stronger by so many occurrences of such an unsavory character; while the fact, that owing to the great fall in the birth rate, it is being found difficult to maintain the strength of the army, and that in consequence satisfaction is being felt that negroes from the African possessions of France are showing promise of being able to fill the vacant ranks, cannot be made a matter of congratulation. There is one thing, how-

ever, which may be looked upon as satisfactory,—the hands of the Ministry have been so full that they have not been able to find time to take the expected steps to drive religious instruction from all schools.

To all these internal troubles must be added the necessity which has arisen to take action in Morocco. The Sultan Mulai Hafid has proved himself rather worse than the average type of absolute rulers, and by his exactions has driven a large number of the tribes over whom he is supposed to rule into open revolt. They have joined in a common attack upon Fez—the capital. This involves danger to the foreign residents in that city, and to France has been confided the duty of protecting them, and as moreover French officers are in command of such forces as the Sultan possesses an expedition has been found necessary for their relief. France no longer cherishes the desire to conquer Morocco, but it is easy for hostile critics to say that she has such a desire, and this is what writers in German newspapers did. The German government, however, has not so far manifested any open distrust of French intentions. The same thing may be said of Spain. There are Spaniards who wish to make Spain predominant in Morocco, and who would be glad to resist any extension of French power in that country. In fact, the King is credited with the desire that Spain should be compensated by Morocco for its loss of the Colonies. Certain organs of the press have gone so far as to propose that Spain and Germany should join hands to act against France. The Spanish government, however, refuses to favor any such project, although troops have been moved in view of possible action. While it is not probable that there will be any serious complications with either Germany or Spain, the possibility of such events cannot be denied, and the French Government cannot walk too warily in so suspicious a world.

Germany.

There has been a period of almost complete quiescence in Germany so far as internal politics are concerned. The Emperor has been paying a visit to the island of Corfu, to which he has so often resorted before, and where he has a palace named the Achilleion. He has been fortunate on this occasion, for during his stay one of the most remarkable discoveries of the remains of the classical world has been

made in the immediate neighborhood. A colossal statue of a Gorgon being pursued, it is thought, by the goddess Diana has been brought to light. The Emperor daily visited the scene of the operations, and showed the enthusiasm befitting a professional archaeologist. The King of Greece bestowed upon his Imperial Majesty the right to carry out the full investigation of the site.

The closeness of the relations between Germany and Austria-Hungary was shown by certain incidents which took place on the way to Corfu. Not only did the Kaiser visit Vienna, being received there by the Emperor-King and the heir to the throne, but after he had left Venice, he found himself in the midst of the reserved squardron of the Austrian Fleet which had of a set purpose taken a route out of its ordinary course in order to show him honor. And during his stay at Corfu the same fleet again appeared on the scene, and was reviewed by his Majesty. No one doubts that the meaning of this was to make clear to the world the strength of the ties which bind together the two empires. As to Italy and its position in the Triple Alliance a perpetual doubt exists. The fact that the Kaiser paid no visit to Rome in this, the Jubilee year of national unity, might have been taken as an indication of the assertion that Italy was not content with its place in the Alliance, had it not been that the visit to Rome was made by the Crown Prince of Germany on his return from his tour in the Far East. This visit was declared by the King of Italy to be a pledge of the intimate friendship existing between Italy and Germany, and Italian unity and German unity, he said; were bound together and made efficient by the co-operation of the Triple Alliance. The speeches made at the banquet given to the Crown Prince were looked upon by the Roman newspapers as a fresh confirmation of the desire of the German and Italian governments to weld more closely the friendly relations between the two countries; and an excellent impression is said to have been made in Germany by the warm reception which the Crown Prince received in Rome. The doubts of some, however, will still remain especially as it is said, we know not how truly, that the German Emperor has a personal dislike to the King of Italy.

What effect the French Expedition to Fez will have on the relations between France and Germany it is too soon to say. If the government follows the leading of a certain part of the

Press, the settlement made by the Algeciras Act and the subsequent Agreement between France and Germany will be set aside. France, these newspapers say, is bent on the military conquest of Morocco, a thing which it is the duty of Germany acting along with Spain to prevent. Time will prove which counsels will prevail. The Pan-German League has issued a pronouncement in which the division of Morocco between Germany and France by negotiation with France is declared to be the duty of the government, the whole of the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco to fall to the lot of Germany.

Austria-Hungary.

A general election is to be held in the present month in which the perennial question between the Germans and the Slavs—who shall be predominant—will be fought once again. The end of the last Reichsrath was by no means peaceful, and in the end it was found necessary to make use of that Emergency Clause in the Constitution which enables the Sovereign to do by decree what Parliament has failed to do. The supplies which the Reichsrath neglected to vote, are therefore to be raised by ministerial decree. The electoral campaign is expected to be short and in many districts fierce. The moderate elements will be on the defensive, and it will be surprising if the present Ministry of Baron Bienerth should receive the support of the electors. Doubts exist as to the adequacy of the present financial system to supply the military, naval, economic, and cultural needs of the state. The Austrian Budget is said to be one of the least elastic, and recent military and naval expansive call for large additional expenditure. There is scarcely a branch of productive activity in Austria that is not hit repeatedly by some form of direct taxation: and indirect taxation weighs upon the lower middle and working classes more heavily than in France, Italy, and Germany.

The health of the Emperor has been the subject of a good deal of discussion. In such matters there is wont to be a great deal of economy practised as to telling the truth, and in the present instance this general practice has been exemplified in a somewhat remarkable way. On the one hand it was asserted that notwithstanding certain precautions that had been taken, his Majesty was perfectly well. On the other hand, when it was desirable to give a reason for postponing the visit of the King of Servia, the poor state of the Emperor's health served

as an excuse. Why such futile efforts to conceal the truth should be made, what good purpose they serve, no one can tell.

Portugal.

How misleading the news is which from time to time appears even in papers of high standing, may be judged from a paragraph which appears in a recent issue of the *Continent*. Referring to the proposed law for the Separation of Church and State in Portugal, this paper severely animadverts on what it styles the "stubborn intransigency" of Pius X., as made evident by his treatment of both France and Spain, and in a still greater degree by his way of dealing with the Portuguese proposal even though, as the *Continent* expressly asserts "The Portuguese authorities, in comparison with the French and Spanish statesmen, are very much more complaisant and have offered the Pope opportunities to abate his antagonism without humiliation." How little truth there is in this statement will appear from the following account of the provisions of the proposed law, from which it will be seen that so far from being better than the French they are much worse. Not only are all the present possessions of the Church to be appropriated, but also all future acquisitions; if a congregation desires to build a new church, the building is to pass after ninety-nine years to the State. All gifts made to the Church are to be handled by parochial commissions, and the Church is to receive only one tenth, the remainder to be distributed as the government thinks fit. The State is to appoint the professors in seminaries; these seminaries are to be reduced from thirteen to five in number; convents of nuns are to be abolished, priests are to be encouraged to marry, by pensions to be given to their wives and children. The stipends which are to be given to the priests themselves, the giving of which at all is considered by the *Continent* as so striking a mark of the liberality of the government, are to remain under the control of the parochial commissions and other State bodies, and those are generally opposed to the Church. It is hard to see how any Pope, or, in fact any one who is friendly to the Church or to religious freedom, could approve of proposals so distinctively anti-religious and even despotic. Nothing could be more opposed to American principles.

With Our Readers

THE "ultra-moderns" claim to "accept life on its own terms," yet they clamor for liberty and laughter and they throttle pain with physical and mental anæsthesia. Wherein is the acceptance? They stand for realism, "refuse to recognize idealism as in any way divorced from reality," yet limit reality to the grasp of the senses, or at most, the content of subjective experience. And from this gross materialism, or nebulous subjectivity, the ideal *i. e.*, the spiritual—may not be divorced! In this unnatural effort to make all things one, thought is tossed from one dilemma to another. Materialism lifts up Nature as a goddess; Rationalism proclaims Man, God; or Pantheism incarcerates the Creator in creation, and worships indiscriminately. As a logical sequence Christ's Humanity is revered, while His Divinity is minimized or denied. Men stand by as He blesses the children, and walk with Him among the flowers of the field, but shrink and turn from the skull-shaped, cross-crowned hill of Calvary.

* * *

LITERATURE to-day is replete with this spirit. Typical of it, representative, perhaps, of the best it has to offer, is "The Piper" by Josephine Preston Peabody. "The Piper" has been crowned as a work of art by the Stratford Memorial Prize, and hailed by dramatic critics as an American drama which will stand "the test of the printed page as well as the acid test of the theatre." Leaving aside this field of criticism, we wish simply to study the current of the play's thought, the message it bears from the spirit of to-day. The spirit of the day is the Piper. Whether you see in him the old god Pan bursting the bonds of supernatural, dogmatic religion, and setting men free to worship natural beauty, or the Christ spirit in the world, loving the children, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven" he is still the New Era, piping away the younger generation from old ideas and shackling traditions. For if he be Christ, he is Christ as the age conceives Him—One who has merged the first commandment in the second and bids us look no higher than man for God; if he be Pan, he is a monotheistic Pan, somewhat touched by the influence of Christ these last two thousand years; and so the New Era stands, half Christ, half Pan. It takes its divinity from Pan, its humanity from Christ.

THE theme of this symbolic poem is liberty and laughter. Everything must be free:

"How can I breathe and laugh
While there are things in cages?"

It finds Christ a "Lonely Man" outside the Church and "wants to make Him smile." Joy comes of contact with earth, from the "live laughter trickling everywhere." This common element of water has power to wash away the conventional, the unnatural and effect the rebirth to natural love, the true miracle of life. The sinless animal outranks the sinful man, and is to be reverenced with the children.

"'Tis some white creature
Seeking her whiter lamb."

The suffering of Veronica, the Mother-love, touches the heart of Nature, and hence the heart of the Piper, and from her and the Crucified he learns to bow, to pardon, and to sacrifice. Here the theme rings true. Christ triumphs over Pan and bids him lead back the children from the paradise of delight—a fool's paradise, after all, where joy vanished with the rainbow, and nightmares returned with the dark—to life as it is and make it better, to faulty mothers, who are still mothers, to sinful fathers who still have their claim, to the battle of good with ill, and the joy found in duty. Here the Piper leaves them. They have learned their lesson. Perhaps the Piper has learned his too. He must go elsewhere—

"There's so much piping left to do."

* * *

THE old legend of the Piper as recorded in the tablet of Hamlin and told by Browning stands for the universal truth that every man, who in heart and act fails to ratify the promise of his lips made either to God or man, pays a penalty to justice. In her elaborated, modernized version Mrs. Preston Peabody marks this universal truth by presenting it against a background of prejudice. Injustice, selfishness and greed appear less as individual sin, than the resultant of external worship. A system is condemned rather than a sinner for the grievous fact that men may bow their knees before God with hearts hard toward their fellow men. She pleads for a liberty that protests against dogma, a laughter which cannot face death, a love which calls all fear "craven."

The Medieval Church, the Catholic Church, is the symbol of externalism, formalism and superstition—"Turn, turn there's nothing in it."—Intercessory prayer is dubbed superstition by an age which buries its dead out of call and knocks on wood! Religion

"preaches," Nature "pipes." All prayer is belittled; the people return from Mass stiffened; "it does no good at all"—"let it be singing"; prayers are mumbled"; the world's great body of song, and greatest literature of praise—the Psalms—are "droned" or "whined." "Eternal psalms and endless cruelties." The priest is a stick who voices the dead letter of the law—a "grave-maker" who would speed the passing soul not "drag her back to sorrow." The Church teaches only death, judgment, hell, salvation worked out in fear and trembling:

> "That daily fear
> They call their faith, is made of blasphemies
> That would put out the Sun and Moon and Stars,
> Early, for some last judgment!"

The Church's purpose in life is to cage bodily, spiritually, spiritually by her doctrine, bodily in convents.

> "A maiden shut away
> Out of the light. To cage her there for life;
> Cut off her hair; pretend that she is dead.
>
> "Youth to the grave
> And all the cast-a-ways that Holy Church
> Must put in cages, cages to the end."

Vicarious suffering is travestied by this maiden to be caged. "A penance for them all. She weeps but she must go." The procession moves to the strains of the *Dies Irae*. Lo! the Piper sounds the dance-spell! the new era will not tolerate this sacrifice of life, this caged existence, this pretense; with the dance-spell the love of the open, the honest, breaks in upon the bewildered religious and they are swept away by it like leaves before the wind.

* * *

IT is the old shop-worn superficial lie. The world must have its scapegoat; the Piper must have his foil, and the Church has long played the part.

It is small matter that in her liturgy she calls upon "all the earth," "sun and moon," "young men and maidens" to praise and sing to the Lord; that her son Francis who died in the century of this story was the greatest lover of God's creation, as well as the greatest ascetic; that the true spirit and product of the Medieval Church may be read by all in Gardner's *St. Catherine*, Lewis' *St. Teresa*, Thompson's *St. Ignatius;* that she has reared men and women who not only lived joyously, but suffered and died joyously! She too takes tribute from nature, but in the name of the Triune God, as the outward sign of His inward grace; in her arms men are

"born again of water and the Holy Ghost"; with the golden grain and the blood-red grape she sets the marriage feast of the soul with Christ, but it is transubstantiation, it is the insistence upon the Holy Ghost which differentiates her from the Piper. For her there is no pantheistic God-abiding power in the water alone. Yea, God is everywhere, but ever above and distinct from His creatures, giving all things, blessing all things unto their use and His glory.

* * *

THE Church stands for proportion, for reality. She balances the reality of the material with the reality of the spiritual, her mission is Christ's, to weld together the human and divine; she faces winter as well as summer, death and birth, sin and innocence, sorrow and joy. She points to the Crucified Christ as the answer to the riddle of life. She sees on Calvary Divine Wisdom as well as Divine Love; she sees the penalty of sin lifted up and redemption won, hardship become light, sorrow turned to joy, labor to love.

Outside her, men may deny matter to affirm spirit, or deny spirit to glorify matter. Onesidedness, intellectual monomania is the trade mark of heterodoxy. In bold and picturesque contrast M. Chesterton describes the Church as a great boulder poised with such nicety, so balanced in her excrescences that she is never overturned. This solidity, this poise, this balance of orthodoxy are at once the most realistic and idealistic of facts, incomprehensible to an age when thought is so fluid it takes the form of every passing moment, and faith, like a cameleon, suits its color to every mind it rests upon.

HONESTY is at a premium in the literary world of to-day; at least in that portion of it which is infected with the anti-religious and the anti-clerical fever. Dishonesty has often at its command such cleverness, such subtlety, that it seems to deceive even the elect. A book will be put forth with all the ostensible marks of respectability yet in reality its soul is an agent of indecency and of falsehood. So cleverly is the trick done that the unsuspecting reader accepts the book as a commendable work, and unless enlightened by some more far-seeing reader passes it on to another with words of praise.

* * *

IN those exciting melodramas that we used to enjoy in our younger days, there was no one whom we hated more intensely than the well-bred villain who was apparently a thorough gentleman, but actually a betrayer of souls and bodies. How enthusiastically we hissed him; how we gloated over his downfall! This well-defined sense of right and wrong; this enthusiastic love of good and pas-

sionate detestation of all that savors of evil are most valuable assets all through life. In the drama of life itself presented to us by playwright and novelist the same villain would receive the same summary treatment, only that clever writing and literary grace so often make the villain the hero; and we find ourselves applauding him whom, were we to know him as he is, we would detest.

* * *

IN a book lately translated from the French and entitled: *Marie Clare* there is presented to us the story of convent life. The villain, which is the book itself, says that he will tell us a true story. The book is advertised as a work of genius. The praises of many critics accompany it. Chapter after chapter unfolds itself with the seemingly single purpose of picturing convent scenes just as they are. The story is very human, told with the simplicity and the artlessness of genius. Now and then an appreciative word for the sisters is inserted, and the book seems to make for itself only the modest claim of a series of simple, graphic, appealingly human and true pictures of the almost uneventful life of one who lived within convent walls and saw convent life as it is.

* * *

BUT read a little more closely, dear friends. You will not see a word that tells of the faith, the hope and the charity of the religious: nothing of the sacramental life; nothing at all of the supernatural. You will see such things as this: that the Sisters of Charity spurn as loathsome a crippled deformed child who is in their charge; that the other children who propose a novena for their comrade's cure must carry it out in secret; that one nun is picked out as specially worthy of praise, loving and lovable. It is all done so cleverly, so innocently. There is nothing of the baldness with which we must show it here. Between this dreamy and moody nun and the curé occurs the denouement—usually presented in books of the *Maria Monk*, *The Confessions of a Nun* or *The Secrets of the Confessional For Men Only* type; but in no vulgar, repulsive way. No, indeed. Did we not say that the villain was silver-tongued and respectable and well-bred and never discourteous? Such is a book of which we have been asked to speak and on which we have thought it well to speak for we know that some have been deceived by its righteous pretensions.

* * *

TO all appearances it is the story of a childhood and a girlhood spent innocently, first in the convent school and then at work on a farm. In reality, it is the story of immorality. It is an unfair, insidious attack upon an order of pure, consecrated women. In loyalty to truth, in loyalty to the millions of heroic women, faithful

beyond words in their single-hearted service for God and humanity, Catholics cannot but passionately resent such a cruel and unjustifiable attack.

IN a letter to the London *Tablet* Father Vincent McNabb. O.P., says that if Francis Thompson had been properly taken care of he would not have written "The Hound of Heaven." All we can say in answer is, *O felix culpa!*

IF any one wishes to know how in the eyes of an undergraduate this old, tired, and sinful world of ours will glow with heroic virtue, let him for his pleasure, if not for his instruction, read an article in the May *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled: "The Two Generations."

The only connection which the coming generation has with its fathers and mothers is one of necessity—that of physical birth. They (the coming generation) are otherwise double orphans. "The rising generation has to work out the problem all alone. Pastors, teachers, and parents flutter aimlessly about." Nay; the lonely orphans are handicapped in having progenitors. "An unpleasantly large proportion of our energy is now drained off in fighting the fetishes which . . . the older generation passed along to us." "The modern parent is hopeless; school discipline is almost nominal; church discipline practically nil." But let no one worry; out of the ashes of the past the new generation is arising undaunted, vigorous, greater than has been. They will have learned social virtues better than their forbears; they will be serious; sober; without envy; independent; with expansive outlook; thoughtfully considerate of their avocations; spiritually sensitive; not mercenary; laudably ambitious; with reserves of ability and effort; facing difficulties, greater than had their predecessors, with silent and almost Spartan heroism; with a broader horizon; passionate for information; truthful and frank; facing any and every issue, with positive faith, in striking contrast with: "The nerveless negations of the elder generation," doing commonly the things done fifty years ago only by rare and heroic souls, like Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice; having a religion based on social ideals, refusing to deify sacrifice and suffering; possessed with entire faith in themselves.

Yes; a paper embodying all this appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Atlantic* calls it "suggestive." It is eminently so. The writer's professor (Columbia University) sent it because he "was struck by the force and sincerity of the argument."

Are not these circumstances and the paper itself an instructive commentary on the "education" of the day?

A PAMPHLET entitled: "Socialism in the Schools," by Bird S. Coler, is worthy of thoughtful reading by everyone who has the interests of his country at heart. The title tells of what the pamphlet treats. It might advantageously be lengthened by example and reference, but it repeats a call that ought not to be disregarded. Mr. Coler pleads for the necessity of religious instruction in our present system of public instruction. He asks how it can practically be arranged, and answers:

The State can take supervision of all schools—public and private, insist upon character and competence in the instructors, and then pay each school upon a *per capita* basis for the secular education furnished. . . . The situation as it stands now is that the Socialistic minority controls the system of public education, and the Roman Catholic Church has made a stand and is doing its own educational work, and is demanding that either taxation for school purposes cease as regards Roman Catholics, or that the Catholic schools be paid for the secular instruction they give. The Protestant churches are beginning to awaken to what it all means, and truly it is high time that they ceased to surrender the faith of their children to the Socialistic demands of a godless school.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Chief Ideas of the Baltimore Catechism. By John E. Mullett. *A Conversion and a Vocation.* By Sophia Ryder. 90 cents net. *A Medieval Mystic.* By Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.S. 75 cents. *The Children's Charter.* By Mother Mary Loyola. 65 cents net. *Early First Communion.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 50 cents net. *The Ten Commandments.* By Sisters of Notre Dame. 10 cents net. *The Juniors of St. Bede's.* By Rev. Thomas Bryson. 85 cents. *Doctrine Explanations.* Part I. By Sisters of Notre Dame. 10 cents net. *An Awkward Predicament.* A Comedy in Three Acts. By Madame Cecelia. *Writ in Remembrance.* By Miriam Nesbitt. 45 cents net. *Hero Haunted.* By David Beare, S.J. *A Soggarth's Last Verses.* By Matthew Russell. 50 cents.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Income Tax. By Edward R. Seligman $3.50 net. *The Ladies' Battle.* By Molly Elliot Seawell. $1 net.

FREDRICK PUSTET & CO, New York:
Ecclesiastical Chants. In accordance with the The Vatican Edition. By Dom Dominick Johner, O.S.B. 35 cents net. *The Eucharistic Liturgy.* In The Roman Rite. By Rev. E. S. Berry.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION, New York:
City Bibliography for Greater New York. By Reynolds.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
The Training of Children in Religion. By George Hodges. $1.50 net.

R. FENNO & CO., New York:
Sir John Hawkwood. By Marion Polk Angellotti. $1.20 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, New York:
Socialism: A Critical Analysis. By O. D. Shelton, Ph.D. $1 net. *The Contessa's Sister.* By Gardner Teall. $1.20.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
Religious Questions of the Day. By Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. $1 net. *Meditations on the Blessed Virgin.* By Francis Gabuin, S.J. $1 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Second Spring. A Sermon. By John Henry Newman, D.D. Edited by F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 50 cents net. *The History of Trade Unionism.* By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. New Edition. $2.60 net.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., New York:
From Rough Rider to President. By Dr. Max Kullnick. Translated from the Original German by Fredrick von Reithdorf, Ph.D. $1.50 net.

GINN & Co., New York:
Education as Growth or the Culture of Character. By L. H. Jones, A.M. $1.25 net.
Latin for Beginners. By Benjamin L. D'Ooge, Ph.D. $1 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Love and Marriage. By Ellen Key. $1.50 net.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:
Marriage and Parenthood. By Rev. Thomas Gerrard. $1 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism. By John Spargo. $1 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The West In the East. By Price Collier. $1.50 net.

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. IV. Part I.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, Philadelphia:
Messages of Truth. By Thomas â Kempis Reilly, O.P., S.T.L. 50 cents.

WHITCOMBE & BARROWS, Boston:
Studies In Invalid Occupation. By Susan E. Tracy.

L. C. PAGE & Co., Boston:
Abroad With the Fletchers. By Jane Felton Sampson. $1.75 net. *George Thornton.* By Norval Richardson. $1.75 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Who Are the Jesuits? By Charles Coppens, S.J. 50 cents net. *Jesus the Bread of Children.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 35 cents. *Leaves from My Diary.* By Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. 75 cents net. *Elementary Lessons on the Holy Eucharist.* By Dom Nolle, O.S.B. 45 cents doz. *The American Catholic Who's Who.* Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis. $2 net.

LITTLE BROWN & Co., Boston, Mass,:
Crime, its Causes and Remedies. By Cesar Lombroso. 45 cents net.

PITTSBURG CARNEGIE LIBRARY, Pittsburg:
Books by Catholic Authors. A Classified and Annotated List. 35 cents.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL PRESS, Fordham University, New York:
The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries. 2d edition. By James J. Walsh, M. D. $3.50 net.

THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
Billie. By Marian Agatha. *From Darkness to Light.* By Emily Buchanan. Pamphlets; One Penny each.

WILLIAM P. LINEHAN, Melbourne:
The Purple East. By J. J. Malone, P.P. 3*s.* 6*d.*

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture, 1910.

KANSAS DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka, Kan.:
Seventeenth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Bureau of American Ethnology:
Handbook of American Indian Languages. By Frank Boas.

GABALDA ET CIE., Paris:
La Valeur Éducative de la Moral Catholique. Par R. P. M. S. Gillet, O.P. 3 *fr.* 50.
Les Caisses d' Espaigne. Par. M. F. Lepelletier 2 *fr.* *La Vocation au Sacerdoce.* Par F. J. Hurtaud. 4*fr.*

PERRIN ET CIE, Paris:
Souvenirs de Jeunesse 1828–1835. Par Charles Sainte-Foi. 5 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Vocation Sacerdotale. Par Pierre Bouvier. 1 *fr.* *L'Action Catholique.* Discours Prononcés en Divers Congrès. Par M. A. Janvier, O.P. 4 *fr.*

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:
Le Salut Assuré par la Dévotion à Marie. 1 *fr.* *Pensées et Maximes du R. P. Ravignan.* Introduction par Charles Renard. 0 *fr.* 50. *Loi d'Exile.* Par Edmond Thiriet. 3 *fr.* 50. *La Piété: Le Zèle.* Par Abbé P. Feige. 3 *fr.* 50.

HACHETTE ET CIE., Paris:
Fénelon. Études Historiques. Par Eugène Griselle. 3 *fr.* 50.

GABRIEL DUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris:
Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique. Fascicule VI.

ALPHONSE PICARD ET FILS, Paris:
Eusèbe, Histoire Ecclésiastique. Livres V.-VIII. Texte Grec, et traduction par Émile Grapin. 5 *fr.*

J. DUVIVIER, Tourcoing:
Lamennais. Introduction de Paul Agnius. 3 *fr.* 50.

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THE DARK AGES.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

SO far we have traced the fortunes of the Roman Empire, that is of European civilization and of the Catholic Church with which that civilization was identified from the origins both of the Church and of the Empire, to the catastrophe of the fifth century. We have seen what the measure of that catastrophe was.

There was a gradual decline in the power of central authority, an increasing use of auxiliary barbarian troops in the army upon which Roman society depended, until at last in the fifth century, authority, though Roman in every detail of its form, was no longer exercised from Rome, but was split up into a number of local governments. We have seen that the administration of these fell usually to the chief officers of the Auxiliary barbarian troops.

We have seen that there was no considerable infiltration of barbarian blood, no "invasions" in our modern sense of the term—(or rather, no successful ones) no blotting out of civilization, still less any introduction of new institutions or ideas drawn from barbarism.

Britain, the strongest example of all, for in Britain the catastrophe was most severe, was reconquered for civilization and for the Faith by the efforts of St. Augustine, and from

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the end of the seventh century, that which is in future to be called Christendom, and which is nothing more than the Roman Empire continuing though transformed, is again reunited.

What followed was a whole series of generations in which the forms of civilization were set and crystalized in a few very simple, traditional and easily appreciated types. The whole standard of Europe was lowered to the level of its fundamentals, as it were. The primary arts upon which we depend for our food and drink and raiment and shelter survived intact. The secondary arts reposing upon these failed and disappeared almost in proportion to their distance from fundamental necessities of our race. History became no more than a simple chronicle. Letters, in the finer sense, almost ceased. Four hundred years more were to pass before Europe was to reawaken from this sort of sleep into which her spirit had retreated, and the passage from the full civilizaton of Rome through this period of simple and sometimes barbarous things, is properly called the Dark Ages.

It is of great importance for anyone who would comprehend the general story of Europe, to grasp the nature of those half-hidden centuries. They may be compared to a lake into which the activities of the old world flowed and stirred and then were still, and from which in good time the activities of the Middle Ages, properly so-called, were again to flow.

Again one may compare the Dark Ages to the leaf-soil of a forest. They are formed by the disintegration of an antique florescence. They are the bed from which new florescence shall spring.

It is a curious phenomenon to consider: this hibernation, or sleep, this rest of the stuff of Europe. It leads one to consider the flux and reflux of civilization as something much more comparable to a pulse than to a growth. It makes us remember that *Rhythm* which is observed in all forms of energy, and doubt the mere progress from simplicity to complexity which is guessed at and which any one postulates as the law of history, but remains a mere hypothesis.

The contemplation of the Dark Ages affords a powerful criticism of that superficial theory of social evolution which is among the intellectual plagues of our own generation. Much more is the story of Europe like the waking and the

sleeping of a mature man, than like any indefinite increase in the aptitudes and powers of a growing body.

Though the prime characteristic of the Dark Ages is one of recollection, and though they are chiefly marked by this note of Europe sinking back into herself, very much more must be known of them before we have the truth even in its most general form.

I will put in the form of a category or list the chief points which we must bear in mind.

In the first place, they were a period of intense physical strain; Christendom was beseiged from all around. It was held like a stronghold, and in those centuries of struggle its institutions were moulded by military necessities so that Christendom has ever since had about it the quality of a soldier. There was one unending series of attacks from the North, from the East and from the West; attacks not comparable to the raids of external hordes eager only to enjoy civilization within the Empire, small in number and yet ready to accept the faith and customs of Europe. The so-called "Barbarian invasions" of the fifth and sixth centuries had been partially of this kind. The mighty struggles of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries were a very different matter. Had the military institutions of Europe failed in that struggle, our civilization would have been wiped out: and indeed at one or two critical points in the eighth and ninth centuries all human judgment would have decided that Europe *was* doomed.

In point of fact, as we shall see in a moment, Europe was saved. It was saved by the sword and by the intense Christian ideal which nerved the sword arm. But it was only just saved.

The first assault was from Islam.

This was no mere rush of barbarism. The Mahommedan world was as cultured as our own in its origins. It maintained a higher and an increasing culture while ours declined, and its conquest, where it conquered us, was the conquest of something materially superior for the moment over the remaining arts and traditions of Christian Europe.

Just at the moment when Britain was finally won back and the unity of the West seemed to be recovered (though its life had fallen to so much lower a plane), we lost North Africa. Immediately afterwards the first Mahommed force crossed the

Straits of Gibraltar; and in a few months after its landing the whole of the Spanish Peninsula, that strong rock as it had seemed of ancient Roman culture, the hard Iberian land, crumbled, politically at least, and right up to the Pyrenees, Asia had it in its grip. In the mountain valleys alone, and especially in the tangle of highlands which occupies the northwestern corner of the Spanish square, individual communities of soldiers held out. From them the gradual reconquest of Spain by Christendom was to proceed, but for the moment they were crowded and penned like men fighting against a wall.

Even Gaul was threatened, and a Mahommedan host poured up into its centre. Luckily it was defeated; but Moslem garrisons continued to hold out in the Southern districts, notably near the Mediterranean.

Southern Italy was raided and partly occupied. The islands of the Mediterranean fell.

Against this sudden successful spring which had lopped off half of the West, the Dark Ages, and especially the French of the Dark Ages, spent a great part of their military energy. The knights of northern Spain and the chiefs of the unconquered valleys recruited their forces perpetually from beyond the Pyrenees, and the Valley of the Ebro was the training ground of European valor for three hundred years.

This Mahommedan swoop was the first and the most disastrously successful of the great assaults.

Next came the Scandinavian pirates.

Their descent was a purely barbaric thing, numerous and for centuries unexhausted. They harried all the rivers and coasts of Britain, of Gaul, and of the Netherlands. They appeared in the Southern seas and their efforts seemed indefatigable. Britain especially (where the invaders bore the local names of "Danes") suffered from a ceaseless pillage, and these new enemies had no attraction to the Roman land save loot. They merely destroyed. They refused our religion. Had they succeeded they would not have mingled with us, but would have ended us.

Both in Northern Gaul and in Britain their chieftains acquired something of a foothold, but only after the perilous moment in which their armies were checked, and they were constrained to accept the common religion of the society they attacked.

This critical moment when Europe seemed doomed was the last generation of the ninth century. France had been harried up to the gates of Paris. Britain was so raided that its last independent King, Alfred, was in hiding.

Both in Britain and in Gaul Christendom triumphed, and in the same generation.

Paris stood a successful seige, and the family which defended it was destined to become the royal family of all France at the inception of the Middle Ages. Alfred of Wessex in the same decade recovered South England. In both provinces of Christendom the situation was saved. The chiefs of the pirates were baptized, and though Northern barbarism was a material menace for another hundred years, there was no further danger of our destruction.

Finally, less noticed by history but quite as grievous, and needing a defence as gallant, was the pagan advance over the North German Plain and up the valley of the Danube.

All the frontier of Christendom upon this line from Augsburg and the Lech to the course of the Elbe and the North Sea was but a line of fortresses and continual battlefields. The attack was not racial. It was Slav, Pagan German, even Mongol. Its character was the advance of the savage against the civilized man, and it remained a peril two generations longer than the peril which Gaul and Britain had staved off from the North.

This, then, is the first characteristic to be remembered in the Dark Ages: the violence of the physical struggle and the intense physical effort whereby Europe was saved.

The second characteristic of the Dark Ages proceeds from this: it may be called Feudalism.

Feudalism is apparent in the laws of, and is the accepted theory of society in, the Middle Ages; but its vital origins lie in the Dark Ages before them.

Briefly it was this: the passing of actual government from the hands of the old provincial centres of administration into the hands of each small local society and its lord, and from such a basis the reconstruction of society from below, these local lords associating themselves under greater men, and these again holding together in great national groups under a national overlord.

In the violence of the struggle through which Christendom

passed, town and village, valley and castle, had often to defend itself alone.

The great Roman landed estates, with their masses of dependents and slaves, under a lord or owner, had never disappeared. The descendants of these *owners* formed the fighting class of the Dark Ages, and in this new function of theirs, perpetually lifted up to be the sole depositories of authority in some small imperilled countryside, they grew to be the independent units of the State. For the purposes of cohesion, that family which possessed most estates in a district, tended to become the leader of it. Whole provinces were thus formed and grouped, and the vaguer sentiments of a larger unity expressed themselves by the election of a family, one of the most powerful in every county, who would be the overlord of all the other lords great and small.

Side by side with this growth of local independence, and of voluntary local groupings went the transformation of the old imperial nominated offices into hereditary and personal things.

A *count* for instance was originally a "*comes*" or "companion" of the Emperor. The word dates from long before the break-up of the central authority of Rome. A *count* was an official; his office was revocable, like other official appointments; he was appointed for a season and to a particular local goverment. In the Dark Ages the *count* becomes hereditary. He thinks of his government as a possession which his son is to have after him. He bases his right to it upon the possession of great estates within the area of his government. In a word he comes to think of himself not as an official at all but as a feudal overlord, and all society and the remaining shadow of central authority itself agrees with him.

The second note then of the Dark Ages is the gradual transition of Christian society from a number of slave-owning, rich, landed proprietors taxed and administrated by a regular government, to a society of fighting *nobles* and their descendants, organized from a basis of independence in a hierarchy of lord and overlord.

Later an elaborate theory was constructed in order to rationalize this living and real thing. It was pretended that the King owned all the land, that the great overlords "held" their land of him, the lesser lords holding theirs hereditarily

of the overlords and so forth. This was legal theory only and so far as mens' views of property went, a fiction. The reality was what I have described.

The third characteristic of the Dark Ages was the curious fixity of morals, traditions, of the forms of religion, and of all that makes up the basis of social life.

We may presume that civilization originally sprang from a soil in which custom was equally permanent.

We know that in the great civilizations of the East an enduring fixity of form is normal.

But in the general history of Europe during her three thousand years, it has been otherwise. There has been a perpetual flux in the outward form of things, in architecture, in dress, and in the statement of philosophy as well (though not in its fundamentals).

In this mobile surface of European history the Dark Ages form a sort of island of changelessness. There is an absence of any great heresies in the West, and, save in one or two names, an absence of speculation. It was as though men had no time for any other activity, but the ceaseless business of arms and of the defence of the West.

Consider the life of Charlemagne who is the central figure of those centuries. It is spent almost entirely in the saddle. One season finds him upon the Elbe, the next upon the Pyrenees. One Easter he celebrates in Northern Gaul, another in Rome. The whole story is one of perpetual marching and of blows parrying here, thrusting there, upon all the boundaries of isolated and beseiged Christendom. He will attend to learning but the ideal of learning is repetitive. An anxious and sometimes desperate determination to preserve the memory of a great but half-forgotten past is the business of his court, which dissolves just before the worst of the Pagan assault; as it is the business of Alfred who arises a century later, just after the worst assault has been finally repelled.

Religion during these centuries settled and consolidated as it were. An enemy would say it petrified, a friend that it was enormously strengthened by pressure. But whatever the metaphor chosen, the truth indicated will be this: That the Catholic Faith became between 600 and 1,000 utterly one with Europe. The last vestiges of the antique and Pagan civilization of the Mediterranean were absorbed. A habit of

certitude and of fixity even in the details of thought was formed in the European mind.

It is to be noted in this connection that geographically the centre of things had somewhat shifted. With the loss of Spain and of Northern Africa, the Mahommedan raiding of Southern Italy and the islands, the Mediterranean was no longer a vehicle of western civilization but the frontier of it. Rome itself might now be regarded as a frontier town. The eruption of the barbarians from the East had singularly cut off the Latin West from Constantinople and all the high culture of its Empire, and the centre of that which resisted in the West, in geographical nucleus of the island of Christendom, which was beseiged all around, was Gaul, and in particular Northern Gaul. Northern Italy, the Germanies, the Pyrenees and the upper valley of the Ebro were essentially the marches of Gaul. Gaul was to preserve all that could be preserved of the material side of Europe, and also of the European spirit. And therefore the new world when it arose, with its Gothic Architecture, its Parliaments, its Universities, and, in general, its spring of the Middle Ages was to be a Gallic thing.

The fourth characteristic of the Dark Ages was a material one and was that which would strike our eyes most immediately if we could transfer ourselves in time, and enjoy a physical impression of that world. This characteristic derived from what I have just been saying. It was the material counterpart of the moral immobility or steadfastness of the time; and it was that the external forms of things stood quite unchanged. The semi-circular arch, the short stout pillar, occasionally but rarely, the dome, these were everywhere the mark of architecture. There was no change nor any attempt at change. The arts were saved but not increased, and the whole of the work that men did with their hands stood fast in mere tradition. No new town arises. If one is mentioned for the first time in the Dark Ages whether in Britain or in Gaul, one may fairly presume a Roman origin of it, though there be no actual mention of it handed down from Roman times.

No new roads were laid. The old Roman military system of highways was kept up and repaired, though kept up and repaired with a declining vigor. The wheel of European life had settled to one rate of turning.

Not only were all these forms enduring, they were also few and simple. One type of public building and of church, one type of writing, everywhere recognizable, one type of agriculture, with very few products to differentiate it, alone remained.

The fifth characteristic of the Dark Ages is that which has most engrossed, puzzled and warped the judgment of non-Catholic historians when they have attempted a conspectus of European development; it was the segregation, the homogeneity of and the dominance of clerical organization. The hierarchy of the Church, its unity and its sense of discipline was the chief civil institution and the chief binding force of the times. Side by side with it went the establishment of the monastic institution which everywhere took on a separate life of its own, preserved the arts and letters, drained the marshes and cleared the forests, and formed the ideal economic unit for such a period; almost the only economic unit in which capital could then be accumulated and preserved. The great order of St. Benedict formed a framework of living points upon which was stretched the moral life of Europe. The vast and increasing endowments of great and fixed religious houses formed the economic fly-wheel of those centuries. They were the granary and the storehouse. But for them the fluctuations proceeding from raid and from decline would in their violence at some point or another have snapped the chain of economic tradition and we should have fallen into barbarism.

Meanwhile the hierarchy as an institution—I have already called it by a violent metaphor, a civil institution—at any rate as a political institution, remained absolute above the disintegration of the time.

All natural things were slowly growing unchecked and disturbing the strict lines of the old centralized governmental order which men still remembered. In language Europe was a medley of infinitely varying local dialects. Thousands upon thousands of local customs were coming to be separate laws of every separate village.

Legend was obscuring fixed history. The tribal basis from which we spring was thrusting its instincts into the old strict fabric of the state. Status was everywhere replacing contract, and habit replacing a reason for things. Above this medley the only absolute organization that could be was that of the Church. The Papacy was the one center whose shifting could

not even be imagined. The Latin tongue in the late form in which the Church used it was everywhere the same, and everywhere suited to rituals that differed but slightly from province to province when we contrast them with the millioned diversity of local habit and speech.

Whenever a high civilization was to rearise out of the soil of the Dark Ages, it was certain first to show a full organization of the Church under some Pope of exceptional vigor, and next to show that Pope or his successors in this tradition at issue with new civil powers. Whenever central government should rise again and in whatever form, a conflict would begin between the clerical organization which had so strengthened itself during the Dark Ages and the new kings.

Now Europe as we know did awake from the long sleep. The eleventh century was the moment of its awakening. Three great forces—the personality of St. Gregory VII., the appearance (by a happy accident of cross breeding) of the Norman race, finally the Crusades—drew out of the darkness the enormous vigor of the early Middle Ages. They were to produce an intense and active civilization of their own, a civilization which was undoubtedly the highest and the best our race has known, conformable to the instincts of the Europeans, fulfilling his nature, giving him that happiness which is the end of man.

As we know, the great experiment after four hundred years of high vitality was rising to new heights when it suffered shipwreck.

With that disaster, the disaster of the Reformation, I shall deal later in this series.

In my next article I shall describe the inception of character of the Middle Ages, and show what they were before our promise in them was ruined.

THACKERAY.

BORN JULY 18, 1811.

BY F. M. B.

Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

—*Faithful Gold Pen.*

NO happier, more succinct literary epitaph for William Makepeace Thackeray could be devised than the above lines written by himself. Those who knew him best proclaimed them to be a complete summing up of his character, his writings, his whole life. And at this moment, when we are celebrating the centenary of his birth, a few informal pages of appreciation—put together with no pretension at shedding new light on him—by one steeped in tradition of Thackeray, may not be deemed out of place.

There is no doubt that the early years of the nineteenth century produced an extraordinary number of brilliant men; but for all we know our universities to-day may be shaping and developing minds just as ingenious, natures just as generous—why not? And if among those born in our time, in the now rapidly changing order of things, there should prove to be a few as strong of purpose, as upright and fearless in daily life and as brilliant in achievement as were the giants of those earlier days—then there is little to be feared for the future of the race.

The illustrious men born in that eventful time; in which distinguished list came Thackeray, Dickens, Arthur Hallam, Newman, Maurice, Gladstone, Tennyson—all possessed the power of inspiring others, all led their men. One may not always agree with them or with their aims,—but it is impossible not to admire their straightforward methods; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the younger generations will follow their bee-line policy which was one that despised all tricks and artifices.

In these days of "quick-lunch" education; when people

instead of forming their own opinions, accept them ready-made in convenient, cheap, tabloid form, it is accepted by some as a recognized fact that Thackeray—whose heart was as big as his body—was a sour cynic who hated all mankind. Ignorance of the great classical writers and of the beauties of soul which made them great is no sin; still, those having no knowledge should hesitate to teach; they should at least be prevented by the consciousness of their ineptitude from disseminating the "meanly false." Fortunately, the obscure few who venture thus to criticize the illustrious author of whom they know nothing, are completely refuted by the illustrious many who had the privilege of his intimate friendship.

As a general rule the every-day friends of a great man are the last to discover his greatness, and it is only after his death that the extent of his genius is realized. In Thackeray's case, however, we know by the testimony of survivors of the families with whom he was most intimate, that his associates appreciated to the full the vigor of his mind and the scope of his understanding; more, they acknowledged his genius and proudly proclaimed it in his life-time. If fame did linger somewhat in coming to him, it was all the brighter and the more lasting when it came. Did he not say once "Grief, love, fame, I have had no little of all. I don't mean to take the fame for more than it is worth or brag about it with any peculiar elation." Simple, humble phrases such as these came from his heart and show the man as he truly was; his sarcastic flashes came from his brain and show merely the accomplished satirist as he sometimes chose to appear.

Thackeray had a greater power than perhaps any other novelist, certainly than any other English novelist, of seeing into the human soul, of diagnosing, analyzing, specifying. And he showed his magnanimity by the way in which he always sought for the good not the bad, the redeeming not the damning. He unconsciously describes himself and his outlook—and insight—when he says:

> There is always a cachet about great men—they may be as mean as you or I, but they carry their great airs,—they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do—they regard the world with manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers . . .

One of the delights which a great genius with the gift of penetrating, psychical insight as well as of graphic description is able to afford to the ordinary reader is to express accurately and beautifully the thoughts which pass formlessly and incoherently through every mind. Which of us has not felt vaguely the following truth, yet which of us could have expressed it in such facile vivid words as these?

> What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behavior—the cut of his hair or the tie of his neck-cloth may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison him in your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew.

It is this keen penetration, this power of revelation that appeals to us—but what charms us most is his giving us as he goes bits of his own candor, generosity and nobility; giving them in such profusion and in such fashion as to make us feel we too possess them—for which inspiring confidence we love him and to love Thackeray at all is to love him with enthusiasm.

It is singular that anyone of such evident yearning affection towards his fellows should ever have been dubbed a cynic and Thackeray himself was always pained that this was so—and never ceased to be distressed by the allegation. To his friends—towards whom he was the tenderest, most considerate of beings (and he had, as he himself said a "faculty for friendship as well as for enjoyment")—he would in the midst of some clever humorous letter pause to give serious sound advice. And this not from pedagogic interference, but because he wished to inspire himself to a "go and do likewise." For instance when he said:

> I hope you will be immensely punctual at breakfast and dinner, and do all your business of life with cheerfulness and briskness, after the example of St. Philip Neri, whom you

> wot of: that is your duty—mine is to "pursue my high calling," and so I go back to it with a full, grateful heart, and say "God bless all:"

Thackeray wrote this to encourage himself as well as his correspondent.

His gaiety and his melancholy were always pretty evenly balanced. After writing something particularly pathetic he would change his mood and merrily exclaim:

> I don't wonder at poets being selfish, such as Wordsworth and Alfred. I have been for five days a poet and have thought and remembered nothing else but myself and my rhyme and my measure. . . . Would you like me to become a great—? Fiddle-de-dee. No more egotisms, Mr. M. if you please.

The softest corner in "Makepeace's" heart was always for children; he loved them with a love which drew forth theirs in return:

> Children's voices charm me so that they set all my sensibilities into a quiver. . . . These pretty brats with sweet, innocent voices and white robes, sing quite celestially—no, not celestially, for I don't believe that it is devotion at all, but a high delight out of which one comes, not impurified I hope, but with a thankful, pleased gentle state of mind.

In fact, his greatest love and devotion were centred in his own children, his two little girls, left so early without a mother's care. It was when these were too young to be the delightful companions they afterwards became to him, that he wrote: "A lonely man I am in life; my business is to joke and jeer," and at that same period said to a friend: "My little girls stare when they see me laugh and talk. I never do so at home," words which reveal the suffering of one who went about the world forcing himself to be cheerful that he might relieve the sadness of others.

He liked to tell of kindnesses received—in fact, Thackeray was full of what would perhaps now be called old-fashioned courtesies. And when he says "Forster's (Dickens' Forster, who had just written a panegyric on him) Article in the *Examiner* did not please me so much as his genuine good nature

in insisting upon walking with Annie (his daughter) at night and holding an umbrella over her in the pouring rain," it is in purest gratitude and because he had no underbred reticences.

In fact Thackeray was so generous himself that if people were generous to him he hastened to tell of it:

> Big Higgins, who dined with me yesterday, offered me, what do you think? "If," says he, "you are tired and want to lie fallow for a year, come to me for the money. I have much more than I want." Wasn't it kind? I like to hear and tell of kind things.

Was this snobbish—or cynical?

This open-hearted frankness he applied to everything. His loftiness of soul enabling him to see, to admire, to proclaim the cleverness of others. Narrating a "good thing" he had heard, he said:

> The man was speaking of a stupid place at the seaside—Sandwich, I think—when somebody said: "Can't you have any fun there?" "Oh, yes," replied Corry, "but you must take it with you." A nice speech, I think, and one indicating a gay, cheerful heart. I intend to try after that.

A sentiment which again reveals his determination to promote brightness and joy. This Corry was the late Montagu Corry, Lord Beaconsfield's friend and confidant, who was afterwards created Baron Rowton.

He did not particularly like Catholics. He had the fashion and the tradition of his time with him; he laughed and he mocked—but he did not insult them. The penetrating eye and honest judgment of Thackeray could perceive the gracious affability of priests without setting it down to duplicity and deep design. The wild fantastic humor of that time—and particularly our brilliant author's kindly wit—was essentially different from the bilious animosity of the Joseph Hockings of to-day.

And, too, beneath Thackeray's lightness of expression—which, by the way, he used on all, not on Catholics only, using it solely to amuse and interest—was a deep, "respectful" feeling. It is sure that he helped many Catholics, and

was fond of nuns; and if he gave a light account of a procession, we know he took off his hat as it passed by.

It is possible, too, that there was hope in its efficacy as well as a certain trustfulness in his request to the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, when he said:

> I have passed the day writing and trying to alter *Pendennis*, who is, without any manner of doubt, awfully stupid; the very best passages, which pleased the author only last week, looking hideously dull by the dull fog of this city. I pray, I pray that it may be the weather. Will you say something for it at church next Sunday?

Another time advising that same gentleman to take the waters at some German Spa, he says: "Do go, my dear fellow; and I will vow a candle to honest Horne's chapel if you are cured. Did the Vienna beer, in which I drank your health, not do you any good?" Horne was a curate, one of the early high-churchmen (he afterwards became a Catholic), and Thackeray's ingenuous assumption that candles are offered to chapels is certainly quaint.

All his letters are delightful in their unpretentiousness; in them he wells forth his soul like a bird that must sing. He says: "You see I am writing to you as if I were talking." With sweet simplicity he asks, "is it 'relieved' or 'releived'?" as though he were some ordinary, ungifted person; and like a careless, charming school-boy, heads many after the fashion of "Monday—1847."

In them he loved to record any oddness he came across in the way of ecclesiastical expression or architecture. Church questions did not interest him much; he was no controversialist at all; and his only long talk on the burning questions of the day was probably his all night sitting with Brookfield when the news came that Newman had joined the Church.

On one occasion after a visit to Blenheim, he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield: "What *you* would have liked best at Blenheim was the chapel dedicated to God and the Duke of Marlborough. The monument to the latter occupies the whole place almost, so that the former is quite secondary," and presently, again he wrote:

> After Blenheim I went to Magdalen Chapel to a High Mass there. O cherubim and seraphim, how you would have

> liked it! The chapel is the most sumptuous edifice, carved and frittered all over like the lace of a lady's boudoir. The windows are fitted with saints, painted on a gray color, real Catholic saints, male and female, I mean, so that I wondered how they got there.

And so he made the distinction; he did not imagine he belonged to the mysterious Catholic Church "of the Anglicans," in spite of his vowing a candle to Horne's chapel.

Of Dickens, whose acquaintance with fame was earlier than his own—he was ever appreciative. Privately or publicly he would proclaim his admiration for him. In speaking of those dead giants the *English Humorists* he did not forget gracefully to include that living one: did he not say? "I think of those past authors and one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

He followed all Dickens' work with keenest interest—reading his books with avidity as they came out. "Get David Copperfield. By George! it's beautiful—it beats the yellow chap of this month hollow." Or he would cry "Have you read Dickens? O! It is charming! Brave Dickens, it has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good."

Here we get true self-abnegation and fine humility. Thackeray thought, too, the death of Paul Dombey "the most beautiful thing ever written," but he did gently imply that Dickens style might be improved when he said to Mrs. Brookfield:

> In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A's works, has been copying the O. A. and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and David Copperfield will be improved by taking a lesson from *Vanity Fair*. Secondly it has put me on my metal . . . and made me feel I must do something: that I have fame and name and family to support.

There is probably more of Thackeray's self in the *English*

Humorists than in any other piece of his work. But to get at him, to see the indignation flash from his eye, to hear the angry candor in his voice, read his *Georges*.

What critical scathing revelation is the whole thing! Thackeray may have hated the Pretender whom the Georges kept away, but his sublime exposure of those who came and ruled in his place shows, in spite of an occasional effort at praise, what he really thought of those new lords for England.

Nothing but the most splendid honesty could have made him paint that awful scene of George I's arrival in England:

> I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture. I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George; and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance or help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this advent!
>
> Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the Head of his Church —with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg, with their raddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster.

Rarely in speaking of the coming of the Hanoverian Kings —whom he owns were very far-away heirs indeed—does he lose his indignation, his anger at them—his one solace being that they kept away the Pretender. And this he has, every now and then, to assure himself was good in them; never otherwise could he have continued to paint his Wertz-like pictures of the Georges' Courts and the Georges' retainers. "Wandering through that City of the Dead, that dreadfully selfish time, through those godless intrigues and feasts, pushing and eager and struggling—rouged and lying and fawning —I have wanted someone to be friends with."

Thackeray's absolute truthfulness compels him, in spite of his Church-of-England sympathies, thus to comment on the insistence by the Georges of the Protestant religion for Eng-

land, and on other of their baleful impositions: "I believe it to be by people thinking themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated."

Although he was unaffectedly gratified by the spontaneous and cordial appreciation of his friends, he never realized the full extent of his popularity even with strangers. In a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, he says: "I believe I never do think about my public character and certainly didn't see the gyp, waiters and under-graduates whispering in Hall as your William did, or thought he did."

Although his works were so varied and he himself so versatile, it was, of course, by his marvelous illuminating novels he did his teaching. But Thackeray himself would be more surprised than any one to find the classic form of the novel—the hero and villain, the rescued maiden, the triumph of good—which he affirmed would last for ever—already regarded as it is to-day, as *rococo*, and the shapeless so-called "Page of Real Life" with vicious or weak heroes, peccant heroines and high-minded villains acclaimed as a thing of beauty.

The only concession from the recognized model that Thackeray was prepared to make was, characteristically—the elimination of the villainous element:

"I must tell you," he says, "that a story is biling up in my interior, in which there shall appear some very good, lofty and generous people; perhaps a story without any villains in it would be good, wouldn't it?"

To Thackeray belongs the credit of proving that a man could live by his pen, could earn his bread by writing for papers and magazines and yet retain his social position and lead a regulated life. Before his day the literary calling was looked on as absolutely and essentially Bohemian—involving fondness for the bottle, servility to 'Patrons,' carelessness as to toilet and general lawlessness. Some of his intimate friends remonstrated with him when he proposed to adopt the profession of authorship, pointing out the social drawbacks and moral temptations of such a career. But Thackeray had an exceptionally high standard of refinement which was never in the least degree affected by the laxer views of the *litterati* with whom he sometimes had occasion to rub shoulders. He shows plainly his opinion of the old-fashioned hard-drinking race of geniuses who had preceded him in the brief but

graphic sentence: "Fielding and Steele who hiccoughed Church and State with fervor."

However, it was a rarer quality even than his largeness of heart—to which earlier allusion has been made—and his pureness of thought that piloted him through the straits of his early struggles, which made Thackeray shine forth so remarkably even from the brilliant constellation in which he was placed. The fact is, Thackeray was filled to a remarkable degree with that moral courage, that independence of spirit, that determination to attack tyranny and injustice, *coute que coute*, to extol right and trample on wrong, however much his own interests might suffer, which we associate with the chivalrous St. George. It was his hatred of meanness and cruelty and oppression, certainly no enjoyment that he took in the chastisement, which led Thackeray to lash those vices so mercilessly as he did. He had a keen eye for all that is vile because he had an appreciative eye for all that is noble; he felt that the one was a reproach, an insult to the other. It was his sense of beauty which gave him the complementary sense which he described to a friend as "a sense of the ugly, of the out of joint, of the meanly false, the despicably wicked." And when he got on the trail of such quarry as these he would lower his vizor, poise his lance, set spurs to his charger and, like the St. George of the camp-fire legend, gallop forward to slay the Dragon. "I lay them bare," he avowed, "under all disguises I hunt them to death."

His aspirations, his acts, his ambitions were all pure. He had a "good-will" towards everybody and the most single-minded of aims for himself. Genially he went about the world studying mankind; he loved what he learnt of them, he looked on them and he cried "Admirable providence of God that creates such an infinitude of men, it makes me very grave and full of love and awe."

A facet of Thackeray's character often turned to the public was his interest in the souls of others. If he found people in spiritual distress he would send, after trying to cheer them himself, a clergyman to comfort them. Of his friend, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, whom once he sent to Hampstead to visit Mrs. Crowe when she was in distress, he said to Mrs. Brookfield:

> . . . That is a pious and kind soul. I mean *his* is calculated to soothe and comfort and appreciate and elevate so to speak, out of despair, many a soul that your more tremendous vigorous divines would leave on the wayside, where sin, that robber, had left them half-killed. I will have a Samaritan parson when I fall among thieves.
>
> You, dear lady, may send for an ascetic, if you like; what is he to find wrong in you?

He firmly believed that the immortal soul of man was in the keeping of God; he realized that prayer was the logical corollary to love; he admired the possession of both gifts by Swift of whom he said when contrasting him with Fielding and Steele: "his was a reverent and pious spirit, for Swift could love and Swift could pray." In fact Thackeray seems to have been struggling with religion as so many good men of his days were. When he was dangerously ill in 1849 Mrs. Brookfield, who had been visiting him, writing to her husband, said:

> When I was there he talked of the end, as possibly near at hand and said he could look forward without dread to it—that he felt a great love and charity to all mankind, and though there were many things he would wish undone in his life, he yet felt a great trust and hope in God's love and mercy, and if it was His will, he would go to-morrow and only feel about leaving the children unprotected.

Thackeray beneath his mocking expression undoubtedly had a strong sense of religion. The impression left of him—after studying him closely, after adding all one has always known of him to all one could glean from those who knew him personally—is that this great kind creature who suffered when considered a cynic, who hoped there was no harm to be found in his clear, clean, satiric wit—was a humble soul striving after "acceptance."

One of the most eloquent of the many panegyrics called forth in his lifetime was Brimley's when he said of him: "He could not have painted *Vanity Fair* as he has unless Eden had been shining brightly in his inner eye."

The following lines prove, as his whole life went to show, that his great heart was filled to the brim with a vast treasure of true Christian spirit:

And in the world, as in the school
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall.
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

. . . . .

We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

. . . . .

Come wealth or want, come good or ill
Let young and old accept their part
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.

. . . . .

My song save this is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love and mirth
As bids the solemn Christmastide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
To men of gentle will.

THE MAESTRO'S STORY.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

SIGNORINO admires the outlook? Well, it is not to be despised. Look yonder across the valley where San Marco piles up its pink and lilac roofs against the purpling hills. Such lights! What charm!

But, a thousand pardons. Signorino had laid aside his work and I had meant only to— So? Then I shall rest awhile till the great heat be over and gone.

Signorino finds it difficult, I suppose, to command his mood always. The past; it intrudes? Well, we are none of us masters of the heart in that respect. Our wistful eyes are forever turned toward the rueful gateway.

Cure! There is no cure. Only this morning I received a letter from a famous singer, an artist, whose voice thrills thousands; who has riches, health, a world at his feet—yet, who, in his unhappiness, asks the same question. In spite of the gifts that fortune has pressed upon him, my Matteo is pursued, tortured by memory.

No; there is no cure. There are only, now and then, blessed gaps of forgetfulness. One of us finds an hour's respite in this task; another in that. Signorino, for instance, is writing a—romance. Then he is indeed favored. He can retreat at will to an ideal world.

He thinks such work futile, thankless. I have a wise little book that I keep always near at hand. It was written by one of your own countrymen. Somewhere therein is the sentence — "The worst miser is the learned man that will not write." And it is so. A thought is gained here; a light there,—who knows but that from the written page a principle, a standard is plucked. What a responsibility—this power to enter the lives of men and women so intimately, so secretly!

But, Signorino will forgive a garrulous old music master that chatters away such blessed hours. The mood, perhaps,

has returned?—Eh, Matteo's story! But, I have no skill at that sort of thing—Why, certainly, if the Signorino wish it.

One Autumn day, eight or nine years ago, up in the public square, we were holding some festival: I forget just what. Signorino knows how comforting the broad shadow is that lies at afternoon on the west side where the inns and shops are? Yes, it is always cool and pleasant there, while across the piazza our little church fairly bakes in the sunlight.

I walked among the merry-makers listening to the laughter, the music, the songs. And I said to myself: "They are children to-day; they are happy." Then I stood still. I saw a face. Oh, the beauty of it! In the girl's dark eyes slept the dreams and lightnings of the South. They were glorious. Under the dusk of her oval cheeks were the ebb and flow of rich, warm blood—the covert red of our race. Her lips, with their pout and scorn and pleading, were eloquent beyond words. She had the voice of a singer, smooth and soft and full of rich depths, incomparable tones. Her dark hair was massed gloriously above the clearest of brows. She was magnificent.

I was flung back twenty-five years to one Spring day when a woman's eyes— How blind we are when we so much need to see!

I inquired who the girl might be. "That? Oh, that would be Concetta, the wood-carver's daughter; Stephano Briganti's child."

At the same table sat Carlo Volpini, a handsome fellow; just returned from America; so bold, so aggressive. His dark eyes pierced one through and through. Opposite the girl sat Matteo, my favorite pupil—timid, thoughtful. Carlo stared boldly at the girl. Matteo looked at her only at long intervals. Yet, once, when their glances met, I saw him blush. And I knew the truth. Yes, indeed, Signorino, she *was* worth his admiration. I could easily understand how she might stir even in his thoughtful soul a tremendous passion; how she might sweep by storm his simple heart.

While I stood looking at the girl, I heard Matteo ask her to sing. But Carlo, quickly leaning across the table, whispered to her. She looked at him a moment then at Matteo and tossing her head declared: "No—I will sing."

Carlo laughed, shook his head and called to the musicians.

Some moments later in a circling crowd, with youth and loveliness shining about her, Concetta held us spell-bound with the grace and beauty of her dancing.

I looked at Matteo. His eyes were troubled. Perhaps he had a presentment. I was very much puzzled. And I fell to wondering what the outcome would be—Concetta with such beauty; Carlo bold, daring, masterful; Matteo naturally timid yet with a great passion tugging at his heart. I saw clearly how these three lives were on the brink of some entanglement.

One morning a week later I was standing over there under the plum-trees, when Matteo came running down the path calling out:

"Have you heard the news?"

I looked at him and shook my head.

"Carlo has gone; he is off again to America!"

"No!" I exclaimed.

"It is true," he replied; and after a pause— "It is a great blessing."

I, too, smiled, Signorino—it was so frank, so simple. And I said:

"So you have the field to yourself, now."

He did not smile. He looked at me very steadily for a moment, and answered:

"Her peace, her happiness, her whole life were at stake."

I was amazed. He was so very serious, so solemn. And I said sternly:

"What do you mean?"

"He has told her nothing but lies—lies! He has filled her mind with thoughts of riches, position, fine clothes. He has made her dissatisfied with her lot here among us. He has set her to dream impossible things. But now that he is away —perhaps—" And he stood gazing off over the valley.

When Matteo had gone, I sat thinking over his words. And I said to myself: "Perhaps he is right. But even so, it is not too late."

And then three or four months later—it was a beautiful sight, the hidden bud straining toward air and sunlight. I was glad for both their sakes. I felt certain a dawn was coming when the mutual stress would burst forth into the old miracle of sweetness, color, and light. I thrilled at sight of them—Concetta and Matteo—sitting together at evening on this very

bench looking off over the valley. I knew that there shone for them somewhere in these sunsets the fairy land we all of us glimpse but once, to lose forever. All the romance that had ever been written was beguiling them with hopes and promises.

It was the following spring when we were much together that I noticed a change in Matteo. Sometimes in the height of his apparent happiness he would shiver as if a draught of cold air had suddenly swept over him. On those occasions he would turn to Concetta with inexpressibly sad eyes. She would call him by name. It would be a mere whisper; but oh, the depth, the strength, the intensity of it! And she would smile up at him. And he would be himself again.

Oh, yes, I thought of many reasons; but never of the true one. Tell me, Signorino, these premonitions, these inexplicable sensings of disasters; these dark hints that flash upon the soul in the high tide of contentment—what is the truth of them? For years they absent themselves, and then, suddenly they are upon us as fearsome realities.

I have only to close my eyes and that fateful October morning is before me. We were at Mass. Matteo's voice rising high and higher, filled the church with wonderful music. Heaven seemed very near. Just ahead of me knelt Concetta. Toward the end of the service she became restless, kept turning and glancing behind her. I was puzzled, for I saw in her eyes the look of some hunted creature. Suddenly I saw her grip the chair that was in front of her and shiver. When Father Michael had given the blessing she rose and moved swiftly forward to where our Lady's statue gleamed in the candle light. There, on her knees, with head bowed, she remained till the lights had been snuffed and the people gone. A touch on my shoulder caused me to start violently. I turned around. It was Matteo. His face was pale. He beckoned me to follow him. Outside in the piazza he asked huskily:

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news" I demanded.

"Carlo Volpini has returned."

"No!"

"It is true. Gino Carlucci saw him raise the curtain at the door and look within."

"Well," said I, "and what of that?"

He looked at me queerly a moment, and then demanded:

"But, Concetta? How did she know!"

The force of his words flashed upon me in an instant.

"Are you certain that it was Carlo?" I asked.

And Matteo said that Gino had sworn it. Just then Concetta came down the steps of the church. She paused a second, came forward, and said wearily: "I am very tired, Matteo, take me home." And together they went down the hill road.

I have never heard what passed between them that morning; but from that day onward Matteo seemed to rest under a strange spell of abstraction. Some burden was on his soul. Once or twice I was tempted to speak to him of the things that were in my mind, but I could not.

The next afternoon I met Matteo in the square. We sauntered along talking of this thing and that—his studies, his music, his ambitions; but not one word of what I was sure was uppermost in both our minds. Just where the path turns aside from the main road I felt his fingers grip my arm with great force. I heard his suppressed cry. There coming up the hill road, hand in hand, were Concetta and Carlo Volpini.

I could feel the gathering strain of Matteo's muscles. It seemed an eternity till the two had passed us. Carlo with his fine clothes and worldly air smiled and bowed; a mocking smile. Concetta like one in a dream did not look at us. Suddenly Matteo let go his grip. A hard light flashed in his eyes. I laid hold of him forcibly.

No, Signorino, neither did I blame him. My own cheeks were hot with anger and disgust. When the girl and Carlo had gone their way, Matteo turned to me with:

Tell me, *Maestro*, what shall I do; what can I do?"

But what could I say! I could think of only one thing and I blurted out:

"My son, think no more of her; she loves him."

He was at me like a tiger.

"She hates him, I tell you, hates him!"

I looked at him sharply, thinking that perhaps the strain had abused his reason. He divined my thought and said: "Not that, not that! Don't you see; don't you understand; it is a spell! He has haunted her thoughts for months. He is hunting her soul to—to—"

Well, I never care to dwell on the days that followed.

They were full of foreboding. Something dark and cruel seemed working its evil way through their peace and beauty. Early one morning while I was still at breakfast Matteo, his face very pale, stood in my doorway. My heart leaped with dread. I thought of the light that I had seen in his eyes the day he let go his hold on my arm. I guessed a dozen horrible things. And I cried out.

"What have you done!"

"Have you not heard?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"They are gone!"

Well, Signorino can imagine the great burden that was lifted from my heart. I made Matteo sit down and take some black coffee. And I said to him:

"Son, think no more of them; they are not worthy this anguish."

"If I could, *Maestro*, but I cannot."

And the way he said it, Signorino! The look in his eyes!

Well, four, five months afterward he seemed to be himself again—outwardly, at least. But—Yes, Signorino says true. The world had indeed suffered a change. Dawn and dusk seemed different. Everything *was* different.

It was on the following Sunday when Matteo sang at high Mass that I realized what the affair had done for him. It was his voice, Signorino. It was unutterably sad. But it was very effective. And our church was still as midnight when his clear tones full of pleading, sorrow, tenderness rose heavenward through the silence. We were rapt out of ourselves.

Then, nine or ten months after Concetta's flight, some Americans from the western part of your country heard Matteo sing at Vespers. It was the beginning of the end. Toward the close of that summer he left us to complete his studies in the musical centres of the North.

He came down here to my garden the day he was leaving. We spoke of many things that we had in common; but it was only when he took my hand for the parting that he referred to the unfortunate affair that was so much a part of his thoughts and life. Just before he turned away he pointed to the bench where we are now sitting and said:

"My heart is all there, *Maestro*, all there; nothing else matters. I loved her." And he was gone.

A fortnight later startling news flashed through the village. Carlo Volpini was dead; killed in a gambling brawl in Naples! All the sordid details were laid bare in the journals that brought us the story. Concetta? But wait, you shall hear.

That week we were scourged with deadly heats. Even on these heights we gasped for breath. I sat here in the garden one night thinking what such weather meant to the sweltering thousands on city streets. And I thanked God for His gift of the hills.

Signorino knows how deep the silence is after nightfall. That evening it was ominous. The countryside was parched, dying. Where stars should be was a luminous mist. An expectancy was abroad. As I sat thinking, a puff of air passed down through the wilted trees. Suddenly I leaped to my feet. A ragged stream of fire tore apart the sky in the west. I knew what that meant. Another angry flash and down through the darkness came the splitting of ash and the long drawn brawl of tumbling thunders. The rain spattered in my face before I had reached the house. A few minutes later, the winds and the floods of weeks burst upon us.

I had sat for almost an hour listening to the trumpetings and onslaughts of the storm when I thought I heard a knock. It seemed incredible that one should be abroad in such stress. But at the sound of the second knock I jumped to my feet and, drawing the bar, let the door swing back a few inches. For a second the whole valley stood revealed to me and with it a woman's face. I thought it a trick of the imagination; but at the touch of wet fingers on mine and at the sound of a human voice in the darkness, I flung open the door to drag her in out of the wild havoc of the night.—Yes, Signorino! it was Concetta. The light dazed her. She staggered toward a chair, clutched at its back and, looking at me out of her great dark eyes, demanded:

"Matteo, where is Matteo?"

"Matteo?" I repeated.

She gave me one look; such a look!

"What do you mean?" she asked hoarsely.

"Why," said I, "Matteo has left us; he is not here."

It was thoughtless. I should have known better.

"Not here—" she muttered, "Matteo gone!"

She stared straight ahead of her, swayed and then dropped

at my feet. She looked about her as she came to, shivered, and began to sob in a pitiful manner. And I said to myself, "when grief has spent itself, I will get the whole truth." But even as the thought shaped itself in my mind, she leaped to her feet, screamed, just once, a wild, hopeless cry that made my heart stand still. And, before I had recovered, she had flung open the door and rushed headlong into the dark.

I ran down the pathway calling her name. But there was no response. There was nothing to see except the heavy masses of the hills, the gray blur of the valley, and overhead the misty gleam of a star or two among the storm shreds. The rain had ceased. The water dripped mournfully from the vines and trees; it gurgled along in the gullies and gutters of the garden. I stood in the cool, sweet air thinking of the strange thing that had happened. "To-morrow," I said to myself, "I will go down to Stephano Briganti's house." Yes, Signorino, I went. But the house was closed and shuttered. Up on the square I learned that he had been gone nearly a week. I searched the neighborhood. I went to San Marco. It was useless. No one had seen the girl. No one has seen her since.

Matteo? Well, he comes home to us each summer. He loiters here in my garden by the hour. He sits on the bench with me here in the evenings. Somehow he is not the Matteo I once knew. Trying to forget? Perhaps so. Ah, this forgetting! It is the great penalty, is it not? For one it is the remembrance of perfect music blurred, broken, hushed forever; for another a splendid day grown wild with storm, distress and darkness; for all of us the hunger of tired eyes that search in vain for silver dawns and evening stars.

Well, we must each of us keep his own sad tryst. Yes, Signorino says true—it is the torture by hope that kills.

Who knows! Perhaps this very night, fresh from some new triumph, Matteo, with bowed head and hungering heart, may pass the woman all unknowing in the charitable dusk.

Look, Signorino—there, just above the hill behind San Marco. What splendor! How it hangs in the satin dusk!

THE CITY OF THE ARNO

A FEW MEMORIES.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THERE are no angles, it would seem, in all the earthwork of Tuscany. Past rolling curve upon curve one travels onward to the little valley of the Arno; until at length the Flower City lies revealed, rearing aloft that final and majestic arc, Brunelleschi's great dome of the cathedral. Sister this, and elder sister, be it remembered, to the regnant dome with which Michael Angelo crowned the Roman San Pietro—that queen dome of all Christendom, "more vast but not more beautiful," as her maker declared, than the Florentine prototype!

Blessed and happy are the eyes which look upon Florence first by moonlight. Through the quiet streets we wander, already conscious, dimly and prophetically, of the curious serenity which has settled upon this once turbulent little republic; the hush of age and of art—the "perfection of culture" as Walter Pater has the phrase, "not rebellion but peace." And now, by a sudden happy turn, we are in the Piazza del Duomo, facing the great cathedral trilogy. Fair and straight and strong before us rises Giotto's exquisite campanile, "the lily of Florence blossoming in stone": we shall fall asleep to-night, and waken again to-morrow morning, with its bells ringing in our ears. Next it stands the old cathedral itself, half-spectral with its green and white marbles, the gloom of the dome barely distinguishable above the pointed façade. And at our left hand, behold, the ancient, low, octagonal pile of the Baptistery; silent, full of the ages' secrets! A little further on, and we reach a second spacious piazza, that of the Most Holy Annunciation. The old, beautiful church of the Servites, founded in 1250, is before us; while across from it stretches the Hospital of the Innocents, with Lucca della Robbia's lovely bambini smiling down from the arches—happy wraiths of the little foundlings once sheltered within.

There is the music of men's voices, of guitars and mandolins, up and down the streets; the witching lilt of "La Spagnola," the inevitable Neapolitan echo of "Santa Lucia." For in Italy the streets are still full of song, as streets should be when the Lady Moon holds court! We have wandered on and on, to the city's very edge by now; the Arno, star-lit and watchful, caresses its ancient banks—the Ponte Vecchio throws a black, restraining shadow across the flowing pathway. And while we lean in revery upon the low stone wall of the Lung 'Arno, midnight chimes from Giotto's beacon tower.

But "a really great landscape needs sunlight and bears sunlight," Walter Bagehot insists; and rightly, after all. For the City of Flowers has nothing to fear—noon but consummates what night had mysteriously begun. In all her warm and immemorial radiance, in all the tragic definiteness of her good and evil history, she lies before us, baffling and perfect in her own integrity of poise.

Not otherwise than in the blaze of midday sun may the Piazza della Signoria be known. Hot and white it lies, with scarcely a shadow falling from the sentinel tower of the old Palazzo, scarred by the great bronze cicatrix which marks the spot of Savonarola's martyrdom. Here, long ago, throbbed the very pulse of Florence. In the upper chambers of that grim Palazzo was waged the war of Florentine liberties; this was the home of the mighty Signoria; here sat Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici; and here, later on, met that Great Council, vowed to freedom and theocracy, which leaped into life at the magic words of Fra Girolamo. The square below was battle-ground for many a warring faction, and day by day both blows and blood fell thick in the cause.

But Italy, which is still the home of unconscious drama, has always been the land of contrast and antithesis—*il Poverello* set over against *il Magnifico*, the austere and meditative saint against the gorgeous Renaissance adventurer, the flush of wild poppies—and the flash of steel! Meetly then, at one side of this Piazza, is placed the stately Corinthian Loggia dei Lanzi. Here, back in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, came the people of Florence at summons of the great Palazzo bell, to listen to the decrees of their legislators and to hold elections. And here to-day, surrounded by his peers,

stands the triumphant Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, facing the world with his slain Medusa, while all about him the storm and stress are silenced into stone!

There is another loggia, the noble Loggia of the Uffizi, through which one passes between the Signoria and the Arno. It is there one listens to the roll call of the sons of Florence, with many a marble lip to speak its eloquent *adsum*. Cellini himself is here, the garrulous tongue silent at last; and next him the monk Aretino, inventor of the musical scale. Nearby, too, stand Galileo, that "starry amorist, starward gone," and the holy prior St. Antoninus, lover of Florence and of the poor—Amerigo Vespucci, the statesman Machiavelli and the story-teller Boccaccio, Dante and Petrarca, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, Giotto, Orcagna, and the blithe, ever-youthful Donatello. Take from the human comedy this tremendous *dramatis personæ*, and all history grows poorer, paler for the loss! There is only one world—for variety, for significance, for vitality—at all comparable to the crowded world of this little, mighty city of the Arno: and that is the world of Shakespeare's conjuring!

It was the Lombard queen, Theodoline, who, in the sixth century, gave to Florence her own patron, St. John the Baptist. And ever since has he been saluted as protector of the Flower City. Yet it is about the shrine of San Marco that the most poignant and arresting memories cling like passion flowers. Is it not San Marco which haunts the memory months and years after the wistful pilgrim has re-entered his own gates? Is it not here that the "spirit of place" is so concentrated that verily he who runs cannot fail to breathe it in? San Marco belonged first to the Salvestrini monks of Vallombrosa; but at the very beginning of the fifteenth century this order was suppressed, church and convent being given by Pope Martin V. to the Order of Preachers. Down from Fiesole came the little band, habited in the black cowl and white wool of St. Dominic; the sainted prior, Antonino, future archbishop of Florence, among them, and that Fra Giovanni, whom the world remembers as Angelico. It was Cosimo the Elder himself who (by resistless irony!) restored the convent for these new possessors; and to-day one may visit the little cell reserved for his own retreats—tiny oasis of peace wherein this

much loved and much hated ruler might turn for converse with the saint! His portrait hangs there now, and his own leather chair grows a trifle shabbier, a trifle dingier year by year; while gazing down from the silent walls, scarcely faded, are the Magian Kings whom Fra Giovanni frescoed there with sweet and reverent symbolism.

A handful of Dominicans, one is glad to know, remain to serve in the church of San Marco, but the immortal convent has been secularized as a museum! All vainly now does Angelico's lunette constrain "Silence" upon the pilgrim-guest; vainly, too, above the reception door, his travel-stained Christ bespeaks "Hospitality." The levelling hand of United Italy has done its little best—and yet, the soul of San Marco has triumphed in a singular immortality. With the abiding, controlling strength of an unseen presence it prevails through cool corridor and quiet cloister. It claims for its own the sunny little court-yard where Savonarola, young and apostolic and not yet proud, preached to his novices in the shadow of that tree still green with every springtime. It blesses in the cell of the gentle Sant' Antonino; it burns in the cell of that swift and mighty sword of God, the Abbot Girolamo. Within each narrow, fraternal doorway it broods; and its spell has conquered the young Italian gendarme who points out, with such eager reverence, the tender Angelico frescoes upon these walls.

Here, too, one meets the work of the second artist-monk, Fra Bartolommeo, speaking to us through many a lovely Virgin, and through the one credible and arresting portrait of Savonarola himself. This Bartolommeo was the youthful, terrified Bacchio who clung to Fra Girolamo through all that tragic night when San Marco was besieged: who fled away from stormy Florence afterward; only to return later on, clothed himself in the habit of his beloved Padre, to bring a new and peaceful glory to the desolate convent.

Less than a century—indeed, scarcely more than the span of a single generous life—separated these gracious Dominican painters; true men both of them, true servants of God and of their art. Yet in Angelico are bound up the fairest and finest dreams of the Middle Age; while upon Bartolommeo is stamped the glowing seal of the Renaissance. The separateness is there, distinct and indisputable; no rude breach, but the defi-

niteness of a day ended and another day begun. Not only Savonarola and Lorenzo lay between them, but the brave, brief reign of Masaccio; and that lusty man-child, Florentine art, was waxing hour by hour in wisdom and stature, and favor with God and man! Between San Marco and the treasured glories of Pitti and Uffizi, how royal a roadway! And very visible, even to-day, are its milestones. Some of them we find in the mighty and beautiful Bargello—some in the quiet Brancacci chapel of the Carmine—others in the sumptuous gloom of Santa Maria Novella. Here, buried among those wondrous cloisters, are the storied walls of the Spanish Chapel; and half-hidden behind the high altar, the crowded frescoes of Orcagna act out their mystery plays; further back, in the very dawn time, one traces the brush-prints of Giotto! And high up in the dim mysteriousness of the Rucellai chapel, watches that grave Byzantine Virgin of Cimabue—mother of all Florentine painting, borne once in acclamation through the grateful city streets.

The homes and the tombs of Florence—homes of the noble dead, tombs of those who live immortally—one thinks of them coupled and together, with never a breach of past or present! For scarcely in the Eternal City itself does the divine promise meet such human and unimagined fulfillment, until in all truth the thousand years become as one day.

How simply and intelligibly is divined the spirit of that exquisite, remote devotion, when one wanders first to the humble *casa* where the youthful Dante made his home, and then to the splendid palace of the Portinari! Within those strong, gray walls, at a May Day feast, the future poet first beheld his child-love, clothed all in her "subdued but noble crimson"; within this courtyard was he wont to watch, with eager and trembling heart, as that most gracious lady passed serenely in and out upon her own concerns.

"So perfect is the beauty of her face
That it begets in no wise any sign
Of envy, but draws round her a clear line
Of love, and blessed faith, and gentleness.
Merely the sight of her makes all things bow."*

The New Life, Translated by D. G. Rossetti.

Thus sang the mystic lover and poet, off in the solitude of his own modest chamber; but in the presence of the lady Beatrice he was silent enough. He was still weaving the gold of her praises into a sonnet form—very wistful, very piteous—when word came that the Lord God of Justice had called that elect soul unto Himself. The sun turned dark then for Dante Alighieri, the stars fell from Heaven, and all the city became solitary which had been full of people. And when the young, fair, stricken body of Beatrice Portinari was borne through the great portals for burial, not the poet himself could have known that from her tomb was to blossom the supreme flower of Italian song—*the* epic of medieval Christendom!

Over in the Casa Buonarotti one may look upon archangelic practice; now upon the wax model of Michael Angelo's mighty David, now upon a half-finished Madonna; again, upon his plans for fortifying Florence during the siege of 1529, or the first tentative studies for the Sistine Chapel frescoes. And later, over in the cool dignity of Santa Croce, one stands in speechless and reverent musing before the giant's tomb. *Ashes to ashes—dust to dust?* Nay, but "divine to the Divinity" *he* passed upon his way!

A little while, a little way; from the Riccardi Palace, grim without, gorgeous within, where the Medici worked and warred, to San Lorenzo, where now they sleep, dreaming their marble dreams. Rest to them at last, after their day of eager struggle, and rest to the city they rent and glorified! For life, in all truth, has been a costly thing to Florence, nor have the ages trodden gently through her streets. Is it, perchance, the memory of all this—the poignant and immediate contrast—which gives the city, to-day, so singular a serenity, so prevailing and enveloping a sense of *peace?*

Workdays there are, verily, in Florence; yet upon the Sunday is she more truly herself. We who come here with the eager and quickened sense of the stranger—we who speed away the poor body at length, while the heart abides, a stubborn captive—know this full well. And most truly of all is she her own gracious self when the feast day falls in that enchanted *primavera!*

Shall we not rejoice and be glad upon this day which the Lord has so manifestly made, and tread the old streets as

blithely as Botticelli's own pageant of springtime? From every tower of the city the bells are singing, the morning air is fresh and still, the street corners sweet already with golden Italian roses, as we wander onward to the Duomo. Santa Maria del Fiore the Florentines have christened their cathedral (gentlest of invocations, Our Lady of The Flower!) and the ages have matured, not faded, its venerable beauty. The façade—a recent glory—glistens in the sunlight, the dazzling whiteness of its marble (like the whiteness of the soaring campanile) tempered by the soft green of Prato and the red of Maremma. Everywhere, without, there is exquisite and intricate design—that passion for *beauty* which has been immemorially a part of the Florentine character. But when, pushing aside the great leather curtain, we enter, the majesty of silence and of space are upon us. That passion for *strength*, which has been equally dominant in the Florentine soul, is all about us. We may, perhaps, have come from the north, and the sumptuous gloom of the Venetian San Marco is in our mind—or mayhap from the south, from the sunny and gigantic grandeur of St. Peter's upon the Vatican hill. But here is naked dignity; walls of stone scarcely ornamented, a few dim frescoes, and narrow, jewel-like windows (rare in southern Italy), which leave the sun "sifted to suit our sight." Beneath the noble dome we walk, past the high altar and carven choir-screen; joining a cosmopolitan little group—peasants and tourists, women of *le beau monde* beyond the Apennines, Italian girls in their black lace veils, and men of many climes—gathered in one of the side chapels. And kneeling here to assist at the august Sacrifice, offered up by a Tuscan priest very white of hair, very black of eye, with face like a cameo, we recall with sweet insistence the words of Pius IX.: "In St. Peter's man thinks—in Santa Maria del Fiore man prays."

But now we are leaving the Duomo; trying, as we pass Lucca della Robbia's gentle bas-relief above the Old Sacristy, not to remember that terrible Easter morning when Lorenzo de' Medici fled through its portal for shelter from his Roman assassins. The sunlight streams through the open doorway, not boldly but pleadingly—just as it may have pleaded to the inveterate de Pazzi on that paschal Sunday of 1498—and we are in the piazza once more. All is tranquil; men come and go, a few dogs doze undisturbed in the square. And the black

brethren of the Misericordia—silent, mysterious, enduring as the Love they serve—are seen returning from some errand of mercy to their ancient home nearby.

The stupendous bronze doors of the Baptistery face us: Ghiberti's doors, of which (as Michael Angelo suggested) not Peter himself need scorn to bear the keys. We are certain to tarry long in study and dream before them; but at length we shall find ourselves within this primitive and mysterious pile, from the sixth century until Dante's own day cathedral as well as Baptistery for all Florence. Here, in the May of 1265 A. D., the godlike son of the Alighieri was baptized; and here, at the old font huddled close upon an ancient Roman sarcophagus, every Christian babe of Florence is still brought for the primal sacrament. Never a shrine more meet! For in this monument of the Lombard Theodoline, beneath the curious and symbolic mosaics eloquent of Byzantium, the soul must needs travel back, pilgrimwise, to the shadowy beginnings of things. *In principio erat verbum, et verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat Verbum!* How should the word be other than occult and enigmatic and full of strange heiroglyph, this word which came from God and yet spoke to the youth of man? And much of this strange, mystic breath is upon us here in the dim Baptistery (as it is upon us again in Charlemagne's cathedral-tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle) speaking through the silence of the very seedtime and springtime of Christian Europe!

It is still the tranquil Sunday; only now the shadows are magnified over Florence, and afternoon is come. It were an easy, almost an obvious, thing to spend these hours in the luxuriant greenness, the enveloping fragrance, of the Boboli Gardens—where grotto and amphitheatre, carven nymph and shaded pergola tell all of the splendid Medici. But more solitary, perhaps also more satisfying, is it to drive up slowly through the great Viale, past the Hill of Jasmine, toward the sumptuous basilica of San Miniato al Monte.

And by sunset time we will have reached the level radiance of the Piazzale, where Michael Angelo's young and regnant David holds evermore his arrested sling. Below us in perfect panorama lies the Flower City. Not without emotion—though it be the thousandth time—shall we gaze down at that august and wondrous vista: the Arno shining beneath its arched

bridges (almost as human eyes are seen to shine in dreamful happiness) and every tower, dome and belfry striving to hold fast the gold of the sinking sun. *There* rises the defiant Guelph-crowned silhouette of the Palazzo Vecchio—*there* the maternal duomo with the virginal campanile at her side—the pointed white façades of Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella, houses of marble and stucco with the warm red tiling of their roofs—nearer at hand, the watch-tower of Galileo! And facing us, upon the opposite hillside, with many a sentinel cyprus keeping guard over the daughter city, stretches the fairness of Fiesole, very ancient yet ever new!

Another and greater than we gazed down once over Florence. Hungrily, passionately, with a love grown all pain, the wanderer leaned from his sheltering Apennine height. It was not *our* Florence he looked upon—the potent fairness of today's flower was still tight in branch and bud!—but to the exiled Dante it held all of worth this nether world might boast. Was it not *his* home, and onetime home of the blessed Beatrice, a crown for which all the power and the glory of earth were cheaply lost? To fight, to plot, to conjure and to cajole for many a weary year seemed but a little price, if only the coveted return were won at last. It never was, as all the world knows. And in the end, this mightiest of her sons learned to ask—with that sad wisdom which is born when hope and joy are dead—whether the sweet stars might not be seen, nor the heavenly truth contemplated, otherwhere than in the City of the Arno?

FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

QUEEN MARY when to God's bowers
She passed and her Son's rest,
She bore a fardel of sweet flowers
Laid twixt her arms and breast.

Betwixt her arms and breast's wave,
Strewn on her sweetest eyes,
The happy flowers in her still grave
Lay steeped in Paradise.

All hidden was her long hair
With flowers that did befriend
Her Son from when she did Him bear
Unto the bitter end.

The Groundsel and the Bedstraw,
Likewise the Holy Hay
Whereon with happy tears and awe
That night she did Him lay.

Likewise the Wild Thyme strewed she,
The sweetest thing of all,
Pressed to a sweet death blissfully
Beneath the Body small.

His clothes she dried on Lavender,
Meet bloom for bowers divine;
The Rosemary made sweet to wear
His linen, clean and fine.

'Tis long from birth to death-day—
Yea, three and thirty years—
Till in His olive-garden grey
The Lily wept salt tears.

The bold Crown Imperial
Who held her head so high
Down in the dust her pride let fall
That saw Him go to die.

(Oh, woe's the Broom that's cast out,
  This with its crackling led
Base Judas and his rabble rout
  The night He was betrayed!)

The Speedwell wears His blood yet;
  It stood beside that dame
Whose towel wiped His blood and sweat;
  Yea, likewise bears her name.

Anemone and Arum,
  Vervain, the Holy Root,
That crept as close as they might come
  Unto the Cross's foot.

The fuchsia stained with His Blood:
  And many a flower likewise
Was with that dew of Heaven bedewed
  And marked for Paradise.

Of Sweet-Briar and White-Thorn
  His royal crown was wove:
The Holly made His bed forlorn
  Whereon He died for love.

All these she carries, and as well
  Unto her heavenly bowers,
The Rose, the Canterbury-Bell
  And all sweet gilliflowers.

Between her bosom and her arm
  Where lay her sweet Son once,
The happy flowers lie housed and warm,
  Her own flowers and her Son's.

Paradise woods are fresh and fair
  And there in millions
They spring and scent with honey the air,
  Her own flowers and her Son's.

To Mary Queen be grace so
  That past death's dale and dearth
Be Paradise woods a-shine, a-blow
  With flowers we loved on earth!

THE MYSTERY OF PERSEVERANCE.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

ST. DEICOLUS was an Irish monk, a disciple of St. Columbanus. Amidst all his austerities, the joy and peace of his soul shone out in his countenance. St. Columbanus once said to him: "Brother, why art thou always smiling?" He answered in simplicity: "Because no one can take my God from me." The reader will mark the note of perseverance in this holy answer. When we possess God there is one thing more to be desired, though only one, to possess Him forever.

And here begins the mystery, for it is a dogma of Catholic faith that our perseverance cannot he known to us with entire certainty.

I.

Among the Canons of the Council of Trent there is one (No. xvi. on Justification) visiting anathema on the claim of absolutely certain knowledge of final perseverance, unless it be imparted by special divine revelation. Meantime, in a previous explanation of this dogma, the Council combines with it the obligation of the hope of salvation, which is to be firm and courageous, resting upon the divine promises and the actual movements of grace shown in good works of both the interior and exterior life of a Christian. From this simultaneous condemnation of false assurance and praise of firm and courageous confidence, we perceive that it is not so much the feeling as the conviction of perseverance that Holy Church would censure.

Certainty, therefore, of a happy death is not granted; certainty, that is to say, in the Calvinistic sense, absolute and forming an essential part of the grace of justification. That is an error of the deadliest sort, breeding fanaticism and paralyzing holy fear of God. But if I cannot know my perseverance certainly enough to presume upon it, yet I can trust it surely enough to work out my salvation with courage, yea, even if it be to work it out with fear and trembling (Phil. ii. 12). My salvation is God's joy, His triumph, and His glory. That I know with absolute certainty. Furthermore, God's pres-

ent graces are one and all introductory to His final ones: "He who hath begun a good work in you, will perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus" (Phil. i. 6). One of the graces He has already granted me is a steady purpose to persevere, and that from the highest motive—loving trust in His goodness. I am now and I continue currently to be conscious of His drawing me towards perseverance; and "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance" (Rom. xi. 29). If I am forbidden to overtrust my final success, I am none the less forbidden to undertrust the divine purpose finally to save me. Midway between the great virtues of faith and love stands glorious hope.

Perseverance is not, therefore, a tormenting mystery: yet it is truly the great mystery of life. It causes us to distrust ourselves, and, all mystified about ourselves, to become all trustful of God. The least grain of uncertainty about our eternal destiny makes us watchful. We then hold fast by saving religious conditions, such as the love of Jesus Christ, fondness for prayer, a high routine of the sacraments, a sense of duty about good reading and good company: divinely good in themselves, these holy things become guarantees of permanent divine friendship. All life is strenuous and vigilant in proportion to our appreciation of the mystery that there must ever be a shade of doubt about a happy death; that it is a grace separate and apart from all others; that it is granted for no reason that we have anything to do with; anything, at least, of a causative or meritorious nature.

One solution of the difficulty that is offered is that we may pray for perseverance, may and must do so; and that the very inclination to pray is a dim and distant promise of the mysterious grace itself. And it is added that prayer for perseverance will be answered as inevitably as prayer for any other spiritual need. But the answer is patent: the prayer will be efficacious only if itself be persevering. Turn the problem which way you please, this mystic glass reveals God's mastery over our end as absolute as His mastery over our beginning.

II.

The beginning of a good work has this enduring excellence, that it holds within it, as it were in solution, a quality of self-reproduction. This by means of the constant warmth of

love is distilled into tokens of perseverance. But, after all, it is only the end that crowns the work; it alone crowns the worker. Perseverance is a grander work than even the noble act of original consecration to a devout life, for whereas the origin contains the end only in purpose and potency, the end contains the origin in its fullest development.

No fruit of a tree is ripe unless it has ripe seeds for producing other fruit trees. No virtue is mature unless it has within it seeds "after its own kind which may have seed in itself upon the earth" (Gen. i. 11). The seed of virtue is a living purpose to practise more virtue—it is both a deed and a promise. The new seed may be slow in germinating, but St. Francis de Sales in warning us against faint-heartedness, says that it may happen that only a quarter of an hour before death we shall find ourselves freed from an imperfection against which we have vainly struggled for a life time.

In this state of mystery death gains and life loses in the division of our endeavors, or better said, eternity gains and time loses. Listen to a saint's estimate of life and death:

St. Francis de Sales defines perseverance to be "the sequence and combination of virtues." True life is a golden chain of graces, every grace a link of love. When first placed, it is grasped by the link going before, and it lies open to be grasped in turn by the link following after. What though the open link may fall off, it is left open that it may receive another, not to be lost itself by the cessation of courageous resolve. Virtue is fruitful of virtue. One season of innocence generates longings for another, and this is invariable in God's changes of the spiritual seasons. Only it must be noticed, that whereas the farmer is glad if a good crop is followed by an equally good one, we are certain of a better and ever better harvest of virtue and of joy and of peace as the years go on. Perseverance is not a long race; it is many short races, one after another. The question of enduring to the end is just this: Can I renew my daily purpose of loving Christ each succeeding day? Perseverance is rather a matter of renewal of brief efforts than of endurance of extended strain.

III.

Thus does persistent renewal receive the crown of final success. I have said: "Now I have begun" (Ps. lxxvi. 11),

until at last by ever freshening purpose and action I win out and say: "Now I have done." Remember, too, that God is ever saying the self-same words about us and repeating His favors to us, incessantly renewing our graces, constantly pardoning our relapses, even as if He had never favored us or pardoned us before. I am often warned never to forget my weakness. Yet the Psalmist heartens me bidding me say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all that He hath done for thee" (Ps. cii. 2).

That God should now love me, and that He now loves me as God alone can love, with a divine sincerity, an infinite tenderness; and that meanwhile He has it in purpose to weaken that love by degrees or snatch it away by a sudden wrench; and that even now as He cherishes me "as the apple of His Eye" (Zach. ii. 8), He none the less is preparing to make an example of me in hell—this is a thought I will not tolerate; it is a satanic thought. If my end shall be ruin it cannot be from God. Who then shall be responsible for my eternal downfall? who but my own self?

IV.

Among the marks of final perseverance, none equals a life of perfection. The ordinary Christian in the state of grace is too often like a man to whom has been deeded a fine new house. He walks around it and admires it, and proudly points it out to his friends. But dare he ask them to go into it; for it is an empty house, with not a chair or table or bed, not a morsel of food, all cold, silent and vacant, indeed a house that is not a home. Such is the grace of God when it rests idle in the soul, the mere gift of His favor, unimproved, little appreciated; religion boasted of and not cultivated, a friendship that receives everything and returns nothing. Not so the generous heart who, having received all from God, would give God all in return by a life of perfection.

As a proposition in dialectics, perseverance is a deep mystery, but not so much so as a problem of life. For mortal sin alone can damn one, and the whole of the life of a true Christian is a battle against even venial sin. What keeps me out of venial sin removes me far away from the danger of mortal sin: a steady purpose, a high resolve of perfect virtue, daily renewed, cherished as a point of holy honor.

St. Cyprian, discoursing of true Christian learning, points to the martyrs as holding its highest diploma, saying that "They knew not how to dispute, but they knew how to die." So of the wisdom of the spiritual life. A true Christian may be puzzled reconciling God's imperative graces with man's inalienable freedom—but as Newman says, "a thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." Every Christian may win the doctorate of a happy death by leading a life that shrinks in horror from the most trifling imperfection, and eagerly seeks the least opportunities of doing good. Whether he knows it or not, he is under the spell of final perseverance.

V.

What are the more particular marks of perseverance? If none can be infallible, many possess a consoling reassurance in moments of despondency. The marks are at the same time the means of perpetual constancy, and let the reader note by preference the more interior ones and "be zealous for the better gifts" (I. Cor. xii. 31).

These all are forms of love, that sovereign virtue which the Bridegroom associates with death: "For strong as death is love" (Cant. viii. 6). Let this life and death sentiment flow directly from my human heart into the human heart of Christ, and through that one exclusive channel into the divinity that is His single divine personality. Constant love of His passion and death forecasts a death in His divine embrace. With this supreme virtue of love is associated a simple-minded faith in His Gospel and His Church. To faith is joined as a twin virtue that one among the divine virtues which is the *peculium* of perseverance, hope "which confoundeth not" (Rom. v. 5), no, not even at the last dread venture of changing life here for life hereafter. The mainstay of a Christian when his spirits are dulled by looking into the mystery of perseverance is, first, his love for the Son of God Incarnate; and, second, the sense of his own utter unworthiness. These joined together are the secret and intimate comfort of the soul. No man ever loved Jesus Christ in vain, except one who allowed self-righteousness gradually to substitute itself for humble confidence in God.

VI.

This leads us to consider humility, which with its twin

sister obedience, ranks high among the signs forecasting perseverance. It generates that self-distrust that never slumbers lest the enemy surprise it. "He that thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall" (I. Cor. x. 12). This caution develops with the growth of every other virtue, as indeed is needful. For, says Newman in his terrible sermon on Perseverance in Grace:

> The holier a man is, and the higher in the kingdom of heaven, so much the greater need has he to look carefully to his footing, lest he stumble and be lost. . . . A deep conviction of this necessity has been the sole preservation of the saints.

Whatever other virtue wins grace, humility alone preserves it, and enjoys at last the honor of crowning the Christian's life with perseverance. Of the moral virtues humility and obedience are the blended force of the Christian's constancy and take high place in his scheme of life and death. Pride leads sinners to obduracy, and tepid souls to spiritual slovenliness. Humility is open-eyed to one's own faults and is not ashamed to obey lawful authority even in trifles—a momentous advantage in the struggle. Once St. Antony of the Desert saw in a vision the whole world so thickly covered with snares, that it seemed hardly possible to set down a foot without being caught. At this sight he cried out trembling: "Who, O Lord, can escape them all?" A voice answered him: "A man shod with humility, O Antony."

VII.

The comfort of prayer is both a means and a mark of perseverance. For if even on the verge of desperation I cry towards heaven: "Abba! Father!" (Rom. viii. 15) the feebleness of my voice is strengthened by that of God's own Spirit within me. But it may be objected: "Art thou not haunted by thy past sins, nor aware of thy present cowardice? To-morrow belongs not to thee; God will perhaps refuse thee His Spirit to-morrow. To-morrow thou shalt cry out not to God but to thy own flesh and to the world, and with a voice inspired by the evil one. But to these gloomy murmurings I answer: If to-morrow belongs not to me, it yet does belong to my God, to the same heavenly Father to whom I cry to-

day with words inspired by His Spirit. To-day I cry out in all confidence to my Redeemer for the renewal of His love to-morrow. The answer is sure: "Because he hoped in Me, I will deliver him; I will protect him, because he hath known My name. He shall cry to Me, and I will hear him. I am with him in tribulation, I will deliver him, and I will glorify him" (Ps. xc. 14–15). When I pray for perseverance, I simply pray that I may always love. Is not this a hard prayer for the God of love to refuse? Wilt Thou not *permit* me, O Lord, to appreciate Thy love-worthiness? May I not *desire* to pay adoration to Thy infinite goodness now and forever more? May I not confidently trust that "Thy mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, unto length of days" (Ps. xxii. 6).

VIII.

Another mark of perseverance is the spirit and practise of penance. We speak of superficial piety, and this frothy religion is most often shown in early relapses from the friendship of God after receiving the sacraments—an alarming token of a bad end. Surface holiness is nothing else but shallow contrition for sin. It is like the "strippings" or surface layers of a slate quarry. These shine bright, but they are brittle and offer poor resistence to the weather. Go down deep and you get the slates colored by ages of nature's action, of enduring fibre and ever faithful color. Go down deep into your heart for God's best work of the graces of contrition. O Christ, Thou fountain of all-atoning pain, give me to drink of those holy waters of grief, dark and sad. Grant that my sins may roll into my memory as the waves of the sea upon a drowning man, till I am engulfed and cry out in agony: "Save me, O Lord, for the waters have come in even unto my soul" (Ps. lxviii. 2). Rescue Thou me from my grief by Thy right hand of pardon. In truth nothing is more common among fairly good Christians than defective penance. Penance of the penetrating quality is a plain mark of perseverance.

Nor should one forget in connection with penance the avoidance of evil associations, as a good omen. When our Savior cast out a devil from an unfortunate young man, He threatened the unclean spirit, saying to him: "Thou deaf and dumb spirit, I command thee, go out of him; and enter no more into him"

(Mark, ix. 24). Go out and stay out. O how necessary the last part of this loving assistance is to the first.

The veneration of the saints is another mark. What of filial trust in Mary's intercession? The whole world of devout Catholics know its validity and have enjoyed its sweetness. Nor should deep flowing love for any saint or angel be rated less than a mark of predestination, giving preference to our guardian angel and patron saint. We will even affirm the same of religious loyalty to a spiritual director, a kindred spirit who is calm, wise and devout.

Two tests, however, are essential everywhere. One is that laid down by the Council of Trent, voicing the apostle's teaching. To begin with, you must establish such a manner of life as "that by good works you may make sure your calling and election. For doing these things, you shall not sin at any time" (II. Peter, 1–10). The second brings us back to the love of God, cherished in this same environment of good works: "If you love Me, you will keep my commandments" (John, xiv. 15). Love for Christ our Lord and our God is the quality to be added to everything which makes for good living and happy dying. Take an illustration. Good, hard brick make a firm wall; yet each brick was once nothing but soft clay, full of water and moulded any way you like. Why is it now so hard, lasting against storm and stress forever? Fire has gone through it, fire has burnt it solid as a stone. So the fire of the love of God must go through your every virtue; faith and hope, obedience and humility and prayer, devotion to angels and saints, loyalty to Church and clergy, nay, even the use of the sacraments must be permeated with love: "If a man should give the whole substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing" (Cant. viii. 7).

IX.

When an artist has finished a picture he next gives attention to where it shall be hung in the picture gallery. For, he says, it must be placed in the right light for the best effects, front or side light, bright or dim light. Well, and what is the right light in which to exhibit our daily works of virtue? Is it the noon-day glare of health, the golden beams of prosperity? Is it not rather the twilight of our last hours? How many of the world's masters, after a long career of power and glory,

have died miserably, as weary of spirit as they were broken in body. How seldom is the death of a great man a great death. On the other hand, the noblest hour of every good Christian is his farewell hour on earth. An ordinary hero says of a desperate venture: I will succeed or perish in the attempt; but the hero of Christ says: "I will succeed *and* perish in the attempt.

Amen! How many times does holy Church bid us add this word when we have done our prayers; the last word of all, the word of perseverance. Amen! So be it! Every desire of my heart, so be it constant towards God to the end: every pang of sorrow for sin, so be it palpitating in my soul to the end: every feeling of love for friend and foe, so be it warm in my heart with God's love to the end. I say Amen! to each and all of my acts of religion—Amen! unto final perseverance.

THE TIDAL CALL

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

The fountains of a thousand hills
  Come singing to the Sea:
And so, O Lord, our voices pour
  In tribute unto Thee.

From out the tangled wilderness
  Of folly and of sin,
The waters of our spirits rush,
  Thy ocean vast to win.

O, when we reach the boundless deep,
  The ocean of the all,
Be Thine the onward-bearing wind,
  Be Thine the tidal call!

THE ETHICAL ARGUMENTS OF HENRY GEORGE AGAINST PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.

WE wish first to review some of the points discussed in our preceding article.

The follower of Henry George might accept all the conclusions at which we have arrived, and still reject private land ownership. He could still contend that land, the raw material of nature, belongs to the whole people, and that to the whole people should go the specific product of land, namely, rent. He could insist that under private ownership and the private appropriation of rent, inequality in the enjoyment of land benefits becomes inevitable, and that this inequality is a violation of the equal natural rights of all persons.

> The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. For we cannot suppose that some men have a right to be in the world, and others no right.
>
> If we are here by the equal permission of the Creator, we are all here with an equal title to the enjoyment of His bounty—with an equal right to the use of all that nature so impartially offers. . . . There is in nature no such thing as a fee simple in land. There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land. If all existing men were to grant away their equal rights, they could not grant away the rights of those who follow them. For what are we but tenants for a day? Have we made the earth that we should determine the rights of those who after us shall tenant it in their turn? (*Progress and Poverty*, Book vii., ch. i.).

The right to use the goods of nature for the support of life is, indeed, a fundamental natural right, and it is substantially equal in all persons. It springs, on the one hand, from man's intrinsic worth, his essential needs, and his final destiny; and, on the other hand, from the fact that nature's bounty has been placed by God at the disposal of all His

children indiscriminately. But this is a general and abstract right. What does it imply specifically and in the concrete? In the first place, it includes the actual and continuous use of some land; for a man cannot support life unless he is permitted to occupy some portion of the earth for the purposes of working, and eating, and sleeping. Secondly, it means that in time of extreme need, and when more orderly methods are not available, a man has the right to seize sufficient goods, natural or produced, public or private, to support life. So much is admitted and taught by all Catholic authorities, and probably by all other authorities. Furthermore, the abstract right in question seems very clearly to include the concrete right to obtain on reasonable conditions at least the requisites of a decent livelihood; for example, by direct access to a piece of land, or in return for a reasonable amount of useful labor. All of these particular rights are equally valid in all persons.

Does the equal right to use the bounty of nature include the right to equal *shares* of land, or land values, or land advantages? Since the resources of nature have been given to all men in general, and since human nature is specifically and juridically equal in all, have not all persons the right to share equally in these resources? Suppose that some philanthropist hands over to one hundred persons an uninhabited island, on condition that they shall divide it among themselves with absolute justice. Are they not obliged to divide it equally? On what ground can any person claim or be awarded a larger share than his fellows? None is of greater intrinsic worth than another, nor has anyone made efforts, or sacrifices, or products which will entitle him to exceptional treatment. The correct principle of distribution seems to be absolute equality, except in so far as it may be modified on account of varying needs and varying capacities for social service among the members of the group. Justice demands that both of these factors be taken into account; for men ought not to be treated equally in those respects in which they are unequal, and the group ought not to deprive itself of those social and individual benefits which can be obtained only by giving to exceptional individuals exceptional amounts of property. The same amount of food given to two persons of varying needs might leave the one hungry, and the other sated; the same amount of land given to two persons of varying capacity for social service

might result in waste in the case of one, and a checking of socially useful activity in the case of the other. To be sure, neither of these factors, or principles, ought to be urged so far as to deprive any person of that amount of natural goods which is essential to a decent livelihood. The reason why a distribution is required at all is to be found in human needs, and the most urgent of these are the needs that are involved in a decent livelihood. Above this limit, however, the principle of distribution ought to be, not arithmetical, but proportional, equality.

Private ownership of land has nowhere brought about, and in the nature of things cannot bring about, this proportional equality. In order to do so, a redistribution would be necessary at every birth and death. Manifestly this is impracticable. But it does not thence follow that private ownership is wrong, or immoral, or unjust. When private ownership was first established the people were ignorant of any better system. At least, they had never heard of the proposals of Henry George. Hence they were compelled either to adopt private ownership, or to continue some crude form of communism which would have been worse, or to refrain from using the land at all, and starve to death in the interests of ideal justice. In these circumstances private ownership is the only reasonable and practicable arrangement and, therefore, the only just arrangement. The fact that it is not ideal, that it is imperfect, is not an abnormal circumstance in a world where the ideal is never attained and all things are imperfect. In such conditions all that can reasonably be required of any people is that they shall conduct the institution of private ownership so as to safeguard as fully as possible the right of every person to live decently from the bounty of the earth. When a people fails, as all peoples have failed, to fulfill this duty, that people is to be condemned, and the abuses of the system are to be condemned; but the system itself is still justified as the one that nearest approaches the goal of practical justice.

Therefore, when George declares: "There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land," he is asserting something that does not follow from any reasonable interpretation of the principle that men have equal rights to the bounty of nature. He is exaggerating the nature and content of natural rights. A natural right means a moral

claim or power, arising from the dignity and sacredness of personality, over some good. Its actual value and cogency in any concrete situation will be determined by the current possibilities of putting it into effect. If, on account of ignorance, a community is unable to establish a system of land tenure which will enable men to realize their natural rights to proportionally equal shares of the bounty of nature, those rights are not for the time being actual. They are only conditional, or hypothetical, or suspended rights. For a right in one man implies a claim against another man, or against a social group. If the latter is physically or morally unable to satisfy this claim, neither the claim nor the right has for the time being any actual existence. This is as true of land rights as of any other right. So long, therefore, as no other course is reasonably possible, a community may rightfully establish a system of private ownership of land, which means "a grant of exclusive ownership of land," and which inevitably prevents many men from fully realizing their latent natural rights to the bounty of nature. To deny this is implicitly to assert that the natural right to land is independent of reason, common sense, and human welfare. We conclude, then, that whenever a community, on account of ignorance or for any other reason, is unable to establish a better system of land tenure than private ownership, the latter will be morally right, and will not in itself be a violation of the natural rights of individuals.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have had in mind private ownership only as applied to the original gifts and forces of nature. We have not considered it as a method of distributing those land values which arise on account of the presence of population and the action of society. According to Henry George, these values, as well as the original powers of land, may not rightfully become private property. For, he says:

> Consider what rent is. It does not arise spontaneously from the soil; it is due to nothing that the landowners have done. It represents a value created by the whole community. . . . But rent, the creation of the whole community, necessarily belongs to the whole community (*Progress and Poverty*; Book vii., ch. iii.)

Rent, what land is worth for use, goes under private ownership to the individual proprietor. This is wrong, inasmuch as rent has not been created by the private owner, but by the

community. Before dealing with this assertion, let us observe that society does not create all land values nor all rent. Some of these things are due to superior fertility in the land itself. Of three pieces of land equally distant from a city, and equally affected by society and its activities, one may be fit only for grazing, another may be rich wheat land, and the third may contain a coal mine. Yet they will have different values and yield different rents, and the difference is obviously not due to the action of society. If Henry George merely means to say that without the presence of the community, none of these lands would yield rent, because no one would care to use them, he is probably correct, but he employs misleading language to state what is perfectly obvious. Outside of society, social value would be wanting not only to land, but to manufactured products; yet Mr. George would not assert that the value of the latter was all created by society. Social action is always a condition of social value, but it can not be regarded as the specific cause of value that clearly requires another factor for its existence. Nevertheless, it is probably true that almost all the value of land in cities, and the greater part of the value of agricultural land in thickly settled districts, is specifically due to social action rather than to differences in productiveness. The truth of this statement is readily seen when the value of building sites in cities is compared with that of equally good natural sites in country districts, and when the value of agricultural lands in the neighborhood of a city is compared with the value of equally fertile lands remote from a populous community.

The assertion of Henry George and his followers that these socially created values ought not to be taken by individual proprietors, is one of their most effective contentions; for it appears to rest upon the fundamental moral principle that an economically valuable product belongs to its producer. Let us see in what sense the community produces the social value of land.

We note, in the first place, that the values under discussion are produced by the community in two different senses of the word community, namely, as a civil entity, and as a group which is not a moral unit. Under the first head must be placed a great deal of the value of land in cities; for example, that which arises from municipal institutions and improvements,

such as, fire and police protection, water works, sewers, paved streets, and parks. On the other hand, a considerable part of land values both within and without cities, is due, not to the community as a body, but to the community as a collection of individuals and groups of individuals. Thus, the erection and maintenance of buildings, the various economic exchanges of goods and labor, the superior opportunities for social intercourse and amusement, which characterize a city, make the land of the city and its environs more valuable than land at a distance. While the activities involved in these economic and "social" facts and relations are, indeed, a social not an individual product, they are the product of small, temporary, and shifting groups within the community. They are not the activities of the community as a moral whole. For example, the maintenance of a grocery business implies a series of social relations and agreements between the grocer and his customers; but none of these transactions is participated in by the community acting as a community. Consequently such actions and relations, and the land values to which they give rise are not due to, are not the products of, the community as a unit, as a moral body, as an organic entity. What is true of the land values created by the grocery business applies to the values which are due to other economic institutions and relations, as well as to those values which arise out of the purely "social" activities and advantages. If these values are to go to their producers they must be taken in various proportions, by the different small groups and the various individuals whose actions and transactions have been directly responsible.

To distribute these values among the producers thereof in proportion to the productive contribution of each person is obviously impossible. How can it be known, for example, what portion of the increase in the value of a city's real estate during a given year is due to the merchants, the manufacturers, the railroads, the laborers, the professional classes, or the city as a corporation? The only practical method is for the city or other political unit to act as the representative of all its members, appropriate the increase in value, and distribute it among the citizens in the form of public institutions and improvements. Assuming that the socially produced value of land ought to go to its social producer rather than to the individual proprietor of the land, this method of public appropriation and

disbursement would seem to be quite reasonable and fair, and the nearest approximation to practical justice that is available.

But we deny that socially produced land values necessarily belong to society either as a civil body or as a collection of individuals and groups. We deny the validity of this species of social production as a canon of distribution, or a title of ownership. Its apparent sanctity rests upon the confusion, misconceptions, and fallacies which attach to the idea of production or productivity. This brings us to the second and more important part of the question concerning the precise sense in which society *produces* land values.

The value of land, like the value of anything else, may be affected from the side of scarcity or from the side of utility. Increase the scarcity or the utility of an article, and you increase its value; you create value. When a man gets a monopoly of the existing supply of wheat or cotton he can increase its scarcity, either by destroying a part of the supply, or by withholding a part of it from the market. In both cases he increases the value of cotton, and produces value. Yet no one will say that the monopolist has a moral right to this artificially created value; on the contrary, he will be universally condemned as a practicer of extortion. Similarly, if a man, or a body of men, get control of all the land of a certain quality in a community, and thereby increase its scarcity and its value, very few persons will admit that this action constitutes a just title to the land value that is thus produced.

Consider now the problem from the side of utility. The man who converts leather and other appropriate raw materials into a pair of shoes, increases the utility of the former, and, if the market is normal, increases their value. He has created value, and all men admit that he has a strict right thereto. The precise basis of this right we shall examine presently. Likewise, when men improve the quality of land by changing its form, thus increasing its utility and value, they are universally acknowledged to have a right to the newly created value.

Finally, there is that increase in land value with which we are directly concerned, and which is due to social action. Sometimes this social action is spoken of as if it meant merely an increase in the social demand for land; but mere increase in demand is not usually the true cause of the increase in value, nor do men usually regard it as creating a right to the new

value. If increased demand were to be interpreted in this way, and if to it were given this moral significance, the increases in the value of hats, flour, or labor which follow a change of fashion or an addition to the number of purchasers, ought to go, not to the owners of these commodities, but to the buyers. Increased demand is not, as a rule, the true *cause* of the increased value of land. In most cases it is a purely subjective factor which is itself occasioned by a change in the external relations between land and existing social institutions. This change is the objective factor in the situation, the proper cause of the increase in value, and the element by which we must ascertain the moral claims of social action as a producer of land values. As a result of the growth of a city, a piece of land that was formerly useful only for agriculture becomes desirable for a factory or a store. Men want it for such purposes now, whereas they wanted it heretofore only for crop raising. Its utility and its value have increased, but the increase is not due to any change in the form or quality of the land like to that which takes place in leather which is converted into shoes. The new utility consists in the fact that previously latent uses of the land have become actual; and the cause of this conversion of potential into actual utility is the nearer approach of the city, and the consequent establishment of new relations between that piece of land and urban life and institutions. But these new relations have been established and created by society, in its corporate capacity through civil institutions and activities, and in its non-corporate capacity through the economic and "social" activities of groups and individuals. In this sense, then, society has created the increased land values. Has it, therefore, a strict right to the increase? a right so rigorous and exact that private appropriation of the socially created value is unjust.

As we have just seen, men do not admit that mere production of value constitutes a title of ownership. Neither the monopolist who increases the value of cotton by restricting the supply, nor the pacemakers of fashion who increase the value of, say, a certain style of millinery, are regarded as possessing a moral right to the increased value. But the shoemaker is thought to have a just claim to the value which he adds to raw material when he makes a pair of shoes. Whence the difference? What is the precise basis of the

shoemaker's right? It cannot be labor, for the cotton monopolist has labored in getting his corner on cotton. It is not even the fact that the labor of the former is socially useful, for this is merely a reason why men are *wise* in paying for something useful which they could not get otherwise. For the same reason they are equally wise when they pay the cotton monopolist for the artificial value which he has added to cotton. The fundamental question is: why is it reasonable for the shoemaker to require, why has he a right to require, payment for the utilities that he produces? To which the fundamental answer is: because he is morally and juridically equal with the men who want to use his products; because he has the same right as they of access on reasonable terms to the earth and the earth's possibilities; and because, being thus equal, he is not obliged to subordinate himself to his fellows by becoming a mere instrument for their pleasure and welfare. To assume that he is obliged to produce socially useful things without remuneration, is to assume that all these propositions are false, that his life and personality and personal development are of no intrinsic importance, and that the material means to these ends may be denied him, except in so far as they are necessary to maintain him as an instrument of production. More briefly and summarily, the ultimate basis of the producer's right to his product or its value, is the fact that this is the only reasonable method of effecting a proper distribution of the earth's goods, of safeguarding the rights of the individual thereto, and of providing him with the means of life and personal development. The right does not rest upon the mere fact of value production or utility production.

When the community, whether as a civil unit or as an aggregate of groups and individuals, produces land values, it is not on the same moral ground as the shoemaker. Its production of land values is indirect and incidental to its main activities and purposes. Land values are a by-product which does not require the community to devote a single moment of time or a single ounce of effort exclusively to their production. The activities whereof the land values are a by-product are already remunerated in the price paid to the wage-earner for his labor, the physician for his services, the manufacturer and the merchant for their wares, and the municipal corporation in the form of taxes. On what ground can the community set

up a claim in strict justice to the increased land values? Its members are not denied the means of living and self-development on reasonable terms; nor are they treated as mere instruments to the welfare of the private owners who actually get the socially created land values, for they expend neither time nor labor in the interest of the latter directly. Their labor is precisely what it would be if land value did not increase at all. Finally, community appropriation of the social value of land is not always the only reasonable method of distributing this value. If it is not known to the community, or cannot be established without wholesale violation or existing rights, it is certainly not a reasonable method. The utmost that can be maintained for the proposal is that if it were put into practice when a tract of land was occupied for the first time, it would be more generally fair and beneficial to all the members of the community than the system by which the private owner is permitted to take the social values. In that case, however, the moral claim of the community to these values would be based solely upon the ground that they do not belong to anybody by a title of strict justice, and that the community, as the first occupant of this *res nullius* ("nobody's property") may rightly appropriate it for the benefit of all the people. Its claim is decidedly not founded upon the title of production. To the confident, persistent, and superficial assertion of the Georgeite that the community has a right to social land values because it has created them, we reply, first, that production does not always constitute a moral title to the product, and, second, that this particular and peculiar kind of production has no moral significance, and gives rise to no moral right.

To sum up all the objections of Henry George against private landownership considered in this and the preceding articles: The argument relating to first occupancy is valid only against the abuses of the institution, not against the institution itself; the argument from labor as the only original title of property rests upon a faulty analysis, and is contradicted by other statements of its author; the argument based upon men's equal rights to the use of land merely proves that private landownership does not bring about perfect justice, not that it is essentially unjust; and the argument concerning the social creation of and right to social land values, overlooks the fundamental justification of production as a title of ownership.

AN ORDINATION IN ROME.

BY EILEEN BUTLER.

WE are standing in the sunshine on the steps of Rome's cathedral, the great basilica of St. John Lateran. The sky is of the every-day bright blue, crystal clear to the horizon, and against it stand out in valiant line upon the roof the giant statues that look out across the green Campagna to the Alban and Sabine hills. The air is full of the joyful sound of bells, first loudly clanging from out the midst of these triumphant statues; then mellow, golden, humming from the distant churches—a running, unbroken accompaniment to the bird's spring songs. We linger a little in the piazza to drink in this sparkling elixir, and then enter the cathedral, where, from a gallery high above the choir, we are to watch the ordination of priests.

A ceiling that looks as though it must be borne to earth by the very weight of its own gold; an apse adorned with twinkling, jewel-like mosaics on a golden ground; walls that alternate mellow fresco with faintly-tinted marble; a floor the inlay of which looks like precious stones, make the setting of this drama whose Author is divine, whose subject is the highest dignity of man, whose lighting is the gold search-light of heaven, whose music is the prayer-song of the choir. It opens on a venerable figure, almost spectral in its spirituality, vested in gold and white, mitre on head, seated before the altar (the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, he is called—a title dating from Crusader times); and on the thirty *Ordinandi* who are being summoned by name to range themselves upon their knees before him. The Patriarch demands of him who is presenting them if they are worthy of the dignity of priesthood: "As worthy as the frailty of human nature will permit," is the reply—for which the prelate renders thanks to God. But lest the judgment of a small minority might be mistaken, lest "affection or too favorable a prevention" might

mislead, a larger company must be consulted now. We of the congregation, we the mere lookers-on, we of the world which these young men have abandoned and renounced are asked to give our verdict of their worth. We are conjured to speak if we know anything against these lives that have ascended from our zone into an air too rare for us to breathe; but at the same time we are begged to bear in mind (and here the irony becomes complete) that human nature has its weaknesses.

Ranged in rows of threes this white-robed company next has an admonition addressed it by the administrating prelate. Its members are to render themselves worthy of their high degree by a wisdom quite celestial, by deeds entirely pure, and by a justice that shall never fail. Their science and their works are to be such as to allow of their being numbered with the seventy, the ancients of the people—these young men—so that the Lord may not one day chastise him, the speaker, for admitting them into the sacred ministry nor them for being admitted; but, contrariwise, may recompense them.

Then follows the most important though momentary, most eloquent though silent, most mystical though external action of the whole ceremony, that which is the matter of the Sacrament of Holy Orders—the Imposition of Hands. The candidates, ranged down the choir in a long single line, approach and kneel before the mitred prelate one by one. He stands and lays his hands in solemn silence for a moment on the head of each; and as they form again into their ranks the numerous assisting clergy pass behind the lines and in like manner impose their hands upon each head in turn. This done, the venerable figure at the altar, transfigured at this moment by a traveling ray of gold piercing the lofty windows, and all the clergy, ranged again in stalls, continue throughout the recitation of a prayer to hold their hands outstretched towards the new priests as though to cast a spell of sanctity upon them.

Again the long white line is formed down the whole length of the choir, and the slow approach made to the feet of the Patriarch enthroned before the altar. "Receive the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden is light," he says while crossing on the breast of each the stole that has till now been worn in the manner of deacons. Instinctively one's thoughts turn to the patient oxen yoked in well-matched

pairs in the fields of the Campagna—the two heads bowed by the same weight, the work of both producing the same furrow, the close companionship allying them as brothers. Even so each of these souls is to be coupled and identified with Christ. Vesting each with a chasuble of gold and white, the prelate says: "Receive the sacerdotal vestment that represents the warmth of charity"; and the *Ordinandi* form again in lines of threes before the altar.

A prayer to the God "from whom proceeds all sanctification and who alone can give a veritable consecration and a perfect blessing" said, the *Veni Creator* is triumphantly entoned; and for the third time, like a slow well-known refrain, the single line of figures treads the choir. This time the gift bestowed upon them at the altar is one which more than yokes them to the Godhead; it secures for them the very name that is the synonym for Christ—the name Anointed. With the blessed oil of catechumens the prelate traces on the up-turned hands of each the figure of a cross—praying the while that all that these hands bless may verily be blessed, all that they consecrate be sanctified. The rite performed, the hands of each are closed and tied together, too sacred to touch or to be touched by anything until they have first handled for an instant the host and chalice, which are next offered to each.

From this moment the Mass proceeds without an interruption, and with the voices of the thirty new-made priests united to the celebrants'. It is as though thirty gigantic fires, each forcible enough to shoot its flames into the zenith, were thrown together. The whole earth is alight, its powerful bounds are overleapt, and heaven is a-blaze. Now is high heaven met upon an equal footing, and must perforce comply. The Immaculate Host and the Chalice of Salvation will be accepted as a sinful world's peace-offering; humanity will become a partaker of the divinity of Him who vouchsafed to become a partaker of humanity; the blessing of the Sanctifier will rest upon the Sacrifice. A *Sanctus* is sent from earth worthy of being admitted to the heavenly choir; and the Miracle of miracles is wrought: by an adequate power.

In the next scene we look down upon a sanctuary thronged by a white-robed crowd, sought out and played on by the gold search-light from the skies as they come trooping, troop-

ing, trooping to the altar steps—row after row interminable. It is the moment of the Communion of the deacons, the subdeacons, all those that have received the minor orders—some two hundred all told.

And now for the last time the gradual refrain is taken up—the slow advance in single file is made upon the altar. The final gift, the gift that will make of these young men "the ancients of the people" is proferred now. "Receive the Holy Ghost," the Patriarch says, imposing hands upon them: "whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

With the promise of obedience given to the prelate who holds the hands of each new priest paternally in his own, and the farewell kiss of peace received from him, the ceremony ends.

The stirring drama over, crowds are waiting at the entrance of the chapel, to which the long procession has retired, to greet the *dramatis personæ* as they emerge—their former selves again, yet also and for evermore the characters they have been personating—*sacerdotes in æternum.* One by one the young priests hurry out, their white and golden vestments fluttering in their haste, their faces radiant as they sight a well-known countenance, among the expectant groups. Parents, relatives, friends, priests whose distant ordination-day this festival recalls, peasants, old and young, crowd to kiss the consecrated hands and to receive the blessing that is given by a smile that *will* assert itself—a smile of sheerest gaiety—albeit it is accompanied by the solemn sign. "*Datemi la benedizione, padre mio,*" quavers a white-haired peasant of one young enough to be his grandson; an abbot, aged and infirm, kneels for the benediction of his spiritual son; a little sister embraces with emotion she would fain conceal, her now transformed brother; a widowed mother kneels before her consecrated son, and over the bowed head that wears mourning for his father, the young priest makes the sign of his first blessing.

Monte Cassino, the most ancient of Benedictine monasteries, wrecked by earthquake, sacked by barbarian, but now set firmly on its mountain-top—high up above the plain, above many a lesser peak, above the noise and bustle of the world—gives us, as the drop-scene of this day's spectacle, its incomparable view. Waking, one finds the sparsely-furnished bed-

room of the little Guest House flooded with pale light and sweet with song-birds' notes—the dawn, of course, receiving its accustomed salutation? But no, the light is from the moon, and the singing is from nightingales. The far-down plain (where we of the world should be by rights) is hidden by a mist, and shut out from the scene to which we have, by some misunderstanding, been caught up. "Trill, trill, trill! Chirp, chirp, chirp!" goes the nightingale from his silvered olive-tree, at the top of his voice and to his heart's content, because no human being is listening (the wonder is his thrilling note does not compel his day-brothers to awake and come to see what has so set him off, for surely it is something very good?). "Chirp, chirp!" replies his understanding comrade from some distance off (is it that inky-black stone pine or that slow-swaying cypress-tree that is his perch?). Assuredly we have no business here on equal footing with this very riot of amassed gray peaks: we have intruded on the conclave of these grand old mountain-deities, we look upon their faces, we hear their whispered consultations in the breeze—we, who should be with all the rest of earth excluded by the veil which canopies the plain. But the drop-scene is in keeping with the drama that has gone before.

STATE SUPPORT OF PARISH SCHOOLS.

BY MICHAEL HENRY LUCEY, PH.D.

THE period to be treated in this article is in many respects one of the most important in the entire history of the parish schools of New York City. It is a period during which the state extended its support in a definite, systematic way, not only to the Catholic schools, but likewise to all the other church schools which then existed in the city. In view of the oft-repeated discussion of the advisability of state support of parish schools this period is worthy of study by all who are interested in this most vital problem.

It is well to recall that the experiment of state support of church schools has been tried for a number of years in New York City; that during this period the schools of various charitable and religious organizations existed side by side with those of the Public School Society; that the schools were recognized by the state, and that they were supported in large part by contributions from the state school funds.

In this article we shall consider how this condition of affairs was brought about; how the plan worked; and, finally, why it was abolished.

New York City was then small; the schools were few in number, but the principles involved in the question of state support were all present. On this small stage we shall watch the drama being enacted. And perhaps we shall come to an understanding of the problem better than if the stage were larger, and the actors more numerous.

In this discussion particular attention will be paid to the relation of the parish schools to the schools of the Free School Society, later known as the Public School Society, as the latter were the nearest representatives which then existed of the public schools of to-day. This, in turn, will necessitate a brief sketch of the origin, the aims, and the early history of the Society.

Early in 1805 a number of public-spirited men, moved by

the desire to provide suitable accommodations for the large number of children not connected with any religious denomination, and attending no school, met in the house of Mr. John Murray, in Pearl Street. Twelve attended the meeting, at which it was decided to establish a school modeled on the Free School, which an association of ladies, members of the Society of Friends, had been conducting for girls since 1802. A committee appointed to devise ways and means recommended that an application be made to the Legislature for an act of incorporation.

In the memorial it is stated that the petitioners have viewed with painful anxiety the multiplied evils which have accrued to the city from the neglected education of the children of the poor. They alluded more particularly to the class of children who did not belong to, and were not provided for by, any religious society; and who, therefore, did not partake of the advantages arising from the different church schools.

The Legislature, in acting favorably on this appeal, clearly recognized the place of the parish schools and placed limits to the scope of the future work of the petitioners. This recognition is shown in the act of incorporation, which is entitled "An Act to incorporate the Society instituted in the City of New York for the Establishment of a Free School for the Education of Poor Children who are not provided for by any religious society." That the founders of the Society likewise recognized the work of the church schools is clearly evidenced in an address which was issued by them to the public on May 18. In this address the trustees pay tribute to the spirit of charity and zeal shown by the various religious associations in providing means for the education of such poor children as belonged to their respective societies.

> This Society [the Trustees say], as will appear from its name, interferes with no existing institution, since children already provided with the means of education, or attracted to any other Society, will not come under its care. Humble gleaners in the wide field of benevolence, the members of this Association seek such objects only as are left by those who have gone before, or are fellow laborers with them in the great work of Charity. They, therefore, look with confidence for the encouragement and support of the affluent and charitable of every denomination of Christians.

Funds were slow in coming in, and a full year elapsed before the first school was opened. This school, which was situated in a small house on Banker Street, was opened May 12, 1806, under the direction of Mr. William Smith, who at once introduced the Lancasterian method of instruction. The number of pupils rapidly increased, and the trustees petitioned the Common Council for aid in extending its work. The Council granted them a building for school purposes, and a little later donated four thousand dollars toward erecting a new building, and an additional thousand dollars a year until such time as aid could be secured from the school fund of the state.

This school fund was the result of an act passed April 2, 1805, entitled, "An Act to raise a fund for the encouragement of the Common Schools." It provided that the net proceeds of five hundred thousand acres of vacant and unappropriated land, which were to be sold, should be set aside as a permanent fund for the support of the common schools. The third section of the act directed the Comptroller to loan the money at six per cent until the annual interest arising from the fund amounted to $50,000, after which the interest annually arising should be distributed and applied for the support of the common schools in such a manner as the Legislature might direct.

In 1812 the interest arising from the fund had reached the required amount, and on June 19 the Legislature passed an act for the establishment of common schools for the state, and indicated how the public school money was to be distributed.

Again the question arose as to the proper disposition of the public money in New York City. But this time the question was of more importance than it had been on the former occasion. The state had now at its disposal a fund from which it could annually aid the common schools within its borders. Were the church schools to share in the increasing prosperity, or were they to be left to their own resources? There was some hesitation on the part of the public officials. On February 8, 1813, Garret Gilbert, the Clerk of the City, received notice from Gideon Hawley, State Superintendent of Common Schools, that the interest of the School Fund was ready for distribution, but that New York City's share would be withheld until the Legislature specifically indicated how the distribution was to be made.

The Legislature settled the matter by definitely recognizing the church schools as entitled to their *pro rata* share. The act provided that a commission of five members, appointed by the Mayor and the Common Council, should pay the city's share of the fund to the Trustees of the Free School Society, to the trustees of the Orphan Asylum Society, the Society for the Economical School, the African Free School, and to the trustees of such incorporated and religious societies as supported charity schools. The distribution was to be made to each school in proportion to the average number of children between the ages of four and fifteen years who had been taught there in the year preceding such distribution, free of expense.

By this act, therefore, the schools of the Free School Society and the parish schools were placed on an equality before the law.

The church schools now having become an integral part of the state system of education, laws for their administration became necessary. The act mentioned above provided that the trustees or treasurers of the various religious societies, whose schools came under the law, were to be inspectors of the schools of their respective societies, and further provided that the aforesaid trustees were to possess the like powers and perform the like duties relative to their respective schools as the inspectors of the common schools of the state.

By referring to the school law, as enacted at this time, we may note the powers and duties which the state now conferred on the trustees of the church schools. They were required to examine teachers, and to approve or disapprove of the same; to visit their schools quarterly or oftener; and to note the proficiency of the scholars, and the good order and regularity of the same. They were likewise required to report to the Commissioners of Education, on the attendance of pupils, the amount of the state fund received, and the manner of expending it. The Commissioners in turn were required to transmit the report to the City Clerk, who forwarded it to the State Superintendent of Schools.

Under these enactments, which continued in operation for twelve years, St. Peter's School, and later St. Patrick's, were annually paid their *pro rata* share of the school fund. Their trustees acted as public school officials in examining teachers,

in visiting and inspecting schools, and in reporting to the central board of education. In 1814, the first year in which aid was received under the new arrangement, the trustees of St. Peter's School reported the attendance to be 486 students, and they received $1,861.73. A fuller account of the receipt of state money will be given later.

At this time the church schools and those of the Free School Society were on a par, but we may note that the latter Society was gradually seeking to widen the scope of its influence. Entering the educational field as "humble gleaners," they soon began to cast covetous eyes on the ripening harvest.

The first step was taken by the Society as early as 1808, when authority was obtained from the Legislature to extend its powers to all children who should be the proper objects of a gratuitous education. Thus far, however, no direct attempt had been made to encroach on the work of the church schools. But in 1813 a policy was adopted which looked apparently to the disbandment of the church schools and the monopoly of the field by the Free School Society.

Early in 1813 the trustees resolved to set aside the afternoon of Tuesday in each week for the purpose of instructing the children in the principles of the Christian religion, and they further resolved to invite the several churches to which the children belonged to send suitable persons to instruct them. In this way it was sought to render the church schools unnecessary, first by giving the children the usual school training, and secondly by giving members of each denomination opportunity to instruct their children in the doctrines of the religion which they professed.

As a matter of fact the trustees of the Presbyterian schools, on receiving an assurance from the Free School Society that their children would enjoy the same privileges, literary and religious, which they had enjoyed among themselves, relinquished their portion of the state fund, to which they were entitled, and disbanded their school. While the Catholics appear to have taken no official action in the matter, the movement evidently did not appeal to them, only 9 children of the Roman Catholic Faith being mentioned in the report of the Free School Society for 1814, as against 277 Presbyterians, 186 Episcopalians, 172 Methodists, 119 Baptists, and 41 Dutch Reformed.

The next move of the Free School Society to increase its power was made four years later. In 1817 the trustees found that they had an unexpended balance in the treasury. They wished to use this surplus in erecting a new building, but were forbidden by the school law of 1813, which specifically provided that the funds received from the state should be used for teachers' salaries, and for no other purpose whatsoever. Nothing daunted, however, the trustees applied for, and obtained the passage of a special law permitting them to expend any surplus in the erection of new buildings, or in the education of masters according to the Lancasterian plan.

The way to special favors thus being pointed out, it was not long before another society sought the same relief. Unfortunately for the church schools, it was one of their number which thus sought to follow in the steps of the Free School Society. Unfortunate, because it was this action which marked the beginning of the end of the support of church schools by the state.

Early in 1820 the Bethel Baptist Church, on Delancey Street, opened a school in the basement of the church building, and in accordance with the act of 1813, it was admitted to participation in the State School Fund. Two years later the church, through its able and energetic pastor, appealed to the Legislature and secured the same privileges in the matter of expending the surplus of the state fund as had already been granted to the Free School Society.

The trustees of the Free School Society viewed with alarm this action of the Legislature, and it was not long before the plans of the Society and those of the Bethel Baptist Church clashed. The Rev. Mr. Chase, the pastor of the Bethel Church, determined to erect a second school with the aid of the state funds, as he was authorized to do, and accordingly purchased lots in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Cathedral. News of this intention having reached the trustees of the Free School Society, they adopted a resolution directing the purchase of lots likewise in the vicinity of the cathedral, and appointing a committee to prepare plans for a school building. Against this act the trustees of the Bethel Free School protested, saying that it was an improper interference with their plans. To this the trustees of the Free School Society replied that they had for some time contemplated the erection of a school build-

ing in the proposed territory. In addition to this the Society adopted a resolution deploring the act of the Legislature giving special privileges to the Bethel Baptist Church, as calculated to divert a large portion of the common school fund from the objects for which it was established, and to apply the same to the purpose of private and sectarian interests.

The trustees, however, did not rest content with this resolution, but determined to do all in their power to secure the repeal of the obnoxious measure. A memorial was accordingly prepared in which the trustees stated their case. They asked why a right had been given to one religious society which had not been given to another. They called attention to the fact that all other religious denominations were compelled by law to exhaust all the funds which came into their hands for the purpose of instruction, while to this particular society was given an opportunity to dispose of the state funds for other purposes than the early education of the children of the poor.

The Legislature of the year 1823 took no action on the matter other than the passage of a resolution calling on the superintendent of common schools for a detailed report of the expenditure of the school money and the manner of its appropriation by the different societies receiving it.

In accordance with the provisions of the above act the Board of Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and St. Peter's Church submitted a report to the superintendent of common schools on June 4, 1824. In this report the history of the schools is traced, and an accounting is given of all the public money received and the manner of its expenditure. The total amount received by the two Catholic free schools from the first year, 1806, up to 1823, the year of the investigation, was $18,957.98, while the actual amount paid out in teachers' salaries during that time was $28,800. During this period one building had been erected to house the school attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, at a cost of $3,200, but it had been paid for from the proceeds of a sermon preached for the benefit of the school, from a legacy left to the school, and from the funds of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

There were ugly rumors in circulation with reference to the disposal of the state fund by one of the Protestant churches, but the breath of scandal did not touch the Catho-

lic schools. In fact the Catholic school authorities and the trustees of the Free School Society had always been, and were still on the best of terms. One or two incidents will serve to illustrate this spirit of harmony.

Early in 1818 the trustees of the Free School Society appointed a committee to correspond with the British and Foreign School Society with reference to the selection of an experienced Lancasterian teacher, one who understood the system thoroughly, and was competent to teach it in its most perfect form. A salary of $800 was offered and, in addition, the Society agreed to pay the expenses of the passage.

Mr. Charles Picton, the gentleman agreed upon, arrived during the summer, and was appointed to take charge of a school then being erected in Rivington Street. As the building would not be ready until the next May the trustees of St. Peter's School took advantage of this circumstance to request that in the meantime Mr. Picton be allowed to organize their school on the new plan. The request was granted, Mr. Picton's salary, of course, being paid by the Catholic school authorities.

The teachers of the two Catholic free schools are likewise on record as visiting the schools of the Free School Society; and when Mr. Lancaster himself arrived in New York, in December, 1818, for the purpose of advocating his system, he found it already established not only in the schools of the Free School Society, but also in the Catholic Free Schools.

These incidents not only throw light on the relations between the Catholic school authorities and the Free School Society, but likewise indicate that the curriculum of the parish schools was very much of the same character as that of the schools of the Free School Society. In fact, this has been characteristic of the parish schools from the beginning. The Church has made no effort to differentiate the work of teaching purely secular studies from that of the other schools. The drift has been rather the other way.

In 1824 the trustees of the Free School Society again appealed to the Legislature for the repeal of the objectionable act granting special privileges to the Bethel Free School. They petitioned that the law be so amended as to prohibit the religious societies in the City from drawing from the common school fund for any other than the poor children of the mem-

bers of their own societies, or of those who regularly worshipped with them.

Up to this time the trustees of the Catholic schools had taken no part in the controversy. Even the measure now proposed by the trustees of the Free School Society did not move them. After all, the proposed measure did not vitally affect their interests, and if it would put a stop to the abuses brought out in the investigation of one or two of the other church schools, it ought not to be opposed.

However, they were soon moved to action on the receipt of the news that the committee of the assembly to which the whole matter had been referred had submitted a report which was decidedly hostile to the interests of the church schools. The committee stated that while they were opposed to the payment of funds of church schools, they were not certain that it would be wise or expedient to exclude such schools from participation in the fund at that time.

This hostile note roused the Catholic school authorities to action. A letter was written to Mr. John Moore, one of the representatives of the city in the State Legislature, in which they stated their opposition to the proposed measure. They considered it neither wise nor liberal, as children who were made to commence their daily exercises by prayer were not, in their opinion, likely, from that circumstance, to be worse citizens than those who did not follow that practice. They feared that the repeal of the existing law would impair the efficiency of their schools by compelling them to employ less capable teachers. The Rev. Mr. Power likewise went to Albany in order to attend to the matter personally.

The Legislature adjourned without enacting any law on the subject, but an extra session was convened on November 2, 1824, at which the matter was taken up. The members of the Legislature, after a full hearing to all concerned, decided to refer the whole matter to the Common Council of the City of New York, and on November 19 passed an act relating to the common schools in the City of New York. By the provisions of this act the corporation of the City of New York, in Common Council assembled, were empowered to designate, at least once in three years, the institutions or schools which were to receive the school money.

The Common Council referred the section of the law men-

tioned above to its law committee. The trustees of St. Patrick's and St. Peter's Schools, together with the trustees of the Methodist, the Reformed Dutch and the other church schools, submitted petitions to the Common Council, asking for a continuance of the apportionment to their respective schools. These petitions were likewise referred to the Law Committee. This Committee now gave a public hearing to the representatives of the various schools.

Unfortunately, at this period, so mementous for the present and future of Catholic schools, Catholicity was without a leader to plead its cause. At the time the proposed measure was before the Legislature the hand of death was already laid on the faithful bishop, the Right Rev. John Connolly. Coming to New York at the age of seventy years he found the work much different from the quiet life at Rome. Having only four priests for his entire diocese, which comprised not only the city, but likewise the entire State of New York, together with the eastern part of New Jersey, he was compelled to fulfill the ordinary duties of a parish priest, in addition to his episcopal functions. But the good bishop was indefatigable in his labors, at times undertaking journeys to the distant missions of his diocese, and at others visiting the sick in his own city, and paying occasional visits to the schools.

But this active, laborious life, so different from the cloistered days of Rome, gradually wore him out. In the autumn of 1824 his strength gave way, but he labored on. In November of the same year his burdens were increased by the death of two of his fellow-laborers and friends, the Rev. Messrs. O'Gorman and Bulger. He, himself, soon followed, and while the strife over the school question was going on, he was laid to rest in the quiet of his cathedral in Mott Street.

Notwithstanding the absence of an active, aggressive Catholic leader, the rights of the church schools were ably defended by the pastors of the various Protestant churches. The most active and zealous advocate of the continuation of state support were the Messrs. Chase, Wainwright, Milnor, and Anderson, representing the Dutch, Baptist and Episcopal Churches. It was these gentlemen, Protestants all, who were in the forefront of the fight for the church schools, and not the Catholics.

It was pointed out to the Law Committee that the charity

schools were of long standing, and had, in times past, received the fostering care of the Legislature; that the children who attended them had received the branches of a plain ordinary education, with little or no difference as to the efficiency when compared with the other institutions, and in support of this the church officials offered to submit them to a fair examination. In addition to this the children also received the advantages of religious instruction. In view of the stand taken by many non-Catholics to-day, with regard to religious instruction the arguments put forward in its behalf at this time are of interest:

> On the latter subject it is urged in the first place, [says the report of the Law Committee] by the advocates of the churches, that for this they receive no compensation; and in the second, that religion is the best and only foundation of all private happiness, of all sound morality, and of all capacity for public usefulness; and in answer to the charge of efforts on their part to promote sectarian influence they deny that such is their intended object; and they further reply and explain, that religion cannot exist but according to some specified form and system; that no religious sentiment can be advanced except of the most general nature about which professing Christians will not differ, and that the objection would exclude all practical religious instruction whatsoever, since religion must be presented in some definite shape, or it can hardly find access to the heart, and become influential on the conduct. And it has in turn been argued "Show me a man of no sect and I will show you a man of no religion," and that it is better to have a community of conscientious sectarians than a community of nothingarians."

The opponents of the church schools were no less active. They contended that the churches ought not to participate in the fund because it would be a violation of that rule of civil policy admitted to be prevalent, which forbade all connection between matters of church and those of state; that the fund was raised by tax, and to devote any portion of it, so that by any possibility it might be turned into sectarian channels, would be to compel one portion of the community, without its consent, to become the supporters of the religious opinions of others.

The Committee, after listening to both sides, reported to

the Council that, while personally in favor of having the well organized churches and religious societies in the city participate in the fund as before; yet, owing to the established political and constitutional doctrines which had a bearing on the case, and the habits and modes of thinking of the constituents at large of the Board, they were constrained to recommend the distribution of the fund for civil purposes only, as contradistinguished from those of a religious or sectarian description.

An ordinance was accordingly submitted, the first section of which provided that the schools of societies which should be entitled to receive any of the common school fund were the Free School Society of New York, the Mechanics Society, the Orphan Asylum Society, and the trustees of the African Free Schools.

Mr. Philip Hone moved to amend by providing that the church schools be included on the condition that they were not to receive pay for any scholars except those whose parents or guardians were in the habit of attending their respective places of worship.

This amendment was defeated, and the bill, as originally reported, was passed. This ended the state support of parish schools.

As a result of this struggle practically the whole of the city's share of the common school fund was turned over to the semi-public association, the Free School Society, later known as the Public School Society.

In the next article we shall trace the efforts of the Catholics, led by their great Archbishop, John Hughes, to put an end to this unjust condition of affairs, and to have their schools again receive their proportionate share of the common school fund.

FATHER GAFFREY'S ADVENTURE.

BY RICHARD A. O'BRIEN, S.J.

THE good people of Frederick Valley would laugh you out of countenance to-day if you said you were afraid of meeting with wild-cats there in the mountains. Wild-cats! They never even heard of such creatures, nonsense,—some boy's story! But were you to travel on through the hills themselves, sipping now and again the cool spring water, catching it as it bursts from mossy, fern-covered rocks; and should you be lucky enough to come across some old mountaineer, who had grown up like a sapling there along with the forest oaks, he would tell you how, long ago in the ante-bellum days, those selfsame hills were indeed a favorite haunt of the sly and treacherous catamount. He might even show you, with an old warrior's pardonable pride, the rusty flint lock with which he and his father before him had guarded their cabin in winter from the stealthy savagery of these beasts.

Father Gaffrey was such an ancient mountaineer, as old as the oldest and as brave as the bravest. He had grown to love those sun-kissed hills, to love their frozen bleakness. Not indeed, because his own hearth-fire burned amongst them, for he lived in the valley land, but by sheer reason of the human hearts and souls there amongst those silent hills. They were his sheep and he their shepherd. Though four score and seven winters had snowed upon his venerable head and dug deep furrows in his cheeks, yet his eye was as bright as of old, and flashed brighter as the light of other days shone through them. Gathering us close about him, the dear old priest began:—

In those days, my dears, the winters were longer and harder than now. At times the mountain passes were choked up, and traveling, at best always difficult, became perilous. A single slip on the part of the horse might mean a disastrous fall. God alone knows how such accidents did not more often occur on those mountain journeys. But His work

was at stake and His abiding protection overshadowed me. But if traveling was dangerous at mid-day, in broad daylight, what do you think it must have been like at dead of night, on those mountains, with thick forests and impassable roads stretching for miles between you and the next cabin? A sick-call at night meant the risking of one's life. Not the least important, and by all means the grimmest feature of those winter rides, was the abiding dread of the wild-cat, or as we used to call them in those days, the catamount. These creatures were as sly and savage, though luckily not as brave, as tigers. In summer they skulked in the deeps of the woods and finding there abundance of smaller game to prey upon, rarely showed the tip of their noses. The cold and hunger of winter, however, drove them from their hiding places and, not unfrequently, forced them to display a bravery not native to them. Their usual method of attack was to lie crouched on the limb of a tree from where they would spring, or rather, drop suddenly upon their unsuspecting victim as it passed. To be sure, as a rule they feared to attack a man, but it was prudent for one to travel armed in winter. Several of my men had had encounters desperate enough with these hunger-crazed beasts. One poor fellow, may the Lord have mercy on his soul, lost a leg from the vicious bites of a catamount. In consequence of this general fear I usually went armed when the snow lay on the ground. Though on more than one occasion I had heard their bickerings and snarls through the woods, I had never come up with one of the beasts in the open. In fact I had about reached the pass of flattering myself that I was a hunter dreaded by catamounts. Ah, me! How my pride was soon to be humbled! My turn came, and most unexpectedly.

It was late in the winter of '51. The weather was crisp and bright, the kind of February day that sends every drop of sluggish blood pulsing through your veins. I had been out on the trail for well nigh a week, going from cabin to cabin, administering the sacraments through the mountains, hearing confessions, and in a hundred ways endeavoring to bring the sunshine of God's peace and love into aching and lonely hearts. But now at last my thoughts were turning homeward toward the comfortable valley. Truth to tell, I was exhausted after the week's round. A couple of miles of the descent lay

behind me. How good it felt to be going home at last! When suddenly I remembered that I had forgotten to visit a cabin away up on the crest of the mountain—Pat Doonan's. My heart, shame to confess it, sank at the thought. What? turn back and spend another weary two hours in climbing that rough mountain side! The very thought was pain to tired and worn out limbs. My horse clearly shared the same feelings and kept persistently pointing his nose toward the valley. But God's work was at stake, so there was nothing for it but to turn and climb. A heavy snow had fallen the previous night. The mountains lay sheeted and silent. Leaving the friendly cabin that was sheltering me, and refusing the offer of a gun, saying it would prove a cumbrous thing on the steep climb, I struck out across the ups and downs of the hills, making straight for Pat Doonan's shanty.

It was a stiff ride, over fallen and rotted stumps and prickly undergrowth, rising with the hills and falling again with the valleys through silence unbroken save by caw of crow or the metallic chirp of snow birds as they flitted in the underbrush. How merrily they skipped from bush to bush, twitching their white tail-feathers and seeming to relish the new-fallen snow. I could not but think of the sweet Saint of Assisi, who used to call the birds "Francis' little brothers," so great was his love for all of God's creatures.

At length a familiar wall of field stones, such as the good people of Frederick Valley build to this day for their fences, warned me that Pat's cabin was near. I jogged on a bit faster, thinking of my last visit to the place, which had been the pleasantest sort of one. They were lovable people, Pat and his wife, Nance, and their little boy and girl, the kind of people who suffered much in silence, loved God and kept joyful by their holy Faith. Pat had come over from the Old Sod during the great famine, and like many another Irish lad, had seen hard times here too before he found an asylum among the peaceful hills of Maryland. As I rode up I was disappointed at finding the shutters closed and no sign of life about the place.

"Hello, Pat," I shouted, "come to the front, man, and welcome an old friend!" But my voice evoked no answer from the bare walls of the shanty. Even "Blarney," the mongrel, was missing. The thought of those two dreary, wasted

hours rose up before me with pain, and my heart sank again. I might have been far better away and nearer home. Besides, it was growing much colder and the wind was biting.

"It's queer," thought I, "yet the place doesn't really look deserted; there's a chicken. They surely can't have moved." Just then a faint wreath of smoke curled up from the chimney. This was encouraging. "Well, it's not so bad after all; somebody has been here lately," said I to myself relieved; for as I jumped from the saddle, the sun shot its fast fainting rays from beneath a pile of jagged clouds.

I walked up to the door. It was bolted fast. I tried the windows, but they were bolted too, all but one in the back of the house, facing the West. This was partly open. Walking up to it, I peered in, expecting perhaps to catch Pat or Nance napping. But horror of horrors! what a sight met my eyes! The first small room, the kitchen, was empty. Not so the adjoining one, for there on the table stood a huge catamount, with jaws wide open and teeth glistening white. Beside the monster lay remnants of hair and cloth. In the increasing dusk no more could be distinguished. The yellow glare of the sinking sun lit up the room with a weird and feeble light, and in the waning glow there stood the ferocious creature defiant! Our eyes met for an instant; those fixed and fearful eyes held mine, their horrid glare turning nerve and muscle into stone. Too horrified to move, I stood rooted to the spot. But if limbs were powerless, my brain was working fast and furious, flashing into realization the secret of the dreadful sight. I understood all: the beast had entered by that very half-opened window, had crept stealthily along, leaped upon the inmates and done his deadly work. The were the shreds of clothing and matted hair. The ghastly scene for a moment overpowered me; then suddenly realizing my own danger, I nerved myself to desperation. Away from the accursed window I sprang, leaped into the saddle, and dug my heels into my horse's flanks. Through the woods I flew, hair on end, eyes bulging from their sockets, and an icy grip on my heart. I dared not turn round lest the glare of those green eyes should be seen in close pursuit. My brain reeled, between my chattering teeth my tongue grew suddenly dry and stiff, and the pounding of my heart was like to break my breast asunder. Every turn in the road, every overhanging branch,

every protruding snow-covered rock had its own heart quake. At each I dreaded being again confronted by those terrible green-glaring eyes. My horse shied at a fallen log, and my heart strings all but cracked. A rustling among the snow-laden branches sent the hot blood bolting to my temples with a thud, but it was merely a sudden gust of wind playing on the mountain-top. There was no slackening—it was life or death, with odds on the latter. How long this lasted I do not know. It could not have been long, though it seemed an interminable time to me. But suddenly as I came around a turn in the road, I heard a rustling of the hard, crisp under-growth some yards ahead of me, the moving of some living creature there—I could indistinctly see through the deepening gloom the parting of the snowy bushes. I clutched my horses's neck in terror, sure that the sly beast had at last caught up with me and passed on, and was now preparing to make a fatal spring at me. I breathed a fervent prayer, for my time was short. A shout rang out ahead:

"Hello there! what's the hurry? sure, you'll kill your nag, my man!"

And almost at my horse's head, as I hastily reined in, a woodsman stepped out of the thicket. The sight of a gun slung across his broad shoulders was a tonic to shattered nerves.

"Thank God I've met you—met somebody!" I cried, jerking up to a standstill, "but watch out for that beast; its after me!"

In my excitement I failed to recognize a familiar face—Pat Doonan's own.

"Begorra, 'tis Father Gaffrey himself! But sure, yer rivrince is mighty disthurbed about somethin'. The baste? not a one do I see!"

"Ah, my poor man," I cried, "it's a terrible thing that's happened. While you've been away in the woods, a savage catamount got into your house and God only knows what awful damage it has done you. Poor Nance, poor Nance! I'm afraid she's been killed, Pat!"

And so with what little breath I had left in me, I told Pat the dreadful story in quick, broken gasps; how I had myself seen the monster with shreds of clothing and hair on the floor, and had fled in terror for my life. "Quick, my lad,"

I cried, "run over to Mike Barry's and Dan Flannigan's and get guns and dogs out at once. God knows it's too late already!"

There was a queer light in Pat Doonan's eye and a peculiar twitch to the corners of his mouth as I panted out my story. I was in a sorry mood to be trifled with and was at a loss, besides, to account for Pat's stolid indifference to the loss he had sustained. I was both puzzled and angry. Pat seemed suddenly to realize my mood, for his ruddy, weather-beaten old face grew serious as I finished and the odd light died out of his eyes as he said:

"Father, you're not feelin' well to-night; sure then you'd ought to be afther takin' a little somethin' just to warrum ye up."

"No, Pat, not a drop till you get the men together. Quick, my boy, quick!"

"But sure that's jist what I'm afther a-tellin' yer rivrince —sure then, the thing's all a humbug!" And here Pat burst out laughing, loud and long. "Ha—ha—ha! ha—ha—ha—ha! Begobs an' it was only a stuffed catamount yer rivrince saw on that table!"

"A w-h-a-t?" I gasped.

"Sure, Father Gaffrey. 'twas that an' nothin' more. Sure didn't me an' Jack Flynn shoot a treminjous big wild-cat three weeks ago come Friday. Nance an' me have been stuffin' the baste for the parlor. Begorra then, but we're grand hands at stuffin', aint we now, Father?"

As it was now dark, I turned back with Pat and together we made our way to the cabin. I had nothing for it but to spend the night on the mountains.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

THE MAN AND HIS WORK. 1842–1911.

BY ANITA MACMAHON.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO—let us at once clearly state—died as he had lived an ardent Catholic, devout in the ordinary sense of devotion, regular in the practice and profession of his religion. Sustained by the Sacraments of the Church he courageously and uncomplainingly endured the prolonged suffering of his last illness, as years before his faith had given him strength to support the great sorrow of his life, the death of his only son, a youth of most brilliant promise.

All Catholics are familiar with the history of Fogazzaro's novel, *The Saint*, and are aware that, though no one at the Vatican ever doubted the excellence of the author's intentions, this work was finally placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* owing to the Modernist trend of some of Benedetto's opinions.

Fogazzaro accepted the decision of the Church with the simplicity, courage, and dignity that all who knew him expected. Any other action would have been a contradiction of the spirit which pervades his entire work, and his submission could only have surprised those who utterly misunderstood his idea in writing *The Saint*. Benedetto promulgated erroneous doctrines, but he never wavered in his belief that "the Church is the inexhaustible treasure-house of Divine Truth," that she possesses the true faith and that she alone possesses it. So, too, adherence to the Church does not simply mean the acceptance of Revealed Truth, but requires obedience to Christ's Representative, the visible Head of the Church:

> Understand me well, [Benedetto says in the midst of his severest strictures] "I do not judge the Hierarchy: I recognize and respect the authority of the Hierarchy." And one of his last injunctions to his followers is: "Let each one perform his religious duties as the Church prescribes, according to strict justice and with perfect obedience."

In *Leila*, which is a sort of epilogue to *The Saint*, numerous allusions show that the author valued the unity and authority of the Church above any private judgment and that he was absolutely sincere in his submission. Much had happened in the interval to alter Fogazzaro's attitude towards Modernism, at first one of sympathy. When the later development of the movement showed its followers in actual open hostility to the Church's authority, Fogazzaro as already indicated, broke with it. In *Leila*, Fogazzaro lets it be understood that his teaching might have been erroneous. Nevertheless the Congregation of the Index has recently condemned *Leila* which it appears is not altogether free from the errors of *The Saint* to which it is a sequel, and it is certain that Fogazzaro would in this instance also have bowed to the decision of the Church.

We see here once again how easy it is for the sincerest of Catholics to go astray in matters of doctrine when they begin to rely on independent judgment. Fogazzaro, conscious that his own Catholicism was too securely founded to be shaken, did not realize that he might by his temerity endanger the faith of others less firmly persuaded of the Divine Authority invested in the Catholic Church. As a student at Turin he had studied science and meditated much on the question of Darwinism, and evolution, and all his life he continued to occupy himself with the problems presented by the apparent conflict between reason and faith. His was essentially a combative mind, eager to defend and exalt his convictions, never satisfied with the position attained but always striving to advance further. "We have been cast for war and storm"—one of his heroes, Daniele Cortis, says—"We are instruments in a mysterious Hand which is never still and forbids us to repose"—and this was undoubtedly Fogazzaro's own motto. All his work is founded on Catholicism, and some people have made it a matter of reproach that he mixed up religion with every phase of contemporary life, sacred and profane. Fogazzaro regarded religion as the great force for good in the world and he shows us that his heroes are strengthened and uplifted by their faith.

It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed discussion of Fogazzaro's mistakes—the Church has spoken definitely. The present writer wishes to treat simply of the literary ability of this man, who, when all is said, was a faithful, obedient Catho-

lic, and in his obedience, because of his rare intellectual gifts, most exemplary. But before we proceed to the definite subject of our paper we would like to call to mind the funeral oration which in *Leila* Don Aurelio pronounces over the grave of Benedetto, because it is undoubtedly that which Fogazzaro would wish made for himself.

The priest asks the friends of the dead man to give him their attention. This man, Benedetto, he continues, spoke and wrote much of religion, of faith, and of works. He was neither a prophet; nor a Sovereign Pontiff speaking with authority. He may sometimes have been led astray; he may at times have advanced views that the authority of the Church would be justified in rejecting. But he never failed to proclaim his humble submission to the authority of the Church, to the Holy See of the Supreme Pontiff. Were he still alive he would glory in giving proof of this as an example to the world. It is in his name, continues the priest, that I declare this. He knew that the world despises religious obedience. He, on his part, fiercely despised the contempt of the world. He loved the Church above all things on earth. In thinking of the Church he was wont to compare himself with the smallest stone of the greatest temple, which, had it a soul, would glory in its small ministry. . . . He wishes me to pardon in his name all those who, possessing no ecclesiastical authority, passed judgment upon him, condemning him as a Theosophist, a Pantheist, and as one who shunned the Sacraments. But that the scandal of these accusations may be destroyed, he also wishes me to proclaim in a loud voice, that such errors were ever abominations in his sight, and that from the moment when he, a miserable sinner, turned from the world to God, he did always and in all things suit his actions to the beliefs and the prescriptions of the Catholic Church, and this unto the very hour of his death.

Antonio Fogazzaro, who afterwards gained the title of "Poet of the Valsolda," was born in 1842 in the heart of this beautiful country at Vicenza, a quaint old town of tortuous streets and dignified Palladian palaces. He came of a rich and respected Lombard family, and as his parents were ardent Catholics and at the same time people of unusual artistic culture, the young Antonio received a moral and intellectual home training well calculated to develop his natural gifts. He

was further favored by fortune in that he became the pupil of the Abbé Zanella, a marvelous educator, who holds no insignificant place among modern Italian poets. Zanella was an enthusiastic admirer of Manzoni, and he undoubtedly helped to form in Fogazzaro that thoughtful and deeply religious spirit which enabled him to continue the high literary traditions of his great predecessor. Fogazzaro took his degree at the University of Turin in 1861. He did not, however, continue to practise at the bar, and it is his own history that he has mirrored in that of the heroes of his novels, who as a rule mature late after having passed through a period of struggle, doubt and vacillation. His parents, realizing that their son was gifted, left him free to follow his natural bent and encouraged him when he finally decided to adopt literature as a profession. *Miranda* was published in 1874, *Valsolda*, a second volume of verse, in 1876, and both met with an immediate success which proved that Fogazzaro had not mistaken his vocation.

His poetry is characterized by a simplicity, love of nature, and delicate pathos rare in Italian verse and more akin to that of Wordsworth and the Lake Poets. There was, however, nothing of the cosmopolitan in Fogazzaro, who was peculiarly Italian, and found within the limits of the Valsolda, where most of his life was passed, material for a work, varied, original and profound in its character, of which only a few of the dominant ideas can be indicated within the limits of a short paper.

Fogazzaro's most marked characteristic was his absolute sincerity. "I can unhesitatingly affirm," he once said to a friend, "that all that I have written comes from the depths of my soul." Unlike so many of his contemporaries there was with him no division between the artist and the man: he lived as he wrote, his mind, his work, and his life in perfect harmony. He was fond of saying that "the poet should live like the rest of mankind"; and he did not believe in an art that required one to isolate himself from humanity, or that interfered with a man's fulfilling his ordinary duties in domestic or public life. Fogazzaro's life was simple yet complete, filled by his intellectual work, by happy home ties, and by many modest municipal offices which he did not think unworthy of his attention.

He had, however, a profound distaste for the feverish and

artificial character of modern town life, and always refused to be drawn from his country home at Vicenza; in the provincial society around him, his fine observation discovered the germs of the emotions that govern the universe and his keen appreciation of nature, enabled him to discover an ever-varying beauty in scenes familiar to him from childhood. Fogazzaro has immortalized his beloved "Valsolda" in his novels where all his personages live and move in their natural setting, and this harmony, which is one of the greatest charms of the originals, is the great obstacle to an adequate translation of them.

Fogazzaro believed, that a poet should be a prophet, and a moral educator, and from the outset of his career as a writer we find him preoccupied with philosophical, religious, and social questions, which, as already indicated, he treated with an unvarying sincerity, elevation of sentiment and courage verging on temerity.

Malombra (1881) Fogazzaro's first novel, is a somewhat confused and melodramatic work, difficult to analyse. During his student days in Turin, Fogazzaro became for a time much interested in various occult subjects and it was under the influence of all this pseudo-scientific knowledge that he wrote *Malombra*, the plot of which is based on the fantastic heroine's belief in the transmigration of souls. Despite its faults *Malombra* is a work of considerable merit, containing many beautiful descriptions of nature and personages, which revealed remarkable powers of characterization—in this connection it is interesting to recall that, on the authority of his biographer, Molmenti, when Fogazzaro began his career as a novelist, his favorite author was our Charles Dickens whose humor and irony he much appreciated. *Malombra* is penetrated by a high intellectual and moral tone which at once distinguished the author from contemporary Italian novelists; and the treatment of love and passion revealed a lofty idealism rare in any literature. In *Malombra*, as in all his subsequent works, Fogazzaro has depicted the conflict between carnal and ideal love, ending in the triumph of the latter. Fogazzaro believed firmly in the elevating power of love, love purified by religion, tending to free man from his baser instincts and raising him nearer to God. It would, however, be a mistake to regard this love, which is at once human and divine, as a sort of spiritual or purely intellectual love tinged by an unhealthy mysticism; the

personages in these novels love with all the force of human passion, but this love is always a purifying factor, a force in realizing their destiny which is to mount towards God. "Lord of my soul!" Conrad Silla cries in *Malombra*, "Thou knowest that it is not merely happiness I seek in love! In love I seek a force to help me to fight for all that is good and true, a force to help me to despise all that is base!"

To the best of the present writer's recollection it is a priest who in one of Fogazzaro's novels defines the ideal Christian union in the following words addressed to a young man in whom he is interested:

> I have never told you, dear lad, but I have prayed very hard that God might give you what He is now giving you, a strong and mighty love rich and holy. You are not made for celibacy, you are made for a union ideally human, ideally Christian, ideally beautiful. You are made to raise up a strong and pure progeny. The tradition of great families heroically devoted to kings, is at an end. Men must found families that shall be heroically devoted to God, in which devotion to God shall be handed down as a title of nobility, as the just and traditional sentiment of nobility. You must found such a family. It is my dream for you.

In Conrad Silla, the hero of *Malombra*, Fogazzaro has depicted a man, passionate and aspiring, weak under temptation, yet struggling against the dominion of his senses and conquering in the end. It is characteristic of Fogazzaro's ideas that Silla dies just at the moment when he has definitely triumphed over sensual passion, when his will, aided by the memory of the pure love of Edith, enables him to free himself at last from the bewitchment of the distraught heroine, Marina. Fogazzaro regarded life as one long combat; he shows us man struggling incessantly, tempted, hesitating, succumbing sometimes but always recovering himself again and gradually acquiring in the incessant effort a complete and definite control over himself. This is the real victory; and when this is attained Fogazzaro usually closes the history of his heroes in order probably to lay stress on his belief that merit lies in the *effort* and not in the work accomplished—just as an action noble in itself is in no way impaired by the fact that it fails, as often happens, to attain the result aimed at.

Daniele Cortis (1885) at once secured Fogazzaro European fame. The theme of the book is love and sacrifice, and it illustrates the higher beauty of duty triumphant over ignoble pleasure. In Daniele Cortis and his cousin Helena di Santa Giulia, Fogazzaro presents us with two truly noble figures apparently destined by nature to love and complete each other; and their love is shown to be that profound sentiment which resists the most severe trials, which defies separation and death, everything in life and beyond life except honor. To render his demonstration of the unalterable character of the marriage tie yet more striking, Fogazzaro has here introduced all the circumstances usually used to extenuate the sin of unfaithfulness. Cortis, on his side, is absolutely free. Helena precipitated into an early marriage by the levity of her mother which made her home life intolerable, finds too late that her husband is a cynical adventurer, sensualist and a gambler, who is led by his vices into the most dishonorable compromises. In public as in private her husband takes pleasure in wounding her most delicate feelings; he makes no pretence of having any affection for her and, indeed, would evidently be rather relieved if she were to leave him and cease her tiresome scruples about his affairs. She has no children who might one day suffer by her fault, and, lastly, the circle in which she lived would have taken an extremely indulgent view of a deserted wife seeking consolation for her wrecked hopes outside the marriage bond. Nevertheless, though thrown continually together by a combination of circumstances, and subject to much temptation, they resist and come through triumphantly, confident in the eternal nature of love, and believing that by keeping their love unsullied here below they will earn the right to enjoy it in eternity.

This sentiment of the eternity of all true love runs through all Fogazzaro's novels and is one of the most original characteristics of his work. Few of his lovers realize their dream in this life, and their love though a source of great moral strength is only a preparation for the next life where perfect love will at last be known. In *Malombra* as has been already related, death separates the lovers just at the moment when Silla after hovering long between good and evil, conquers his lower nature and turns resolutely towards Edith—the separation is, however, only for this life, since, conquerers in the

strife, they will enjoy eternal love. In *The Poet's Mystery* (1888) the sentiment of the eternity of love is the theme of a romance which is best described as a poem in prose. Violet and the Poet at last united after much difficulty and tribulation, are separated again a few hours after their union by the sudden death of Violet. The poet, however, strong in his faith in the survival of all that is beautiful, good and true, awaits with confidence the continuation of their union in eternity, believing that Violet was "a word from God," whispered to him in the darkness of moral weakness and intellectual inertia, destined from the beginning to be the force of his life, to be to him what Beatrice was to Dante.

So too we leave Daniele Cortis and Helena irrevocably parted for this life. Circumstances require that Helena should accompany into exile her unworthy husband, who has been saved from public dishonor by his family on condition that he expatriates himself. In pages, the moral beauty of which it would be difficult to excel, Fogazzaro has depicted the final parting of these two noble souls with such poignancy, such vividness that an ineradicable impression is left on the mind of the reader. It is notable that at the last Helena, whose faith is lukewarm, wavers in her resolution, and it is Cortis, profoundly religious, who finds in his faith the courage and force necessary to accomplish this final sacrifice. When Helena murmurs despairingly: "We shall never meet again," Cortis, accepting suffering with the resignation which is only another form of hope, since it is founded on faith, sums up the entirety of his Catholic belief in the simple phrase: "God is good." If, however, Fogazzaro thus shows his heroes dominated by the thought of eternity, he lays stress on the fact that his sentiment, far from causing them to withdraw from life, should on the contrary urge them to more ardor for their work in this world. Fogazzaro had little of the visionary in his disposition; he loved life and those who knew him before the death of his only son had shattered his most cherished hopes, speak of his infectious gaiety and light heartedness; to the end he took a keen pleasure in the joys of others, and all who knew him testify to his lovable character and unfailing courtesy and benevolence.

In Franco Maironi, the hero of *Piccolo Mondo Antico* (1895) —called *The Patriot* in the English translation—Fogazzaro

presents us with another type of Catholic; in Maironi religion is at first essentially passive until, vivified by suffering, it becomes active and awakens all the dormant nobility of his nature.

The Patriot is generally considered to be Fogazzaro's best novel, and it is certainly his most artistic work. In it he has given a complete picture of life under Austrian rule in his native Valsolda, showing much espionage and self-seeking, much that is base or trivial, interwoven with the pleasanter theme of courage, loyalty, chivalry and patriotism. Fogazzaro has mirrored in it all his youthful recollections and the dwelling of Franco and Luisa on Lake Lugano, described with such tender care, is his own early home. The interest of the story centers in the conflicting personalities of Franco Maironi and his wife Luisa. Theirs was a love match and they remain deeply attached one to the other, but, though apparently united, there is between the husband and wife a divergence of opinion on the subject of religion, and this difference at first unsuspected, develops at last into direct antagonism regarding the education of their child. Maironi, who is profoundly religious at heart, bases all morality on the principle that one must not do evil because evil is displeasing to God. Luisa, touched by modern scepticism, seeks to inculcate an ideal of personal rectitude, independent of all idea of a duty towards the Creator, and she tells the child that she must not do evil simply because it is evil. Franco, who is passionately devoted to his wife, suffers keenly from the latent antagonism to his faith which he devines in Luisa, and he does not suspect that this is largely due to the fact that his own life is to her an argument against its efficiency: Maironi is talented and lovable and full of generous impulses, but he lacks the force of character necessary to turn them to good account. In order to marry Luisa he without hesitation sacrificed all the advantages of position and money, opposing the wishes of his despotic grandmother, who disinherits him in consequence of what she calls a *mésalliance*. After the marriage, however, he accepts without question the home offered by Luisa's uncle and, much to his wife's mortification, settles down into a pleasant but futile existence, dallying with patriotic dreams, much as he gratified other aesthetic instincts in music, art and the cultivation of flowers, completely regardless of the fact

that even a simple life costs money and that all these little luxuries represent sacrifices on the part of Uncle Ribera whose labors support the household. Fogazzaro has depicted his own mother in the person of Signora Rigey, the mother of Luisa, and the book possesses a further interest because it was written after the death of his only son, and when Fogazzaro had earned the right to speak of the moral value of suffering.

When the catastrophe occurs and the little daughter of Franco and Luisa Maironi drowns herself accidentally in the lake, Fogazzaro draws a vivid contrast between the effect the same sorrow produces on husband and wife, on the religious, as opposed to the positivist, spirit.

Luisa, so strong, so logical, so self-reliant, is completely crushed; all force of mind and heart seems annihilated, and she loses all interest in life except for a passing phase of infatuation for table-rapping and other spiritualist practices. Maironi, on the other hand, believes that his child is safe with God where, if he is worthy, he will one day rejoin her, and notwithstanding his terrible grief, he finds in his faith courage and strength to continue the work he has already started on, of redeeming the futility of his early life. In conformity with his usual practice, Fogazzaro at the end of the book shows us the faith victorious, transforming Franco Maironi, the dilettante, into Franco Maironi, the brave soldier, who works so valiantly for God, for his country, and for those he loves, and who thus, by degrees, wins back the affection and respect of Luisa. After years of separation and suffering we see Franco and Luisa united once again, and the book ends on this note of reconciliation and hope. It is only in the sequel, *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, that we learn that ultimately Franco had the great joy of knowing that Luisa had been won through him to the Catholic faith.

From the literary point of view, *The Man of the World*—as *Piccolo Mondo Moderno* (1901) is styled in the English version—is not at all up to the high standard of *The Patriot*. The leading characters and the main trend of the story are indeed etched in by a master-hand, but a quantity of infinitesimal details and unnecessary personages encumber the scene and obstruct the progress of the plot. Piero Maironi, the son of Franco and Luisa, is the hero of *The Man of the World*,

and subsequently of *The Saint.* Deprived of his parents at an early age—Franco Maironi was killed in the war of 1859 and his wife Luisa did not long survive him—Piero was brought up by a Venetian relative, the Marchesa Seremin, whose daughter Elisa he marries while still very young. Shortly after the marriage Elisa goes out of her mind, and when the story opens we find Piero living with his parents-in-law, and leading in the eyes of the world an apparently blameless life, both as regards faith and morals. Inwardly, however, Piero is torn by conflicting elements and assailed by violent temptations of soul and body: one moment he is severely ascetic with an aspiring faith tending to mysticism, the next moment he is drawn down to earth and under the dominion of his passions. The circle in which he lives is dominated by a spirit of narrow piety, and while strict attention is paid to outward observance of Catholicism, there is little trace of a truly religious inner life. Even the Marchesa Seremin, who afterwards reveals "a most lofty Christian soul," seems to pay much more attention to the letter than to the spirit, and to the ordinary observer, her most distinguishing quality is her avarice. Piero, like many another before him, is deeply shaken in his faith by the contradiction existing between the belief and conduct of the people around him, and, confusing the reality with the shadow, he forgets that God is in no way affected by the fact that His image is, owing to human frailties, often obscured and even distorted in those who should represent Him among men.

At this critical period Piero meets Jeanne Dessalle, young, fascinating, beautiful, and intellectual, and each immediately feels the magnetism of the other's personality. Piero, however, continues to struggle against temptation, and accepting the office of Councilor, tries to absorb his energies in public affairs; here, too, fate seems against him, and he withdraws into private life again in disgust at the general corruption and at the opposition his altruistic projects meet with on all sides. He then tries to find a refuge against his own weakness in monastic vows, and visits Don Guiseppe Flores—a truly admirable type of priest who, on the authority of Fogazzaro himself, is stated to be an exact portrait of his uncle, Don Guiseppe Fogazzaro—to ask whether there is not some cloistered order which would receive a man in his position, married, yet outside the normal conditions of matrimony. Don Guiseppe

replies in the negative, and adds that even if there were such an order he would dissuade him from entering it because "the world was still too deeply rooted in his heart and all his temptations would enter with him." Piero returns to the world and drifts gradually under the spell of Jeanne Dessalle, who is separated from her husband, and lives with her brother in an atmosphere of culture and gaiety which Piero finds very attractive after the unintellectual circle of his mother-in-law's house. Piero and Jeanne deceive themselves at first into thinking that theirs is a purely spiritual affinity, and later, just as their passion seems about to dominate them, Piero is called to the bedside of his dying wife, Elisa, who has recovered her reason and wishes to speak to him. The chapter which follows, entitled *In Lumine Vitae*, is one of those which show Fogazzaro at his best, rising without apparent effort, to the level of an intensely emotional crisis.

Elisa, who all her life was an enigma even to those who knew her best, is at the last vouchsafed a moment of expansion, and, having revealed a soul of exquisite sensibility and fortitude, she dies radiating the beauty of her Catholic faith around her. In this hour of mystery and silence a complete revulsion of feeling takes place in Piero; his passion for Jeanne Dessalle fades away into a mere memory, and the faith that he had believed dead springs up from the depths of his soul, where it had lain dormant while he was under the empire of his senses.

It is characteristic of Fogazzaro's courage that he is not afraid to introduce a miraculous element into the conversion of Piero, and it speaks highly for his artistic powers that he has managed to create a general atmosphere of spirituality in which the vision is, as it were, merely the highest light in the composition. It is while praying in the little chapel of the asylum that Piero has the vision which changes his whole life, and this grace is evidently in response to the ardent desire of Elisa that before her death she might know her husband united to her in the true faith. The veil of human error which hid the splendor of God from Piero is dispelled; and, transformed by faith, he starts life afresh, quitting his home, his possessions, and even his name, in order to show his perfect obedience to the Divine Will.

New Books.

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO. A SKETCH OF THE REFORMING CARDINAL. By Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.10.

While this is a book springing into existence rather from admiration of a great personage than from historical research, it is yet accurate and reliable. The author appropriately leads us to the study of St. Charles by a perusal of a particularly clear translation of the Encyclical of Pius X. on the Saint's centenary.

St. Charles Borromeo is a stern figure in history; and yet a close acquaintance, such as is given in a familiar way by the thirty-four well written chapters of this book, will reveal him as a most gentle-hearted Christian. God, however, used mainly the masterful elements in his character. He was divinely chosen as the clear-visioned mind and the firm hand fitted to make the great decrees of Trent institutional in the Catholic Church. His pastorals are the best specifications of the re-adjustments of the old, and the introduction of the new, things needed to reinstate God's rights in the care of men's souls. His synods not only set things right but set up models for mitation to this day. St. Francis de Sales called him "the most austere man in Europe," and yet, St. Francis himself, the tenderest heart in the world, took him for his pattern in the government of his diocese. Our present Supreme Pontiff, the gentlest of men, is yet Borromean in his apostolic courage, his defiance of evil doers in high place, his contempt for pious sloth, and the amazing strength of his apostolic arm in correcting ecclesiastical abuses.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE, CONSIDERED IN ITS APOSTOLIC ASPECT. By a Carthusian Monk. Translated from the French by A. M. Buchanan. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

The authorities of both the author's Order and of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, have placed their approval upon this little volume, which is one of much utility. It treats, first, of the divine part that solitary prayer plays in the outward activities of the Christian religion—prayer, be it remembered, associated with penance and the study of divine things, and practised in

cloistered retirement. It explains the hidden economy of mingled sacrifice and petition, practised under approved rules and in stable organizations, and explains the working of this influence upward and outward into the mixed life of pastors of souls, preachers, and educators. The second part takes up separately the orders distinctively devoted to contemplation, expressly debarred from the outward care of souls and turned away into seclusion for the immediate communication of the spirit with God. These are each pithily described, and the characteristics of spirit and rule accurately detailed.

The book is valuable for ready reference, not only for confessors, but also for inquirers generally. Priests dealing with the finer quality of spiritual natures in the confessional, should read it, and that very carefully. For it is certain that lack of intelligent direction hinders many souls from following the divine attraction into the Holy Spirit's quieter modes of sanctification.

CHRIST IN THE CHURCH. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. $1.

In spite of the author's very modest preface in which he says he is making "an attempt to indicate in a few strokes, the wood as a whole, to those who cannot see it for the trees," Father Benson's latest work is unquestionably an important and original contribution to apologetics; and one particularly well fitted to serve as breakwater to the wave of so-called "New Thought" that is to-day sweeping so many off their feet. It would be impossible in the limited space of a magazine notice, to do anything like justice to Father Benson's noble vindication of Catholicism as devotion to a Person.

He takes up, one after another, the usual charges against the Church, and with the intensity of absolute conviction and with the force of a trained and brilliant intellect he meets every one, not with the recapitulation of argument but with a statement of the Catholic position as a whole. In answer to the two most ordinary charges against Catholicism, first, that there is no such thing as absolute truth, and, secondly, that it is false to the spirit of its Founder, having degenerated into a cult of mere system, Father Benson describes the life of the Church "with certain extraordinary phenomena and coincidences of that life" which of themselves create a presumption that these charges are untrue. In other words he points out that

the Catholic Church is productive of results so startling and so unique as to warrant her equally startling and unique claims; and, secondly, that so far from having misrepresented the intentions of her Founder, she has fulfilled and illustrated them to a degree in which no Protestant church even claims to have attempted their fulfillment.

Because of its clear, direct exposition (which after all is the best argument) *Christ in the Church* is a work of singular power.

Father Benson portrays the Church not only as a bride and representative of Christ, but as the "expression of God in terms of a corporate life." Treating of the Church as the Body of Christ, Father Benson uses a striking and original analogy. Taking up the objection that each life being a unit, it is distorting words beyond their proper meaning to say that the Life of Christ can be identical with that of a multitude of disciples, Father Benson shows that biological research has proved that, however profound the unity of an organic life, such life is on its physical side the result of innumerable cells, "each individuality merged is yet transcended by the unity of the body of which it is a part." Each body whether of man or beast, does, indeed, possess its individual life, but, "sheltered by, and contributing to, this very unity are the cells that compose the body, coming into being, dying and passing out of existence with the destruction of the tissues, but never interrupting or altering the continuous life of the body as a unit. At death, the unity of a life is gone and yet the individual life of the cell continues for a certain period."

The analogy emphasizes the vivid contrast between the Catholic Church and Protestantism. To the Protestant, Christianity means the union of the individual with a divine Person Who lived two thousand years ago, and at death returned whence He came; no priest, church, or sacrament is necessary for that union. To the Catholic, Jesus Christ "still lives upon earth, having a Body in which He lives, a voice with which He speaks. This Body consists of a unity of myriad cells, each a living soul complete in itself. This Body transcends the sum total of the individual cells, and yet expresses Itself through them." The Catholic is not merely an imitator, a lover from afar of Christ, but an actual cell in that very Body which is Christ's.

It is impossible to follow out in detail Father Benson's justification of this overwhelming claim of the Catholic Church. That it is, like her Founder, wholly unique, no one has ever attempted to deny. No philosopher, reformer, no founder of a sect has ever, like Christ, promised man to come to him and establish in him His dwelling.

Father Benson taking this as a central, fundamental truth, the Church as the Body of Christ in the world, proceeds to his exposition and to the details of his analogy. It is a valuable work and one that ought to lead many souls to the knowledge and acceptance of God's revealed truth.

THE JOB SECRETARY: AN IMPRESSION. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.

To the many who have watched eagerly for a new book from Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, because of the exceptionally high literary standard she has set, *The Job Secretary* may be something of a disappointment. Unlike her other works it comes freighted with no great spiritual purpose, but is a study of unusual though possible, conditions in modern social life. The story opens with the Norburys, one of the innumerable, nomad married couples of the day, at luncheon, with a guest. Mr. Norbury, a successful novelist had reached an *impasse* in his work, owing to the loss of his competent secretary. Mrs. Norbury, however, procures a substitute. The substitute, a Mrs. Carstairs is neither a young girl nor trained, but a woman of unmistakable position, and full of subtle fascinations.

Though Mrs. Carstairs' typing is wholly illegible; Mr. Norbury is too kind-hearted to dismiss her curtly, and allows her to read aloud the beginning of his novel.

She reads delightfully well. Later she ventures suggestions as to the interpretation of the heroine's character, until Mr. Norbury accepts her not as a stenographer but as a collaborator. The story is told with dainty fancy and sure and elegant touch but, frankly, we were not attracted by it. It borders too closely upon the inconsequent "popular" story of the day.

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By Frankfort Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

This Life of Goldsmith might be called a Brief for Gold-

smith against the malicious attacks of Boswell in his life of Johnson. Boswell would have us believe that Goldsmith was a fool, an ignoramus, and a braggart with hardly a redeeming trait. Our present author Frank Frankfort Moore would apply these very epithets to Boswell himself. No doubt Boswell was a thorough-going hero-worshiper. In adoring Johnson he was restrained by no moral code and Goldsmith's reputation suffered.

Another point well brought out by Moore is the marked difference in the English and the Irish traits. The Irish character is an enigma to all but those "to the manner born." It is hard for an Englishman, even a bright one like Dr. Johnson, to understand an Irishman; and harder still for a Scotchman of the Boswell kind who by his long sojourn in London had contracted the faults without any of the virtues of an Englishman. Boswell says that Johnson called Goldsmith a fool. No doubt he was a fool to play the part of a fool to a party of English who had no sense of humor. Most likely he chuckled in seeing evidences of their stupidity. Irish wit and humor came as naturally to Goldsmith as the habit of borrowing and lending. His weakness on the financial side was readily perceived by the thrifty English; his quick-witted play of fancy, however, was incomprehensible. A delightful illustration of this dullness is given by Moore in his novel *The Jessamy Bride.* Dr. Johnson and a party of English friends had gone to the theatre to witness a rehearsal of Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer.* "Nay, sir," cried Johnson when Goldsmith was leaving the party, "Nay, sir, you shall not desert us. You must stay by us to let us know when the jests are spoken—Why, Goldy, you would not leave us to our own resources?"

Outside of the defence of Goldsmith, the rest of the book has only an indirect bearing on the Life. Its chapters on "The Ireland of Oliver Goldsmith," and "An Interlude," are interesting, as is the author's explanation of the paradox that in Ireland the only chance one has of saving anything is by becoming thriftless.

At times he is too discursive and psychological, and falls to conjecturing what might have been, had not Goldsmith thrown away his life in handfuls, so to speak. One thing is certain, had Goldsmith not been a philosophical vagabond, English literature would have been the poorer.

THE PROCESS OF ABSTRACTION: AN EXPERIMENTAL STUDY. By Rev. Thomas Verner Moore, C.S.P. Berkeley, Cal.: The University Press. $1.00

Every person who has acquired even a tincture of philosophy is aware of the central position which the question of abstract ideas holds, since the days of Aristotle, in all metaphysical speculations on the nature of the human mind and the validity of human knowledge. It is somewhat of a surprise therefore to learn from the careful historical sketch which opens this brochure, that experimental work on the process of abstraction dates only from 1878, when Galton described his experiments in composite photography. An analogy was drawn between these photographs and our general ideas, and his word was taken as confirming the view that abstract ideas are nothing but sense impressions variously compounded. The same theory is held by many of the psychologists who have been making experiments in the matter; but, as time has gone on, facts have been adduced which have put more and more of a strain on their theory. Father Moore took up the question while a student under Wundt at Leipzig. His experiments were conducted, first in Wundt's laboratory there, and afterwards at the University of California.

For use in his experiments Father Moore drew about three hundred differently shaped figures. These were placed on a revolving disk and flashed five at a time before the eyes of the subject at intervals of a quarter of a second, the same amount of time being allowed for the inspection. One figure was common to each row of five used in an experiment. The subject was told to pull a switch when certain of the existence of a common element. To the uninitiated this may seem like a child's game, but to the trained psychologist it presents a basis for analyzing the mental processes of the subject during the operation. The results thus obtained are very interesting. We shall deal only with the most important.

The most pregnant fact brought to light in the investigation is that the mental image of the object is not the sole, nor even the most important element in the process of perception. It need not be present at all. The adult mind uses its acquired generalizations or concepts or, in Father Moore's terminology, "categories," in order to perceive the object presented to it:

> The subject, [he says] does not pass from the individual to the general, from the concrete to the abstract, but just the reverse. What is offered to the vision is individual and concrete enough. But what one first sees and holds on to is something that can fit into some kind of a mental category that the figure suggests. What one sees and does not hold on to, but at once forgets, takes no further part in the process of development. The mental category may be as wide as that conveyed by our idea of "something." Or again, it may pick out some special characteristic of the figure. . . . Once a subject said she knew the figure was made of curved lines. She had not the slightest image of any curved lines nor any idea of how they were arranged. She attempted to draw some curved lines but failed utterly to reproduce the figure or any part thereof. Had there been a mental image of any part of the figure, that part could have been drawn. But there was no image. On perceiving the figure, it called up by association the idea of curved lines. That the figure belonged to the class of curved-line figures was apprehended clearly and remembered. The image of the curved lines was not remembered.

These facts have an important bearing on philosophy. The current systems of psychology which reduce all our cognitive states to imagery and feelings are met on ground most favorable to their contention, and are found wanting. Father Moore has shown that even in sight perception the imageless concept is most important. He shows also that these concepts or categories cannot be classified as feelings, in any warranted use of that term.

His business was to discover and state the facts. The conclusions that can be inferred from them he merely sketches. The most obvious of these is that the theory of composite impressions which has led to such baneful results in philosophical thought, is based on a defective analysis of the facts of perception. It remains to be discussed whether the existence of these "categories" points in a Kantian or in an Aristotelean direction. The word itself has a Kantian flavor. The fact that incoming impressions are interpreted by pre-existing categories seems at first sight to be in favor of Kantian doctrine. But in a tentative analysis of the way in which the original categories are probably formed in the mind of the child, Father Moore takes a thoroughly Aristotelean position.

Most people will deem it an odd thing if one should wax enthusiastic over a dry, technical study which seems to them much ado about nothing. An event like David's cutting off Goliath's head with his own sword appeals to the imagination and stirs the emotions. Father Moore has really achieved a greater feat, for he has used no sling in his operations. And he has not merely overthrown a giant; he has destroyed the Philistines. Not that there are any of the sounds of combat in the book. We see only the patient, eager searcher after truth, using the best means offered by human ingenuity to get at it in its entirety and exactness. All the more potent are the facts he finds and the conclusions he indicates. The issues involved are bigger than most people can realize. Father Moore, in his quiet, impersonal way, has struck straight at the heart of a philosophical system which has done more than anything else to lower man's estimate of his own dignity and of his power to acquire a knowledge of God.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company. $1.10.

This novel presents a study in psychology. The problem of telepathic communication and of transferred personality is worked out between two clergymen of the English Church, a rector and a curate of a fashionable church in London. The rector, a strong intellectual man dominates the will of his curate, a man of but ordinary powers. The strong man, who in college days devoted himself to psychical research, prevails on his weaker companion to hold with him a repeated number of "sittings." The result is a transference of will power, the stronger growing weaker and the weaker growing stronger at each sitting, until each sees in the other his former self. The characters are developed with Mr. Hichens' usual force, but the theme of the book is an unpleasant one.

THE WORKER AND THE STATE. A study of Education for Industrial Workers. By Arthur D. Dean, S.B. New York: The Century Co. $1.20

Mr. Dean is the man who was in charge of the work undertaken by the New York State Education Department four years ago when it amended the elementary school system by providing a new kind of course, composed of six years of

general instruction, and two years of preparation for mechanical and agricultural industries. In the present volume he surveys the facts which have induced this departure from the earlier method, and shows conclusively enough what every discerning mind will allow—that there has been hitherto too little relation between school instruction and economic vocation. The writer is perfectly conversant with his material and presents it in a way that gives the reader a sufficient grasp on the numerous elements involved in the movement for an adequate system of industrial education. The book contains a good bibliography, including considerably over a hundred entries.

JACQUETTO. By Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenney. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

Within the short compass of some two hundred pages "Jacquetto," is accompanied through a surprising number of thrilling adventures. Such characters as chance to be enemies to the happiness of the heroine are done away with in rather a summary fashion and Jacquetto, who has not come out of the last adventure—an automobile accident—unscathed, "limps fetchingly" away upon the arm of a devoted lover to live happily ever afterwards.

THE FATE OF HENRY OF NAVARRE. By Bloundelle-Burton. New York: John Lane Company. $4.

A really great service has recently been rendered to the cause of history and the cause of Catholicism by Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton, who is the author of a great many works of historical romance. In his latest interesting achievement this writer shatters, once and for all time, the cruel and long-enduring calumny that the Church was in some way implicated in the assassination of King Henry IV. of France, three hundred years ago. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new book is titled *The Fate of Henry of Navarre.*

As a result of the most exhaustive and complete research, he renders futile the old legend that François Ravaillac, or any other, had been aided or abetted by the Established Church in any plot to get rid of the King. Henry's various tergiversations in religious matters were scandalous enough, we all know, but in these pages it is over and over again confirmed

that the Church bore him no ill-will and would have heartily deprecated any scandalous intrigue to remove him.

Mr. Burton is not a Catholic writer, and, that being the case, he is to be complimented on his fair-mindedness and general desire to get at the real facts of the tragedy of May 14, 1610. Henry was in his fifty-eighth year at the time of the tragic occurrence, but he had not ceased to be loose-lived, and he was at that very time engaged in an attempt to divorce Marie de Médici in favor of Madamoiselle de Montmorency, for whom he had conceived a violent passion. Our author claims that the Pope would have excused much in Henry, for the reason that he cherished the hope of the kingly intention to annex the Kingdom of Naples to the Papal dominions. From His Holiness, then, "no opposition of any kind would be likely to come." And the King of France had no fewer than *thirteen* armies ready to take the field, at the head of them the great Sully. But *l'homme propose.*

Henri Quatre, "Henry of Navarre"—sire of Louis XIII. and grandsire of Louis XIV.—was, with all his shortcomings, unquestionably the most popular monarch that ever ruled the fair land of France. The death of Queen Elizabeth of England in 1603 left him the most powerful and absolute monarch in the length and breadth of Europe, and it is clearly set forth that there were at least a score of plots against him. Not one of these, however, is shown to have been fostered or connived at in any way—as the Huguenots so fiercely and persistently sought to prove—by the Established Church, or the Jesuits, or any branch thereof. The actual assassin of the French monarch was a poor weakly religious fanatic and visionary, and the most terrible tortures failed to make him change his story that he had no accomplices. That there was, at the very moment of the assassination, another murder plot about to be put into execution is clearly proven; but its bias was political and not religious, and it was engineered by Henry's bitter foe, the Duc d'Epernon, who was able to save his neck because Ravaillac's unassisted crime saved the "hired bravoes" of the Duc the trouble of acting.

> The Church [asserts Mr. Bloundelle-Burton], the old Established Church, which was the bitter enemy of Henry, had no hand in Ravaillac's terrible resolution. When he wished to become an active member of it—a priest—they refused to

admit him, and drove him forth with contumely, as unsuited to be one of its ministers. It may be, indeed, that they doubted if the half-crazed suppliant, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and did not fail to announce that he did so, was fitted to become a member of a community in which silence, self-control, and caution are set forth as three of its most important requirements, or if, when all the land was in a turmoil between their own faith and the growing strength of the Protestants headed by the King, he would not be more of a curse to them than a blessing. But, whether this was so or not, the Church refused to accept him, and when his shocking deed was perpetrated, *it was also free of any participation in it.* Alone, friendless, starving, and roofless, Ravaillac did that which he believed the Almighty had sent him on this earth to do; alone he did it without patron or associate, and alone he expiated his crime without any single person in all France who could be charged with him.

This definite pronouncement is of all the greater importance because the author is certainly not imbued with any strong predilections in favor of Catholicism—on the contrary. It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that Henry's death by the hand of an assassin had been long and frequently foretold.

The author while taking a Protestant view of Henry and his times, is, as a rule, just without being generous. He writes of the Huguenots:

> The Catholics principally hated Henry because they had no belief in the sincerity of his conversion, since once before, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he had embraced the Catholic Faith to save his life and had then renounced it after returning to Navarre. The nobles who were members of the League hated him because he had broken its power, and, indeed, it is possible, there were even Huguenots who hated him for having deserted his original faith.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTHOOD: THE CATHOLIC IDEAL. By Rev. T. J. Gerrard. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $1.

Father Gerrard's presentation of the Catholic ideal of home life in all of its details is admirably thought out, and should have its influence upon every Catholic who reads it. His statements are clear, distinct, and reasonable as to the duties of parenthood, so frequently misunderstood or neglected. The

tendency of much modern teaching is in favor of the usurpation of these sacred functions by the school and the classroom, especially on the lines of which Father Gerrard treats. This makes the appearance of this work all the more timely and desirable. The author's whole object is to urge the loyal fulfillment of the law of God and of the Church in the home. It is an attractive and capable volume and will no doubt meet the cordial appreciation it deserves.

THE EDUCATION OF A MUSIC LOVER. By Edward Dickenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The author tells us that this work is the result of years of experience in his professorial capacity, and it is evident that he had first and foremost in view the training of such young persons who set themselves out to acquire something more than a smattering knowledge of music. There are, however, also in it many pages which will prove useful to those who claim to have a love for the art, though no particular knowledge of its intricacies. On the whole the author treats his subject impartially, and shows that he has made a wide acquaintance with musical literature. The essay that struck us as being the best in the series is that on the "Art of Song: Music and Poetry." In it he has some excellent passages, and as he takes a broad view of the subject one feels some sense of conviction by what he writes.

Although we say this, we have to add that we do not agree with him in all that he states. In one instance where he speaks of the rambling of Gregorian Chant (p. 91) we disagree with him totally, and feel that he has missed proving his assertion. And in another place (p. 16) when he says: "The history of musical patronage, so often clogging the wheels of achievement is a painful one when it is observed how many of the noblest spirits in the realm of art have suffered and even perished because of public dulness or intolerance," he states a half-truth. This is not the entire and true history of patronage; such a thing may be asserted of that history only within a very limited and recent period; of that period since patronage has passed from learned and cultured persons to the ignorant multitude. What about the history of patronage under the Popes? We think that it would have been worth the author's while to have made some reference to the great things done by

them for music and musicians, before the loss of the Temporal Power.

It is also necessary not to let pass unnoticed the use made by the author of passages by writers in general literature. To make apt quotations is always acceptable, but at the same time there always rests the great responsibility on the person quoting that young persons will not be thus introduced to writers unfit to be read. Our author has not given as careful attention to this matter as one should desire, and hence while we are able to commend his book for its usefulness to students and lovers of music, our commendation brings in its train a warning that the writers quoted are not always those whom it will be wise to know any further.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PENTATEUCH. By Harold M. Wiener. London: Elliot Stock. $1.

Every reader of this book will be attracted by the simplicity and clearness with which the author sets down his arguments. No special effort is required to follow him through the maze of theories and his refutation of them, which necessarily entails a large number of quotations from the Bible. It is quite evident that Mr. Wiener is perfectly at home with his subject, and he shows everywhere that he has a firm grasp of the many difficulties that surround the first five books of Sacred Scripture. Thoughtful readers will, indeed, experience a feeling of consolation on seeing this non-Catholic layman tackling the higher critics and showing up their weaknesses, fallacies, and inaccuracies, which latter are not always unconsciously committed. As, for instance, their method of propping up their assertions. "A passage will be assigned to a particular document on the ground that it contains a given phrase, and then this phrase will be cited as characteristic of the document" (p. 84).

The author, with legal acumen, states first the teaching of the higher critics, and then proceeds to tear it to pieces in a most thorough-going manner. He uses arguments from law, history, and literature, brief but sufficiently full to convince the impartial reader that the author is on the right side of the controversy. His conclusion is: "the unanimous testimony of Jewish, Samaritan, and Christian tradition assigns to Moses the authorship of the Pentateuch. This tradition is embodied

in numerous passages of the Old Testament itself." And in closing his book he pens a few remarkable sentences which we cannot pass over. "In the view of the whole critical school the Pentateuch is at best an ordinary book, at worst a field for practising their quaint mathematical exercises. In my view it is not primarily a piece of literature at all; it is a piece of statesmanship and must be judged as such." And the very last paragraph of the book is worthy of any Christian scholar. We hope that some day the author will be able to apply his words "The truth for which one has fought and won is not likely to be less dear or less strongly held than that which was gained without difficulty or sacrifice" in an entirely different way; to a theological rather than a Biblical conclusion. He is to be congratulated on his work, and for the delicate yet fearless manner in which he rehabilitates the old and sensible teaching so persistently maintained by the Catholic Church on the authorship of the Pentateuch. Whilst the higher critics are quarreling among themselves over their theories the Church, with calm assurance, is insisting on what tradition has handed down, and what a sane reading of the text exhibits.

THE PURPLE EAST. By J. J. Malone, P.P. Melbourne: W. P. Linehan. $1.

A truly pleasurable, conversational account of a spring tour, made by the author and his friends among the delights of Egypt and Palestine. The descriptions short, graphic, and to the point, are enlivened by the witty remarks of the author, whose keen sense of humor precludes any tendency to tediousness. Enthusiasm, tolerance, and good sense are present at every stage of the narrative.

THE JUKES: A STUDY IN CRIME, PAUPERISM, DISEASE, AND HEREDITY. By Robert L. Dugdale. Fourth Edition. With a Foreword by Elisha Harris, M.D., and an Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Professor Giddings quite truly remarks in his *Introduction* to the present volume:

> It is doubtful if any concrete study of moral forces is more widely known, or has provoked more discussion, or has in-

cited a larger number of students to examine for themselves the immensely difficult problems presented by the interaction of "heredity" with "environment."

Published first in 1877, *The Jukes* has been out of print for a number of years, and its new appearance will be welcomed by all students of social science; for although in the last twenty years a decided change has come over the scientific spirit with regard to the significance of heredity, this monograph still remains a valuable collection of data on a subject of permanent importance.

THE SOLUTION OF THE CHILD LABOR PROBLEM. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 75 cents.

Popular and light in character, Dr. Nearing's little volume has yet a general significance as being the work of a former Secretary of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Committee, and a peculiar interest attaches to his confession of a material change in attitude with regard to prohibitory legislation. He regards the barring of children from the factories as of no real value because the laws make no provision for the resultant family needs or juvenile idleness. As an easily read, general review of the situation and as a pointed indictment of the scandalous inadequacy of ordinary school training, the book deserves to be well circulated.

TWENTY YEARS AT HULL-HOUSE: WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

In a book which is partly an autobiography and partly a chapter in the history of American Settlements, Miss Jane Addams gathers together the reminiscences of a twenty-years residence at Hull House. Bound together inseparably as the institution and its founder have been, each detail recorded about the one serves as an interpretation of the other. Readers cannot resent the presentation of small personal details when these are shot through with the glow of an enthusiasm as sincere as that illuminating Miss Addams' pages.

Hull House—and indeed Jane Addams as well—may claim to be regarded as a sort of national institution. Even critics must admit that the movement of which this volume speaks has excited much attention and exercised a telling influence.

Hence to the book before us cannot be denied a place of importance in our library of social literature. It is not written as a thesis; it is the frankly told story of twenty heroic years.

THE APOLOGIES OF JUSTIN MARTYR. By A. W. F. Blunt M.A. Cambridge, University Press

The Patristic age has at last come into its own. Thanks to the progress made in the history of Dogma, the Greek and Latin Fathers are being edited by scholars in different countries. And so the student of historical theology is having opened for him a mine of knowledge that will enable him to carry on more successfully his studies in his favorite branch. And the lover of literature—the one who has studied the development of language—will find that the Fathers are the legal and just heirs of the old classics.

The present volume is the latest one of the series now being issued by the Cambridge University Press. The editor, Dr. Blunt, has produced an excellent work, one in keeping with those already published. The text followed is mainly that of Krüger (1904). The Introduction shows a very thorough and painstaking treatment of the topics under discussion; and best of all, Dr. Blunt seems to have no pet theory of his own to present to the reader. This volume, we are told, is primarily intended for theological students. But it would also serve admirably as a text-book in colleges and universities where Patristic Greek forms part of the curriculum.

GETTYSBURG, THE PIVOTAL BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR. By R. K. Beecham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

An old veteran revisits the scene of his experiences as a common soldier in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, and in this book fairly fascinates us with his memories, while wearying us a little bit with his military criticisms. There are many fine, full-page pictures of the principal Union and Confederate heroes of the great conflict, and we are especially thankful for the map which is a reproduction of a profile typographical engraving. We are pleased that this writer calls attention to the Gettysburg field as our most interesting national park, consecrated nigh half a century ago by the shedding of heroic blood, enshrined in immortal oratory by Lincoln's Address,

and now brightly shining with countless monuments, none funereal or regretful, unexpectedly few inartistic. Add that the townspeople have from the first disdained to fleece the visiting public, and that their hotel and conveyance rates are quite inexpensive. The book is beautifully printed and solidly bound.

HOMESTEAD: THE HOUSEHOLDS OF A MILL-TOWN. By Margaret F. Byington. $1.50.

THE STEEL WORKERS. By John A. Fitch. $1.50. New York: The Pittsburg Survey Charities Publication Committee.

Since our latest comment upon that valuable and fascinating series of reports which is known as *The Pittsburg Survey*, two other volumes have appeared, one of them dealing with the industrial conditions and the other with the home life of the steel workers. They thus constitute a pair of complementary investigations.

The most significant fact brought out by Mr. Fitch's study is the employer's undivided responsibility for the conditions obtaining among the Pittsburg steel-workers since unionism was ruthlessly eliminated.

Free libraries, profit-sharing, relief-plans, and pension funds will, in truth, never compensate the community or the individual for the harm done by twelve hours work for seven days a week at insufficient wages.

Mr. Fitch's difficult task has been done carefully, and his book is to be prized. The true significance—or insignificance—of his data will be sometimes missed, however, for the want of a summary that might easily have been made; chapters xii. and xiii., for instance, contain many widely separated statements and statistics which affect and interpret one another. We regret that they have not been compared in that illuminating way which would have been feasible for Mr. Fitch, but will not even be attempted by the average reader.

In Miss Byington's discussion of the town which has grown up around the Carnegie mills at Homestead, we have a precise and fairly thorough study. The development of the town, its complicated and unhappy political constitution, its economic dependence on absentee property owners, its unchecked blunders and incurable weaknesses—these are set out

in a graphic, yet not sensational way. We would refer the reader to the author's account of the tax situation in *Homestead.* It shows clearly how the laborers living at the doors of the huge mills in 1910, carried either as house-owners or as rent-payers, taxes which were seven times as heavy as those laid on most of the property of the Steel Company whose authorized capital stock is over a billion dollars. In 1910 the borough of Homestead was $621,776.03 in debt *and was arranging to borrow more.*

The main portion of the book is divided into two parts, one devoted to the English-speaking, and one to the Slav households. Almost every page contains matter that tempts one to quote, but we refer our readers to the volume itself for the detailed descriptions which are the fruit of Miss Byington's laborious and scientific methods of study. The religious conditions among the Slavs are described briefly, but almost nothing is said about the English speaking parishes. One significant item, twice noted, is the presence of more than fifty saloons in this community of 25,000.

JOHN MURRAY'S LANDFALL. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

This curious verse romance is a feeling record—one may even say, an apotheosis—of one John Murray, a wandering preacher who traversed the American Colonies just before and during the Revolution. Led on by his two dream-angels, the *Fatherhood of God* and the *Brotherhood of Man,* this quondam Wesleyite went about preaching an evangel of love as opposed to the contentious and rigid "elections" of the various sects. He does not seem to have been a very epoch-making apostle, but upon his story Dr. Dodge has lavished much enthusiasm and almost every variety of verse, from simple narrative to epic, lyric and apocalyptic ventures.

LES SOEURS BRONTË. Par E. Dimnet. Paris: Bloud et Cie. *2 fr.*

One cannot open this book without experiencing in some degree a feeling of curiosity concerning the way the author will deal with his subject. A French priest writing the biography of Protestant female writers is not a daily occurrence in literary history. Father Dimnet comes through the ordeal

well, by producing a most interesting and well-balanced piece of work, written with attention to style, and with a just appreciation of the writings of the Brontës. Although he writes with an evidently keen admiration for their literary output, he is perhaps somewhat too insistent on their failings of character, particularly their narrow and militant Protestantism. He should by this time, and we think that he does, know how difficult it is to find in the English-speaking world more insularity, bigotry, and what has every appearance of hate, than in provincial England whenever there arises a question about Catholics or Catholicity. We get a glimpse of the Brontë household in the days when Catholic Emancipation was under discussion in the House of Commons; the father tearing open excitedly the newspaper containing the latest news, and the children crowding around him to hear it. The only value this, and kindred information has for us of the present day is, that it teaches us that education and mental ability are not always means of shedding light where the darkness of centuries has accumulated.

In Chapter XIV. Father Dimnet takes for granted that Emily Brontë was the author of *Wuthering Heights*, and he does not give any space to a discussion of the theory of Dobell, advanced in the *Palladium* of September, 1850, that Charlotte was the author. We can easily understand that Father Dimnet did not feel himself bound to fall into one of those faults of English biographers, whom he so soundly rates in his Introduction, by stating a theory that he believed to have been silenced forever by Charlotte's denial of the authorship. It will mean more rewriting for our author, however, if Mr. Malham-Dembleby's recent book, *The Key to the Brontë Works* will come to be accepted by experts as proving that Charlotte had, indeed, written that book.

LES EVANGILES SYNOPTIQUES. Par Eng. Mangenot. Paris: Létouzey et Ané. 3 *fr.* 50.

In this series of lectures we have a scholarly discussion from a Catholic standpoint of the errors of M. Loisy in his recent work on the Synoptic Gospels. The author's plan is good. First of all he states in a terse way the objections of the rationalists, and then proceeds to their solution. Much disputed territory is covered. He deals with such knotty

problems as the silence of those ancient documents regarding the virgin birth of our Savior; the historical value of the accounts of St. Matthew and St. Luke regarding the same event; the miracles of Jesus with all their difficulties; the testimony of Christ regarding His own mission and Person; the Resurrection.

The book must be commended for its sanity. While the author argues against Loisy and the rationalistic school, he does so, not from a spirit of fanaticism, because their opinions are advanced, but because they do violence to that faith which has been handed down from the Apostles.

THE preparation and publication of catalogues of books by Catholic authors in our public libraries will do much, we trust, to stimulate interest in Catholic reading and make known our Catholic writers to our own Catholic people. The latest addition to such catalogues is that of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg. The present catalogue is one of the most comprehensive and one of the best arranged that we have ever seen. It has a classified list of subject and author. Books in Latin are included. The catalogue is published by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg and in the work the Library has had the hearty co-operation of the Bishop of Pittsburg. The price is 35 cents. The list includes over 700 authors. Of course there are names and books omitted that the Catholics of Pittsburg should place in their Public Library; and we have noticed at least one publication unworthy of a place in any catalogue. We have also noted the names of some who are not Catholics; in this respect greater care might have been shown.

SOME time ago we announced the proposed publication by Longmans, Green & Co., of a series entitled the *Friar Saints*. We heartily welcome the first two volumes that have just appeared: St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure. The English Franciscan Provincial, Father Osmund. will edit the "Lives" of the Saints of his order and Father Bede Garrett those of the order of St. Dominic. *The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas* is written by Father Placid Conway, O.P. He relates the life in a short popular form, for the volume is small and handy in size and gives at the end a useful bibliography.

Father Lawrence Costelloe, O.F.M., writes attractively of St. Bonaventure. Four more "Lives" will follow shortly. St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Pius V., St. Antony of Padua and St. John Capistran. If they are successful they will be followed by the "Lives" of St. Antoninus of Florence, St. Raymond of Pennafort, St. Louis Bertrand, St. Bernadine of Siena, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and St. Peter of Alcantara.

We sincerely hope that the reception accorded these first volumes by our Catholic people will enable the editors to publish the entire series. In form and general presentation the volumes recommend themselves highly; they are attractively bound in cloth, well printed, low in price (50 cents apiece), and ought to be warmly welcomed and widely read.

THE Ave Maria Press of Notre Dame, Indiana, which has long merited the gratitude of the Catholic public for its excellent work for Catholic literature, has placed all of us still further in its debt by the publication in enduring form of *Father Damien*, the famous letter which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to the infamous Dr. Hyde. The value of this present publication is increased by the publication of a statement from Mrs. Stevenson that her husband's admiration of that "'saint, that martyr,' as he invariably called Father Damien" never changed. That statement answers for all time the gratutous charge made that Stevenson "did not really believe what he wrote neither did he intend to write what he did." The book is most tastefully presented and sells at 30 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S CHARTER. By Mother Mary Loyola. (New York: Benziger Bros. 65 cents). This little book from the gifted pen of Mother Loyola is a timely and a blessed one. Its contents are best explained by its sub-title: "Talks with Parents and Teachers on the Preparation of the Young for Holy Communion." Those who have the responsibility and the privilege of preparing the little ones of Christ's flock for the reception of the Sacraments will find much help in Mother Loyola's valuable suggestions and counsels. They represent the fruit of her long experience in instructing children—an experience supplemented by understanding, sympathy and love. There is no doubt but that this little book will be welcomed by mothers and children everywhere.

WE cordially welcome the two new volumes by the well known writer, Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. The first, *Spiritual Instruction on Religious Life.* (New York: Benziger Bros. $1.15). includes a number of papers particularly suited for the information and guidance of priests and religious. It is admirably well fitted also for those of the laity who look seriously for religious perfection.

Spiritual Considerations (New York: Benziger Bros. $1.15) is a collection of short, thoughtful and attractive papers on subjects suited to every Christian. Father Buckler writes with a sense of the "time spirit." He outlines the great principles; he brings them home to the man of to-day, religious or lay, and hence his books are of special and timely value.

A NEW edition of *The Raccolta,* the collection of indul genced prayers and good works, has been published by Benziger Brothers, New York ($1).

THE following are some late booklets published by Bloud et Cie, Paris, France:

L'Apologétique par Mgr. Douais (*o fr.* 60), gives an able exposition of the meaning of apologetics. *Thomassin (1616–1695)* par l'Abbé Jules Martin (1 *fr.* 50) gives a summary of the writings and doctrine of the great theologian. *La Psychologie Dramatique du Mystére de la Passion à Oberammergau* par Maurice Blondel (*o fr.* 50) is a study of the psychology of the mystery of the Passion.—*Saint Pie V.* par Paul Deslanares (*o fr.* 60)—*Léonard de Vinci,* par Baron Carra de Vaux (*o fr,* 50) is a study of the subject as painter, mechanician, anatomist. botanist, and thinker. *La Philosophie Minerale,* par Albert de Lapparent (*o fr.* 50) invites us to study the mineral world where the eminent savant finds material for deep reflection.

LE MYSTÉRE DE LA REDEMPTION, par Edward Hugon, O.P. (P. Tequi, Paris 2 *frs.*) is addressed both to the clergy and the laity, and is a capable study of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. *La Vénérable Marie de l'Incarnation, Ursuline, Fondatrice du Monastere de Québec* gives the life story of Mme. Martin (P. Tequi, Paris 1 *fr.*).

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (20 May): "The Break-down of the Ferrer Legend," by Hilaire Belloc. The writer subjects the whole Ferrer legend to a close and critical examination. The leader of the anti-Catholic forces in Barcelona struck at the Church under the guise of a political reformer. He was arrested and the concerted efforts of an international organization failed to save him or to persuade the world of his innocence. "The exposure of the fraud is the first fruit of the somewhat tardy resistance which the Catholics of the Continent have undertaken, and our unexpected success in the matter is of happy augury for the future."

(27 May): The Imperial Conference representing the four Dominions and Newfoundland and the Mother Country assembled for its first business on May 22. ——The address of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore before the Peace Conference held in that city on May 4.——The Apostolic Process of the Beatification of Father Dominic, the Italian Passionist who received John Henry Newman into the Catholic Church, has been begun at Rome.

(3 June): The Holy Father has issued a Rescript, granting a general dispensation throughout the British Empire from the law of abstinence on the Friday following the Coronation.——The population of Ireland has decreased since 1801 by 76,824 persons. Of the total population over 73 per cent. are Catholics.——The Bishops of Spain have addressed a forceful letter to the Spanish Prime Minister protesting against his new "Associations Bill."

Expository Times (May): The venerable Willoughby C. Allen, in "Harnack and Moffatt on the Date of the First Gospel," while dissenting from Harnack's date for the First Gospel, 70 A.D., and Moffat's 70–110 A.D., says that the Fall of Jerusalem does not determine the date of this Gospel, and that it should be placed rather between 50 and 70 A.D.——"Identification of an unnamed Old Testamant King" by P. S. P. Hancock, B.A.

(June): The Rev. A. R. S. Kennedy, D.D., publishes for the first time the "Codex Edinburgensis," which is an Old Testament manuscript of not later than the fifteenth century of the Christian era.——In "The Living Christ" and the "Historical Jesus," the Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A., insists that the "Christ of faith" and the "Jesus of history" are identical.

The National Review (June): "Episodes of the Month" raises a cry of alarm over the possible loss of Canada to the United Kingdom, because of Mr. Taft's "audacious bid" in the way of reciprocity. Ambassador Bryce is in this matter "bootblack-in-chief to the United States." This is followed by an article: "Will Canada Be Lost," by Albert R. Carman. He believes that greater things are at stake for the United Kingdom, because of Canada's possible action, than were at stake at Waterloo.—— "Women Who Want the Vote," by Maud Selborne, explains what class of women want it and why.—— "Pope in Worsted Stockings," by H. C. Biron, is a sympathetic appreciation of the poet, Crabbe.——Violet Cecil makes a plea for the welfare of factory workers in "Some Scottish Homes."——"On Titania and Company," by C. E. Lawrence, defends the value and importance of the fairy tale.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (May): "The Scapular Tradition and its Defenders," by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Father Thurston defends the intellectual honesty and scientific scholarship of Father Benedict Zimmerman against the attack of Father Rushe, a brother Carmelite. Father Zimmerman writing in the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique* and elsewhere breaks with the Elias and scapular traditions of his order. It is for this that his confrère takes him to task. Father Thurston answers that the attitude of Father Zimmerman is in line with opinions of the best historical scholars, past and present.——"Some Celtic Missionary Saints," by Rev. W. H. Kirwan. This is an introductory study of the labors and influence of the early missionary saints, in general. Detailed papers on the work of St. Columba, St. Fursey, and St. Cataldus are to follow.——"The Pragmatic Value of Theism," by Rev. Leslie J. Walker,

S.J.——"Biblical Memories in Palestine: Old Testament," by Rev. James P. Conry. In this essay is shown the unchanging faithfulness of present day Palestine to the Old Testament accoun tsof itsancient civilization.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): "The Government of England," by A. Lawrence Lowell. The book is, of course, an account of the Government of England as a working machine. The component parts of the machine are examined and described in isolation and in relation to other parts. Its method is mainly analytical and not historical.——Speaking of "The New Life of Cardinal Pole," by Haile, A. E. Burns remarks that the chief criticism of the new book is in the matter of Bibliography. Writing on such a scale, the author ought, according to Mr. Burns' opinion, to have taken pains to give a complete list of Pole's works. Nevertheless, such a life even if unduly laudatory, will do much to win for Pole the regard which he deserves in the esteem of his countrymen.——"Community Life in the Church of England." A quasi-historical survey of the development of the community life within the Church of England during the last sixty years. The movement obviously stands for a renewal of the sense of vocation, of avocation to a particular life, and of vocation in any life. Life under religious rule and vow is in itself a particular vocation, but it also stands for vocation in any profession whatsoever.

The Month (June): The Rev. J. H. Pollen in an article entitled: "The New Encyclopedia Britannica on the Jesuits," scores the article on the Jesuits published in the "Britannica," and pleads for a fairer treatment of Catholic subjects in future.——"Fairy-Tales of Natural History" by the editor presents facts of Natural History which bring into question the theory of evolution. "The Amazaving Emperor," by W. Blake Jennings, is a review of a book of the same title by J. Stuart Hoy. This article is a general refutation of the book which claims that many Christian practises come directly from the religion of Baal.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): J. Paquier writes of "The

Religious State and Marriage According to Luther." Luther's doctrines on these subjects were the logical sequence of his more fundamental doctrines on the relation between God and man after the fall.——P. Godet gives a brief "History of Piety towards Mary."——J. Riviére reviews a work of A. Palmieri, O.S.A. entitled *Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa*, a very learned work in which the author sets out to explore all the domains of the Orthodox theology, on the points in which it diverges from the Catholic theology.

Le Correspondant (10 May): "French Colonization in Tunis," is the second article on this subject by Louis Arnold. The present article treats of the difficulties to be encountered in such a scheme.——"Souvenirs of the Pontifical Zouaves" by O. De Traissau gives an account of the troublesome days of 1860.——"A Norwegian Novelist," by Jacques de Coussange, treats of the life and works with extracts from the latter, of the young Norwegian novelist —Johan Bojet.

(25 May): "The Personal Letters of Pére Lacordaire to Count De Falloux" appear under the title "Letters to the Count De Falloux."——"Across Bolivia" is a description of a journey through this South American Republic by Prince Louis D'Orleans.——"The Thousandth Anniversary of Normandy," by R. De Srantmesnil is a description of the exercises to be held commemorating the event.——"The Young Turks and the Nationalities of Turkish Europe" by André Chéradame is a description of the troubles taking place between the present Turkish Government and the Christians of Macedonia and Albania.——"Colonel Henry Moll," by Count D'Eschevannes is an account of the life and experiences of this French-African Explorer, together with the publication for the first time of his private letters. "The Memoirs of Richard Wagner," by M. André is a description of the life of Wagner since his *début* as a composer.——"The Salons of 1911," byAndré Pératé describes the works of artists and sculptors which have been exhibited in the Art Salons of Paris during the past year.

Revue Pratique D'Apologétique (1 May): M. A. Valentin, by

a comparative study of the respective sources of Christianity and other religions, brings out the idea of "'Mythic Christs' and the Christ of History."——"Non-Catholic Denominations in England" by J. D. Folghera, O.P. The author reviews, or rather synopsizes the fourteenth chapter of Father Benson's book on "Non-Catholic Denominations." High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, etc., all receive a word.——"The Preacher," by H. Lestre. The preacher ought to be a man of conviction and a man of humility.

(15 May): An author signing himself XXX, comments on Charles Dunan's book, *The Two Idealisms.* The present article is entitled "A Return to Aristotle" which is a summary of Mr. Dunan's book. There are two philosophies: that of Decartes and that of Aristotle. One excludes the other. Mr. Dunan accepts the latter.

Études (5 May): Joseph Brucker praises Beissel's "History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin."——In November 1910 the third centenary of Ion Arason, last Catholic bishop of Iceland, and martyr for the faith, was celebrated. Jon Svensson quotes tributes from Lutheran orators to this national hero, poet, and defender of the ancient church.

(20 May): Albert Valensin asks whether the figure of Christ in the second and third centuries had been retouched by Greco-Roman syncretism, especially by the worship of Mithra, and whether without Christ this syncretism could have done the work of Christianity. He answers both questions in the negative.——"Scholastic Reforms in China," according to Alexander Brou, while theoretically excellent, have been introduced too suddenly. Subjects and methods are new; teachers and directors incapable; parents, suspicious; the learned of the old school, hostile. As a result there is confusion. ——Lucien Roure reviews "Modern Masters," studies by Victor Giraud of Loti, Brunetière, Faguet, de Vogüé and Bourget.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach: "The Moral Theology of the Jesuits as a Liberalist Sees It," by G. M. Reichmann, S.J., discusses Dr. Ohr's latest repetition of the old charges. The author hints that Dr. Ohr has written without

really having read Jesuit theologians.——J. B. Umberg, S.J., writes on "The Modern Catholic and the Grace of Confirmation." His thesis is that it is still very hard to profess Catholicism in the face of the world, and supernatural help from Confirmation is necessary.

La Civiltà Cattolica—(6 May): "The Theory of Hugo De Vriés on the Origin of Species," receives sympathetic treatment at the hands of the reviewer who takes occasion, however, to point out that the famous Dutch botanist's theory is in advance of his facts.——The series on "Masonry" is continued, the writer bringing out much evidence to show the positive anti-religious trend of the order.——P. Pierling, S.J., contributes an interesting study of the abortive negotiations between Pius VII. and the Russian Emperor, Paul I., for a union of the Russian Church with Rome, and makes it reasonably clear that nothing definite would have resulted, even had Paul I. not been murdered while the negotiations were in progress.——The history of Venerable Father Mastvilli, S.J., martyred in Japan in 1637, is reviewed by Pietro Tacchi Venturi, S.J.

(20 May): "New Discoveries and Ancient Truth" deals with recent archæological discoveries bearing on the New Testament. The writer is confident that these, in the future as in the past, will but serve to illumine the old truths.——The study of "Leo N. Tolstoi" is concluded with an examination of Tolstoi's "Christianity," in the course of which the writer condemns in the strongest terms his blasphemous expressions concerning God and the Trinity.——"The Inquisition in Italy" is a review of a series of articles in the *Archivio Storico Lombardo* (1910), dealing with Milan and the Roman Inquisition.——"The Origins of the Umiliati" are discussed in a first article reviewing a recent work by Sac. Dott. L. Lanoni.

(3 June): "The Proposed Law of Dismemberment of Russian Poland," is declared to be aimed at the destruction of the Catholic Church, in the process of "Russifying" the territory affected.——"Good Books" discusses the question of reading by Catholics, and indicates the requisites which should be possessed by good books

other than those of a specifically spiritual character. ——"The Recent Decrees of the Index," makes clear the reasons for the banning of Fogazzaro's *Leila*, and the principles which govern in the case of books of this kind.——The series on "Freemasonry" is continued, the present article treating of its internal unity.

La Scuola Cattolica (May): "The Truce of God" is elaborately considered by Bishop Gaggia, with a wealth of historic facts.——"Mariavitist Theology" describes the general tenets of the remarkable Polish heresy.——The series on "The Messianic Purpose of Jesus" is continued by Adolfo Cellini.——So also is the series on the "International Juridical Personality of the Holy See," with respect to property.——There are the usual departments of reviews and abstracts from current periodicals.

España y América (May): E. Portillo continues the examination of the life and writings of Lorenz Hervas, whom he greatly admires.——P. P. Negrete contributes a study of art, through one of its most able interpreters, Father Granda.——M. P. Rodriguez continues his able dissertation upon the Book of Moses. His present article vindicates particularly its historical authority.——P. E. Neveu makes a study of the combats of our Lord with the various sects of His time.

Recent Events.

France. After the General Election last year, pains were taken to prepare an elaborate plan of reforms, electoral, social, and judicial. The carrying into effect, however, of these plans has been seriously interfered with by a series of untoward occurrences—the fall of M. Briand's Ministry, the riots in the Champagne districts, the warlike operations in Morocco and, last of all, by the tragic aéroplane accident, in which the Minister of War was killed, the Premier severely injured, and the existence of the Ministry jeopardized. For M. Berteaux, the Minister of War, was the most influential member of the government, to whom not only its existence but its maintenance in office was in the main due. He won to its support those in the Chamber, who were by no means satisfied with the action taken by M. Monis against the workingmen's demonstration on May Day and in the matter of the reinstatement of the railway strikers. Now that he has gone, and the head of the government is more or less incapacitated, it is very doubtful whether there may not be another change of government in the immediate future, giving a further illustration and proof of the thesis of M. Jaurès, that at the present time the state of political affairs is so rotten that no reliance can be placed upon any government. There are too many men in the Chamber, whose sole principle is to hold office, and to sacrifice everything else for that purpose. They have no well-defined line of action, and are ready to yield to demands of any kind in order to secure support. The funeral of M. Berteaux was a good illustration of the present state of France, for although it was attended by all the pomp and circumstance that soldiers, and banners, and state ceremony could give, there was neither priest nor prayers. This was not because the late Minister of War was an avowed unbeliever, for a few days afterwards a public Mass was said for him in one of the churches of Paris.

The success of the expedition to Fez is of course an evidence of the efficiency of the military administration and a proof of the valor of the soldiers. But the necessity for making the expedition—and that it was necessary cannot be denied—is very unfortunate, for it seems not improbable that it may lead to complications with Spain and possibly with Germany. Spain claims the heritage of Morocco as her own, and looks

with supreme jealousy upon all efforts tending to deprive her of it; while Germany, it is to be feared, is still ready to pounce upon France at any convenient opportunity. But the worst thing to be said against the expedition is that it was in support of the worst possible of causes. The present Sultan, Mulai Hafid, has proved himself one of the vilest of tyrants, and almost from the beginning of his reign has been guilty of the most atrocious cruelties—so atrocious and so oft-repeated that Europe has heretofore had to make a protest in common against his inhuman proceedings. The present insurrection was due to a series of outrages perpetrated by him upon the tribes, upon whom he has carried on a series of inroads, for the purposes of taking their property, accompanied with wholesale outrages on women, and the murder of children. After France had entered Fez and thereby restored his ascendency, the Sultan allowed his soldiery to commit a series of cruelties so gross and numerous that the British government has refused to receive the delegation which was being sent by the Moorish Monarch to the Coronation of King George V. That France should be instrumental in the maintenance of such a power indicates how strong for evil is the present situation of Europe. If France had been able to have had her own way a few years ago, the peaceful penetration of Morocco and the suppression of the Moorish government would have been accomplished; but the German Emperor stood in the way and things had to be arranged at Algeciras. All that France can now do is to act in accordance with the provisions there made. Let us hope that some means may be found to direct the strength of European action to worthy ends. The past few years have seen an end put to the awful reign of Abdul Hamid; a change for the better has been made in the government of the Congo, and in other parts of the world so many steps are being taken in the direction of self-government, to say nothing of the fair prospects of arbitration proposals, that there is no reason to despair but that a way will be found to place the power of the European governments at the service of the oppressed and not at that of the oppressor.

Germany.

The Reichstag has been giving most of its time to the discussion of the Bill introduced by the government for the consolidating of the various Imperial insurance

laws which have been passed from time to time for the benefit of working men. How numerous and complicated these laws are, may be seen from the fact that the Bill as introduced filled six volumes, more than 2,000 pages and consisted of 1754 clauses. It was debated paragraph by paragraph, but with such good will on the part of all parties in the House, that it went through in less than three weeks time. Some few points indeed excited controversy, but the Social Democrats although they tried to make amendments without success, refrained from obstruction. Almost at the same time a Bill has been introduced into the British Parliament with a similar object—the insurance of working men in cases of illness and unemployment. Great Britain is thus proceeding in the wake of Germany for the amelioration of the classes that bear the burden and heat of the day.

Portugal.

The elections for the National Assembly have at last, by grace of the Provisional Government, been duly held and if they represent the voice of the Portuguese people, a Royalist does not exist, for there was not a single candidate to come forward as an avowed supporter of the so long-existent system under which Portugal has grown old. The government displayed great activity in preparing for the elections, the candidates throughout the whole country having been chosen by the Republican Directorates, and every list not approved by these Directorates was considered as representing an opposition to the government. A few only of those opposition candidates were returned. The elections were conducted quietly, and a fair proportion of the electors went to the poll. But the absence of any endeavors on the part of the monarchists in Portugal—and there must be at least a few—to send representatives to the National Assembly seems to indicate an unnatural and artificial state of things. Indeed sporadic attempts to restore the monarchy have been made, or at least have been said to have been made, and arrests have taken place. They do not appear to have received much support, but there must be behind the scenes at least sullen discontent. The Constitutional Chamber is to meet on the 19th of June.

Persia.

While Greece has had recourse to France and to Great Britain for the renovation of her army and navy, it is to this country that Persia has come in order to seek and perchance to find a way out of her financial difficulties. To Americans has been entrusted the reorganization of the Revenue. Financial difficulties are said to be at the root of all the troubles of Persia. A state of anarchy almost exists throughout the country, tribe waging war against tribe, the only bond of union being the common practise of pillaging the traders and merchants who attempt to carry on business within her borders. Like the Greeks of the present generation, Persians cannot forget that there was once a great Persian Empire and they think that upon themselves has fallen the duty of restoring it, or at least of not letting it fall still lower. Hitherto they have proved themselves too proud to take the necessary means to secure this much desired result. Perhaps the step recently taken of seeking the help of this country may indicate a salutary change of mind. The present Regent has received a Western education, having been at Oxford in England, and has spoken out his mind very freely and not spared the feelings of his fellow countrymen. But the evils which afflict Persia are too deeply rooted to be removed by any amount of money, although the possession of it may tend to a superficial amelioration. Meanwhile the experiment of constitutional government is being continued but has not so far been attended with any great measure of success.

China.

In China, however, the most surprising developments have taken place. As has already been mentioned, the Parliament is to be summoned within three years instead of the nine which were originally contemplated. This has been in deference to the imperious demand made by the Assemblies which had been summoned as preparatory steps. A further assimilation to Western ideas has been made by changing the Grand Council into a Cabinet, with a Prime Minister at its head. This Prime Minister, however, must be looked upon as belonging to the old *régime*, for he is said by the best authorities to be a man notorious, even in China, for every kind of corruption, and responsible for the worst of the disasters which have befallen the Empire. Perhaps it was

thought necessary to have him as a connecting link between the old and the new order of things.

A still more surprising change has been made. A few years ago an edict was issued, forbidding the use of opium, pointing out in the most didactic of tones the evils produced by the consumption of this drug. People thought at the time that nothing would result, that it was a mere blind, that the habit of taking opium was ingrained in the very nature of the people, that all-powerful interests were engaged in its maintenance. But to the astonishment of the world the commands of the Empress were obeyed; the cultivation of opium has been rapidly diminished, the habit of taking it has been largely overcome. It is, perhaps, the most astonishing instance on record of obedience to an autocratic command. An arrangement had been made with Great Britain, that as the cultivation of opium in China diminished, in a corresponding ratio its exportation to China from India should also be restricted. Ten years was the period fixed. But so much more quickly has the part assigned to China been carried out, that the desire has grown to shorten the period during which India is to be allowed to import opium into China. A new agreement has accordingly been made with Great Britain, by which it is provided that as soon as China proves that she has ceased to produce native opium, the imports from India shall cease. And so the opium traffic between China and India, so long a scandal to the world, is to come to an end. This is a remarkable victory of moral principles over sordid interests.

A further step has been taken by China in its upward movement. Nothing could be worse than the state of the currency as it has existed for long years. Oft-repeated promises have been made to effect its reform, promises which have been as often violated. The subject is too complicated to be described here in detail, but it is satisfactory to note that it is in some degree to the influence of this country that the present effort is due and that assistance is being sought here as to the practical way of making the reform.

Turkey.

Sympathizers with the new order in Turkey have had their patience strained almost to the breaking-point by the way in which the present holders of power have

abused that power. Although nothing in the range of possibility could make them wish for the restoration of absolute rule, hope has been almost lost of any amelioration of the lot of the subject races, except by the utter destruction of Turkish domination—a thing devoutly to be desired, but of which, unfortunately, there appears to be no present probability. The last few weeks, however, have given some small indication of improvement.

Ever since the expulsion of Abdul Hamid, under the form of constitutional government, the real power has been held by a secret committee, and it is said that this Committee was itself controlled by Freemasons, who were either themselves Jews or in the hands of Jews. To such a rule, even Turks, accustomed though they have so long been to abject submission to their superiors, found it impossible to submit. Within the ranks of the Parliamentary Committee of Union and Progress, insurgents have arisen who demand that the pledges so frequently given to govern by open and constitutional methods shall be fulfilled. Complete success is said to have attended their efforts, and resolutions have been adopted, with a view to putting an end to the existing evils. Deputies are forbidden to appropriate to themselves any offices or concessions for works. Liberty of action, also, is to be granted to the minority of the party, even when in the "caucus" there is a majority of two-thirds against them. In this the minority has secured greater freedom of action than is accorded in countries more advanced in constitutional methods of government. Among other things secured by the new arrangement is the declaration of absolute respect for all laws, and that functionaries shall not be dismissed or appointed except in accordance with statutes that are to be prepared forthwith. The union of the races of the Empire, and the development of commerce, agriculture, industry, and education, are to be made the immediate objects of the party's endeavors, while the development in Turkey of Western civilization and progress is set forth as the end to be kept in view, respect being had, the programme goes on to say, for public morals and national and religious usages. The last article lays down what is perhaps the most important practical point of all, in view of the hitherto existent state of things. The party is to oppose the intentions and the activity of societies constituted for special secret objects.

If impartially applied, this new programme will bring an

end to its own former methods, as well as to those of the committee which has from Salonika up to a recent period, controlled the whole government. Hitherto, the Parliamentary Committee which has had the control of the Parliament, has held its deliberations in secret, has summoned ministers to attend its meetings, has demanded of them that they should explain or defend their policy. Parenthetically it may be mentioned here, as an instance of the way in which extremes meet, that the Labor Party in the Commonwealth of Australia, makes and enforces upon the members of the Cabinet, the same demands. The members of the Turkish Parliamentary Committee, have hitherto been pledged to implicit obedience in all questions of party policy, although this did not extend to matters of legislation. If all this is changed in accordance with the programme which has just been adopted, a new era is possible, but we fear not probable. It has been decided to continue indefinitely the state of siege in Constantinople, and the rule of irresponsible Courts-Martial, in which political offences are tried *in camera*, and judgment passed without appeal.

The liberty of the press, of political association, and of public meeting is in this way reduced to a *minimum*. But even though it may not be possible to entertain very sanguine hopes of the success of the new movement, stranger things have happened, and perhaps by recent events an end has been put to a *régime*, in which, to use the words of an Austrian newspaper: "A secret committee dictated the policy of the dominant party. This committee was in its turn guided by the secret divisions of the Turkish lodges, while these lodges took their orders from an international Jewry, organized as Freemasonry. These Jewish orders were executed by the Young Turks with true Osmanli fanaticism." Certain changes have been made in the Cabinet, which may lead to the adoption of a less extreme policy, to the relinquishment of the attempt to unify the various races by force, and to the carrying out of works for the development of the resources of the country. Should this be the case the outlook will be more hopeful. Some progress, indeed, has been made in the last respect. It is now practically settled, that the railway which has been so long a time under construction under German auspices, will be completed as far as Baghdad, together with a branch to Alexandretta. Whether, and how soon, the line will be continued to the Persian Gulf, is still a question. Negotiations, it is said, are

being carried on with Great Britain and other powers to settle the difficulties which have so long existed as to the terminus on the gulf and the rival interests of the powers. A network of railways in the North Eastern part of Asia Minor is said to be in contemplation. And so there is a prospect of these regions so long desolated by a blighting despotism, being restored to the state of civilization and culture which they possessed of old.

It is time that a change was made, and that the efforts to improve things by force which the Young Turks have hitherto adopted should be abandoned. The rising of Albanian tribes which took place last year was suppressed after the perpetration by the Turks of wholesale barbarities, which they did their best to conceal from the knowledge of the world, the good opinion of which the new government is so anxious to secure. But although suppressed last year, other Albanian clans, to whom promises were then made which have not been kept, have broken out into open insurrection and have been successful for some months in offering resistance to the large force which Turkey has sent against them. Among the tribes that have taken up arms this year are to be numbered some at least of those who are Catholic. Last year these tribes were kept quiet by promises which have not been kept. In view of these promises the clergy had used their influence to restrain their flocks. To an appeal made by the Turkish General to the Catholic Bishop that he would on this occasion take the same course, a distinct refusal so to act was given on account of the bad faith shown by the Turks. In consequence many churches have been burned, and other atrocities perpetrated. The people in large numbers have been driven from their homes.

The Catholics of Albania are under the protection of Austria. But Austria with characteristic selfishness has turned a deaf ear to all appeals and it has been left to Russia alone of all the powers to make representations to Turkey. This was not done directly in behalf of the Catholics who were suffering, but in response to an appeal made by Montenegro to the powers. The scene of the uprising borders upon the territory of that kingdom, and many of the villagers have taken refuge there. Turkey accused Montenegro of aiding and abetting the Albanians and not obscurely threatened hostilities. Hence the appeal of Montenegro. That Russia should have

intervened has deeply grieved the Young Turks, for ever since the establishment of the Constitution the powers of Europe have vied with one another in demonstrations of sympathy and good will. But it is time that they learned that such sympathy is dependent upon a corresponding observance of really constitutional methods, and will not be extended to the ruling by barbarous methods under the aspect of a civilized form of government. The Albanians are not the only race among those who have the misfortune to be under the rule of Turkey that have been obliged to suffer at her hands. For a long time the Greeks who dwell in the Empire have been subjected to a most rigorous boycott which has entailed upon them the loss of large sums of money. In this case, however, the government is not to blame primarily, for the boycott is carried on by private individuals. Quite recently an attempt has been made to reinstate the power of the Sultan in Crete. An endeavor was made to appoint certain magistrates in defiance of the fact that that right had been relinquished on the settlement of affairs made in 1898. Here, too, the powers under the protection of whom the Cretan administration is carried on are understood to have made representation to the government. On the whole it is evident that there is much room for anxiety, and that those who looked for the well-being of the races in the Turkish Empire as likely to be the result of the change seem doomed to disappointment.

Greece.

In M. Venezelos Greece seems to have found a man able to cope with the situation, a statesman capable of inspiring respect or, at all events, of enforcing his will upon the self-seeking politicans who for so long a time have been the bane of the country. This is the reason why so little has been heard of Greek politics for some time. The National Assembly has been quietly and steadily devoting itself to the task of revising the constitution within the limits for which it has a commission. Progress has been slow but perhaps the surer on that account. The most important change will be the revival of a council to which legislation will be submitted before it is presented to the Chamber. This council was once in existence, but soon after the formation of the present constitution it was suppressed. The experience of a single-

chamber parliament has proved so unsatisfactory that this attempt is being made to revert to the older state of things so far as the powers of the present National Assembly will permit it to effect such a change. If its powers had been greater in all probability the Second Chamber would have been restored. The new or revived council will, however, in some degree act as a check on the vagaries of an uncontrolled House. The other changes which have already been adopted by the Assembly include the making primary education compulsory, and the alteration of the quorum which, as hitherto existed, but which has been abused for purposes of obstruction. All military officers, civil functionaries, bankers, directors of companies and their officials are to be disqualified from election to the Chamber. A curious provision is that which prohibits the translation of the Holy Scriptures into any form of Greek except that in which the Constitution is written, thereby excluding the popular language. The Orthodox Patriarch, however, is empowered to give permission for translation into popular Greek. The proposed restriction is due to the influence of the "Purists," a body of scholars who are interested in the maintenance of the purity of the language and influential enough to bring about riots in order to protect that purity. The present generation of Greeks look upon themselves as the inheritors of all the glories of the past, and this not merely in literature and art, but also as having a right to supplant the Turks, and to regain the dominions ruled over by the Byzantine Emperors.

In addition to the political measures to which we have referred, recourse has been had to France for officers to be placed in charge of the army in order to bring it into a fit state of discipline and to reorganize it, while to Great Britain has been entrusted the management of the navy for a like purpose. The service of the Public Debt has since 1898 been in the hands of an International Commission. With two of the Balkan States friendly relations have been restored. Bulgarians and Greeks, a few years ago bent upon mutual extermination, are now falling into one another's arms. The diplomatic relations between Greece and Romania, which were severed a few years ago, have been resumed. It is to be feared, however, that it is rather to the hatred of the Turk than to love of each other that those *rapprochements* are due.

With Our Readers

CIVIC CELEBRATION OF CARDINAL GIBBONS' JUBILEE.

IF the praise of men, if the affectionate esteem and reverence of a whole nation can bring happiness to the heart of man, certainly Cardinal Gibbons had full cause to rejoice on the sixth of June. In this era of celebrations, when everything from the discovery of America to the starting of a cotton mill, is deemed worthy of a national commemoration, the civic celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee as priest and as prince of the Church was unique. So President Taft declared on the occasion, and his words were felt to be true; for when have so many distinguished men and so vast a crowd met to celebrate a man's civic services as were gathered in the Armory at Baltimore to do honor to the Cardinal? What other American could bring them together? It was a nation's tribute to the power of goodness; it was a nation's gratitude for fifty years of a beneficent ministry which has been, during a great part of that long period, nation-wide in its influence. The nation really spoke through its head, the President; and his high praise was echoed by Vice-President Sherman and Mr. Root, who represented the Senate, by the Democratic Speaker of the lower House, Mr. Champ Clark, and his Republican predecessor, Mr. Cannon, by the Mayor of Baltimore and the Governor of Maryland. Chief Justice White, who would not break a precedent by making a public address, added dignity to the speakers' row by his presence, as well as enthusiasm by vigorously leading throughout in the applause of the Cardinal.* Colonel Roosevelt, whose very hearty reception by an audience largely Catholic, indicated that here was no instance of "benefits forgot," may be taken as the unofficial voice of America's appreciation for the services of His Eminence. The Cabinet was represented. The Senate adjourned early to allow its members to attend the celebration in the Armory where insurgents, stand-patters and Democrats found a platform solid and commodious enough for all. Many Representatives in Congress were there. So great in fact was the exodus of prominent statesmen and officials from Washington, that for several hours, said a newspaper of the Capital, the wheels of the national government seemed to have stopped running. A touch of internationalism was added to the occasion by the pleasant greeting of Ambassador Bryce. Its universal American character was

* It is worth recalling that many years ago (we believe it was in 1887) when Cardinal Gibbons made his first visit to New Orleans after his elevation to the Sacred College, the Catholics of that city tendered him a reception; their spokesman was Edward Douglas White, a name not so famous then as it was destined to become. *The Morning Star* would interest its readers, we are certain, by reprinting an account of the reception and the address then made by the present Chief Justice.

emphasized by the presence of ministers of all denominations, one of the leading committee-chairman being Bishop Murray of the Episcopal Church of Maryland. Finally, an immense audience, variously estimated at from sixteen to twenty thousand, filled the floor and the galleries of the great Armory, and gave the Cardinal an enthusiastic ovation.

* * *

It was a civic celebration, with the purpose of commending the citizen rather than the churchman; yet since the two cannot in fact be separated, since Cardinal Gibbons' civic influence is due in great measure to his eminent position in the Church, both aspects of his life and his work were inevitably blended in the eulogies of the speakers. It is noteworthy that not one of these was a Catholic; yet their friendliness to Catholicism as a social force and their recognition of its great power for good were unmistakable. Not that we think adequate recognition of this power was given; we never expect it from public men, for it would wound too many susceptibilities and might raise embittering controversy. Nevertheless, hearty recognition was given by the leading men of the government and of the nation both to the services of Cardinal Gibbons for civic righteousness and to the general beneficent influence of Catholicism in this country.

* * *

More than any other churchman of our day Cardinal Gibbons has raised his voice in favor of movements for social betterment: and the speakers of the day, while not ignoring his direct religious influence, dwelt by preference on this aspect of his work. To the mind of the Cardinal, we venture to say, sound movements of social progress are but aspects of Christian activity; his efforts in their behalf are not something added to his religion but are rather its natural outcome. No religion is so social, so all-pervading in its beneficent effects upon society, as genuine Catholicism; witness the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, from which every movement for the happiness and social progress of the people took its rise. Religion is much more than piety or worship. St. James thought so when he wrote, "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." This description of religion is indeed but rudimentary; and Christian charity all down the centuries has been developing it. Churchmen like Cardinal Gibbons, who take a keen interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the people, are not so much modern and up-to-date, as mediæval or even ancient; they are the true heirs of the spirit of a Bernard or an Anselm, of an Ambrose or a Basil. The Cardinal's whole career shows the deep and intense conviction, that if religion pure and un-

defiled before God and the Father demands active charity towards the sorrowing and the destitute, it is certainly never allowed to a Christian pastor to be indifferent to those movements which will lessen sorrow, relieve or prevent destitution, or add to the welfare and happiness of the people. He has had an unwavering faith in the power of the Christian word; and as priest and primate he has preached it to the whole country, with no timidity, but with the firm expectation that it would be listened to.

And his faith has been rewarded; for we think it no exaggeration to say, that there is not a single man in the country to-day whose words carry so much weight as the Cardinal's. They are accepted by myriads for their guidance; and even when men differ from him, we see a reverent reluctance, such as is found in the case of no other man, to engage him in controversy. No man surely has better deserved this civic celebration; nor, let us add, have we any that better deserves the religious celebration which the Catholics of America will unite in tendering His Eminence next October.

THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN PORTUGAL.

CONCERNING the Separation Law in Portugal the *London Times* which, on the occasion of the revolution last October, was so unfair to the Jesuits and so jubilant at the success of the Republicans, publishes the following:

The decree which severs the Church from the State in Portugal is the last and culminating measure of the notable series which has issued from the fertile legislative brain of Senor Affonso Costa. Under the guise of separating Church and State this measure *deprives religious services and congregations of all liberty, and, indeed, seems to aim at the suppression of religion altogether.* Its opening article guarantees full liberty of conscience to all Portuguese citizens, its second decrees that the Roman Catholic religion shall cease to be that of the State, and recognizes as equally authorized all Churches and religious confessions. Its third article provides that henceforth no one shall be persecuted for religious motives. Its fourth decrees that with the coming July 1 all State payments for the maintenance and expenses of worship shall cease, its fifth that all impositions to meet them shall also end. Its sixth article makes illegal the assumption by public bodies or functionaries of any religious office. Article 7 decrees freedom from all domestic and private worship, and 8 a like freedom for public worship in places designed for it. Article 9 defines public worship as that of any number in a public place of worship, or of 20 and more individuals in a private house. Religious instruction is by Article 10 considered public worship, and the article obliges all schools where it is given to be open to the public. The following five articles prescribe that the interruption of legitimate worship and offences committed against ministers of religion shall be considered

public crimes, and punished with fine and imprisonment. Thus ends the first chapter of this Act dealing with liberty of worship.

RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES.

Chapter II. decrees in its first, the 16th article, that religious worship, whatever be its form, can only be exercised and maintained by individuals who freely adhere to it as members and believers. Article 18 provides that in the case of religions other than Catholic, with whose belief these boards are not compatible, special benevolent corporations, but exclusively Portuguese, may be created to meet their need. After further articles arranging for the decision of this matter and its public advertisement, Article 31 decrees that edifices and churches which till now have been devoted to the public worship of any religion, or are in construction for this end, and do not pertain to the State or other administrative body, shall henceforth be inalienable without consent of the Minister of Justice, and may at *any time be expropriated for the public utility at their actual value*, with reversion to the State of their future benefits, if up to July 1 next they continue to be applied to religious services. Article 32 prescribes that the corporations entrusted with the charge of a congregation shall have to apply at least a third of all the money *received for religious purposes to acts of beneficence and charity, entrusting the money to competent parties as provided for in terms of existing legislation.*

THE CONDUCT OF WORSHIP.

Chapter III. decrees that public worship may only legally take place between sunrise and sunset, and that only in very special circumstances can authority be granted to hold religious services outside that period. Article 55 calls for the written consent of the local authority, in order to perform any act of worship, such as at a funeral, outside of a recognized place of public worship. The next article expressly names cemeteries and their annexed chapels as places for which this authorization is required. Article 58 allows municipal authorities to prohibit the use of clerical vestments at funeral celebrations.

Chapters IV. and V. deal with the ecclesiastical buildings and properties of the Roman Catholic Church, all of which now pertain to the State and its administrators, and with the free use which is to be granted of them to the several congregations meeting there for worship. A like free cession is made of the Episcopal palaces and parsonages for the use of the existing Catholic ministry. Chapter VI. deals with the pensions conceded by the Government to existing members of the Roman Catholic priesthood acting as such in this country. Article 165 annuls all bequests made to religious bodies and renders all such bequests in future null and void.

Chapter VII., dealing with general points, decrees in Article 166, that local and national taxes shall be imposed on all ecclesiastical properties whether freely granted for use by the State, or otherwise held, and that the payment of these taxes shall be a duty for which the body entrusted with the fiscal administration of congregations shall be responsible. Article 173 obliges all ministers of religion to supply, to a central commission appointed for the purpose, their names with those of their families, with ages, residences, functions exercised, and nationality. Article 178 allows no minister

of religion, native or foreign, to take part in any act of public worship without permission from the competent authority, exceptions being made in the succeeding article, for those alone who by international conventions or very ancient use have right to conduct religious services within their own churches.

RESULTS OF THE NEW LAW.

From the above résumé of this new law it will be seen that it interferes very distinctly with that liberty of worship hitherto accorded to foreigners in Portugal. The Sunday evening services at the English churches are rendered illegal, the churches may be at any time expropriated, permission must be obtained to conduct funerals, even in the English and German cemeteries, and worst of all, the congregational funds must be administered by Portuguese boards of beneficence who will hand a third of their revenues over to charitable purposes fixed on by the local authorities. In regard to the native Catholic Church, the State now converts it from being a source of expenditure into one of income, abstracting this third from the money its members may be able to raise for religious purposes. Still, the arrangements made for Portuguese congregations are their own affair, but this imposition upon foreign *churches of old and historic standing in Portugal is naturally rousing much indignation, and clearly calls for protest of the most vigorous sort.*

If through its provisions affecting the finances of congregations it seems to strike a *death-blow at any possible Roman Catholic Church in Portugal, its prohibition of services after sundown no less effectually blights the hopes of any Protestantism for Portugal.* It is only in the evening that mission congregations can be got together and any furtherance of the evangelic cause accomplished. With public worship confined to the hours of sunlight, the most that can be expected is that the Protestant congregations already constituted will be enabled to have their Sunday services, till by their *gradual extinction that time is hastened when Señor Affonso Costa's prophecy of no God and no religion in Portugal will be fulfilled.*

The italics in the above extract are ours. Had the Portuguese Republicans been wisely prudent they would have sought to make Protestant England believe that they were warring against Rome and the Jesuits, not against Christianity. But, as the foregoing very clearly indicates, England now sees unmistakably that this anti-clerical movement in Portugal is also an anti-Christian movement of the most virulent and sweeping nature.

Speaking recently at Oporto, Dr. Affonso Costa, the author of this law, declared that "the religious sentiment is a lie and every kind of Church is a farce."

These words have been specially noted in England. They will be used to deprive Dr. Costa of his last, lingering sympathizers among the more virulently anti-Catholic of the Nonconformists and Anglicans.

In October last a Protestant clergyman appealed in *The Times* for help in the conversion of Portugal to Protestantism. He said something to the effect that the time was ripe; that the Portuguese

were on the point of coming over by thousands to the Protestant folds, that only money and preaching were necessary. He headed his appeal "The Call of Portugal." Portugal was supposed to be calling for Anglican orders. The Separation Law may, in a certain sense, be regarded as a "call" but it is a call to keep away. According to the new law, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury would not be allowed to celebrate a single service in the Protestant Church at Lisbon whether he happened to be staying in the country for some time or merely passing through in a Booth steamship on his way to Madeira. And, when the law comes into force, not a single Protestant clergyman of any persuasion will be allowed to remain in the country.

* * *

APPROPRIATION OF BUILDINGS.

Even before the revolution of October last, the most casual visitor to Portugal could not but be impressed by the numbers of splendid public buildings which the State has taken from the Church without remuneration. From *Bædecker* alone, a formidable list of such buildings could easily be compiled. Here we have a palace of exquisite architecture—it was built by the Benedictines. There you have a barrack whose superb abbey gateway brings students of architecture from all over the world—it was built by the Franciscans. Public museums were once Carmelite monasteries; Government offices were once Carthusian houses; stately private mansions were once Dominican priories. None of these establishments were paid for by the State. The money which built them often came from pious medieval Catholics over the sea—from Englishmen, Romans, Genoese and others.

The Republicans are very wroth with the Jesuits. But what splendid public buildings the Jesuits have built for them! One Jesuit house in Lisbon is now an asylum for aged and indigent Republicans, another, at Cintra, has been kindly made over by the Minister of Justice to his own brother who now occupies it with his numerous family. The ancient houses of the English and Irish clergy in the capital will be confiscated in the same way. Looking at the matter in a purely business light one might be inclined to think that the Republicans do a grave injustice to themselves by cutting off this source of supply. For, with the expulsion of the religious Orders and the annihilation of the Church, no more great abbeys, monasteries, and colleges will be built by the Portuguese Catholics, and the Republicans of the future will, when they want new public buildings, be reduced to the desperate extremity of having to pay for their construction.

But, incredible as this may seem, the Republicans seem to expect that the Catholics will go on building for them as before. The Separation Law naïvely declares that the buildings which people of *any religion* may in future construct out of voluntary donations cannot be alienated and must, after the lapse of ninety-nine years, come into the possession of the State without any indemnification whatever. No wonder that *The Times* is highly wroth with the Republicans, for certainly this does not look as if Dr. Affonso Costa and his friends were drifting, to any appreciable extent, in the direction of Protestantism.

* * *

THE QUESTION OF THE REGISTER.

BY its promulgation of the Obligatory Civil Register Law, the Government has acted very unfairly towards the Catholic secular clergy. In pre-republican times there was in use in Portugal two registers of births, marriages and deaths kept in each parish, one civil, the other religious. Non-Catholics registered themselves before the *administradores* (the civil authority of the Commune). Catholics registered before the local parish priest and to this religious register the State gave authenticity and civil value. Circumstances made this religious register very important. Since the end of the eighteenth century the Catholic Church in Portugal had kept its own private census. This register was, and is, kept in duplicate by the parish priests, one copy being kept in the parochial house, while the other is preserved in the bishop's palace. Since 1859 this service has been maintained at their own expense by the various parish priests who themselves buy the necessary books and receive in this connection no help whatever from the State.

In 1859 the State decided to have its own register, and from motives of economy it conferred authenticity and judicial value on the religious register previously kept by the Church. The parish priests then continued to keep up this service. The non-Catholics continued to register themselves before the *administradores*.

By its Civil Register Law the Republic now despoils the Church of *both* its copies of the religious registers not only those embracing the period between 1859 and 1911 (which is a grave injustice) but also (and this is intolerable) of those private registers kept exclusively at the expense of the clergy since the end of the eighteenth century.

THE late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was not a Catholic, but he was eminently fair-minded and at times strongly attracted by the Catholic faith. In the second series of Orby Shipley's "Carmina Mariana" the following poem to the Blessed Virgin

—it is entitled "Madonna di San Sisto"—from the pen of Colonel Higginson is included:

Look down into my heart,
Thou Holy Mother, with thy Holy Son;
Read all my thoughts, and bid the doubts depart,
And all the fears be done.

I lay my spirit bare,
O blessed Ones! beneath your wondrous eyes;
And not in vain; ye hear my heartfelt prayer,
And your twin-gaze replies.

What says it? All that life
Demands of those who live to be and do;
Calmness in all its bitterest, deepest strife,
Courage till all is through.

Thou Mother, in thy sight,
Can aught of passion or despair remain?
Beneath those eyes' serene and holy light,
The soul is bright again.

Thou Child, whose earnest gaze
Looks ever forward, fearless, steady, strong,
Beneath those eyes no doubt or weakness stays,
No fear can linger long.

Thanks, that to my weak heart
Your mingled powers, fair forms, such counsel give!
Till I have learned the lesson ye impart,
I have not learned to live.

And, oh, till life be done,
Of your deep gaze may ne'er the impression cease!
Still may the dark eyes whisper, "Courage! On!"
The mild eyes murmur, "Peace!"

THE Holy Father has addressed an important Instruction to the Bishops of Spain, which is designed to put an end to the discords unhappily at work among Spanish Catholics at present. The following summary of the Instruction is given by *Rome*.

1. Every Catholic is bound to combat the errors condemned by the Holy See, especially those contained in the *Syllabus* of Pius IX., but the limits of legality must be observed in this warfare.

2. All political parties are lawful whose acts and principles are not contrary to religion and morality; care must be taken not to identify or confound the Church with any political party.

3. It is not permissible for anybody to cast doubt on the Catholic sentiments of persons who belong to other political parties than that which he follows.

4. The meaning of the "liberalism" condemned by the Church is tha

contained in Leo XIII.'s Encyclical *Libertas* of June 20, 1888, and in the letter *Plures e Columbiae* of April 6, 1900, addressed in the name of the same Pope Leo XIII. to the Archbishop of Colombia.

5. Catholics should approve and support the good and honest measures proposed by men of any political party.

6. When the common good requires it Catholics should sacrifice their personal opinions and forget party divisions for the supreme interests of religion and patriotism.

7. Nobody can be required, as an obligation of conscience, to belong to any one political party rather than to any other; nobody can be required in conscience to renounce his honest political convictions.

8. Those who join a political party must retain their liberty of vote and action, so as not to co-operate in any way in laws or dispositions contrary to the rights of God and the Church.

9. In order to defend religion against the attacks made against it by the partisans of condemned "liberalism," it is lawful for Catholics to organize independently of existing political parties, on condition that such organization be not anti-dynastic in character and that those who decline to take part in it be not described as non-Catholics or bad Catholics.

10. Given the difficulty of securing the permanent union of Spanish Catholics, they should unite temporarily whenever the interests of religion are threatened.

11. At the elections when it is impossible to have candidates that are altogether acceptable, those candidates should be supported who offer the best guarantees for the welfare of religion and of the country.

12. Those Catholics should not be molested who declare their desire to bring back to Spain the great institutions and religious and social traditions which formerly made the Spanish kingdom glorious.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

The Evolution of Plants. By Dukenfield Henry Scott, M.A. 75 cents. *Irish Nationality.* By Alice Stopford Green. 75 cents net. *The French Revolution.* By Hilaire Belloc, M.A. 75 cents. *The Socialist Movement.* By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. 75 cents. *A Short History of War and Peace.* By G. H. Perris. 75 cents. *The Stock Exchange.* By Francis Hirst. 75 cents. *William Shakespeare.* By John Masefield. 75 cents. *Polar Exploration.* By William S. Bruce, LL.D. 75 cents. *Modern Geography.* By Marion I. Newbigin. 75 cents. *Parliament.* By Sir Courteney Ilbert, K.C.B. 75 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Training of Children, and Girls in their Teens. By Mme. Cecilia. 75 cents. *Come, Let us Adore!* A Eucharistic Manual, compiled by Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.M. 75 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Youth's Noble Path. By T. J. Gould. 70 cents net. *The Philosophy of Music.* By Halbert Haines Britan, Ph.D. $1.35 net. *Some Problems of Philosophy.* By William James. $1.25. *Essays.* By Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus. $2.50. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* By Placid Conway, O.P. $1.50 net. *St. Bonaventure.* By Lawrence Costelloe, O.S.M. $1.50 net. *Beginnings or Glimpses of Vanished Civilization.* By Marion McMurrough Mulhall. $1. *Marriage, Totemism, and Religion.* By Right Hon. Lord Avebury. $1.25 net. *The Comic Spirit in George Meredith.* By Joseph Warren Beach. $1.25.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:
"Deer Jane." By Isabel Cecilia Williams. 85 cents net.

CHARITIES PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, New York:
One Thousand Homeless Men. By Alice Willard Solenberger. $1.25. *The Almshouse.* By Alexander Johnson. $1.25.

EATON AND MAINS, New York:
The Social Engineer. By Edwin L. Earp. $1.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
An Introductory History of England. Vols. I. II. By C. R. L. Fleteher. $3.50 per set.

AINSWORTH & CO., New York:
Cloister Chords. By Sister M. Fides Shepperson. 50 cents.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., New York:
The Power and the Glory. By Grace MacGowan Cooke. $1.20.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, New York:
The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. $1.40.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Master of the Inn. By Robert Herrick. 50 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. X. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Chapters in Christian Doctrine. 75 cents.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
Life and Works of Frederick Ozanam. By Kathleen O'Meara (Grace Ramsay) 85 cents.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans, A.M.

GINN & CO., New York:
Readings on American State Government. Edited by Paul S. Reinsh.

SHERMAN, FRENCH & CO., Boston:
Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality. By Henry Frank. $2.25.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Social Value of the Gospel. By Léon Garriguet. $1. *The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. Edward Jones. $1.25. *Dr. Dumont.* By Florence Gilmore. 50 cents. *Francisco Ferrer, Criminal Conspirator.* By John A. Ryan, D.D. 15 cents. *History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages.* By Hartman Grisar, S.J. $4.50. *The Hermit of Dreams.* By Ruth Temple Lindsey. $1. *The Mystery of the Priests' Parlour.* By Geneviéve Irons. $1.60. *Some Plain Sermons.* By Thomas L. Kelly, LL.D. $1.25. *Geschichte der Weltliteratur.* Part VI. By Don U. Baumgartner, S.J. $4.50.

SPANISH-AMERICAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Washington:
Lands of the Southern Cross. By Charles Warren Currier, Ph.D.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.
Indian Tribes of the Lower Mississippi Valley, and Adjacent Coast of the Gulf of Mexico. By John R. Swanton. *Preliminary Report on a Visit to the Navaho National Monument, Arizona.* By Jesse Walter Fewkes.

ARTHUR H. CLARKE COMPANY, Cleveland, O.:
A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. IX., X.

THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
Torry's Roses. And other stories. By Miriam Agatha. *The Catholic Church and Its Mission.* By Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P. Pamphlets. One penny each.

MAUNSEL & CO., Dublin:
The Apostle. A Drama in Three Acts. By George Moore. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

GUSTAVO GILI, Barcelona:
Regala De Boda. Por Fermin Sacristán. 3 *pts.* *El Articulo II de la Constitucion.* Por R. P. Venancio M. de Minteguiaga, S.J. 4 *pts.* *Historia de la Educación y la Pedagogía.* Por P. Ramón Ruiz Amado. 4 *pts.* *Tradición y Crítica En Exégesis.* Por Isidro Gomá. *Acción de la Mujer en la Vida Social.* Por P. Ignacio Casanovas, S.J. 2 *pts.* *Principios Fundamentales del Derecho Penal.* Por P. Victor Cathrein. 3 *pts.* *El Miedo De Vivir.* Por Enrique Bordeaux. 4 *pts.* *La Devoción al Sagrado Corazón de Jesus.* Por R. P. Ignacio Schmid, S.J. 1'50 *pts.* *La Comunión Frecuente de los Ninós.* Por P. Julio Lintelo, S.J. *La Comunión de los Niños Innocents.* Por P. Ramon Ruiz Amado, S.J. *La Comunión Frecuente y Diaria y La Primera Comunión.* Por R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. 2'50 *pts.*

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris:
La Probite de Haeckel. Par R. P. Erich Wasman, S.J. 0 *fr.* 60. *Le Cardinal Vaughan.* Par Paul Thureau-Dangin. 1 *fr.* 20. *Comment Utiliser L'Argument Prophétique.* Par J. Touzard, 0 *fr.* 60. *Nestorius d'Aprés les Sources Orientales.* Par F. Nau. 0 *fr.* 60. *La Méthod d'Immanence.* Par J. Wehrle. 0 *fr.* 60. *Bourdaloue, Sermons du Carême De 1678.* Introduction par Eugéne Griselle. 1 *fr.* 20.

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CATHOLICISM AND NATIONALITY.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.

AS a government the Church does not immediately recommend herself to men as a manifestation of heaven, as the Vicariate of God. The civil power in all ages, and even when saintly men were at the head of it, has exhibited a most inordinate jealousy of the Church, and an instinctive desire to intrude into her domain; and, indeed, Protestantism, as a political movement, was mainly a transfer of the spiritual government of men to their temporal rulers; while the rulers themselves preferred, in their inexperience, to be controlled by revolutions rather than by Popes. To the multitude of the modern world the narrow spirit of nationality is a more acceptable and attractive thing than the wide and comprehensive theory of Catholicism. . . . The secret, both of men's indifference and of their dislike to the Church as a government lies in this single truth, that she is a theocracy."*

How significantly this jealous dislike of Catholic jurisdiction was exemplified in the history of England under the persecuting tyranny of the Tudors, and how successfully Henry and Elizabeth have imbued with this spirit of jealousy England's national church, all the world knows. While for further

* Faber's *Blessed Sacrament*. Book III., § VI.

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confirmation of the truth of the words above quoted we need but consider the significance of the war that is being waged against the Church in France and in Portugal at the present time.

The multitude of the modern world needs, indeed, to learn that "the earth is the Lord's, the world and all that dwell therein;" that rulers are subject and accountable to Him, and that they over whom others rule in things temporal "are the work of His hands," not creatures of the State to be led captive in relation to things spiritual. To establish His reign upon this earth, He has "set up a Kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His Kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume" the kingdoms of the world, and, unaffected by their rise and fall, "itself shall stand for ever," capable the while of holding the nations in unity of religion, however diverse their races and forms of government.

They who profess Catholicism outside the fold of Catholic jurisdiction need to learn that not until they are in communion with the faithful of all nations can they be Catholics in fact; that only in communion with the Vicar of Christ are Catholic jurisdiction and Catholic communion in matter of fact to be found; that apart from him there is nothing in the ecclesiastical order existent wider than national jurisdiction subjected to the civil power.

Such persons appeal from the one only form of Catholic jurisdiction that exists to one that they imagine is to take its place when the Pope and the civil power have surrendered their respective claims; and meanwhile, though outside the pale of Catholic jurisdiction, they claim the Catholic name! Their claim to the name can but at best express their dislike of nationalism in matters religious, and impatience of the subjection of their church to Cæsar; while their appeal from the Pope to a non-existent jurisdiction does but express their determination to adopt every Catholic doctrine and practice short of submission to the Catholic authority by which these are governed.

The history of the civil power in one country after another has been the history of the world's jealousy of Christ's reign upon earth, from the day that it rejected and crucified Him and set over His Head in mockery the title of King,

until now that at length in a country for centuries known as an elder daughter of the Church the boastful blasphemy has been shamelessly uttered against Him: "we must have done with the Christian idea. We have driven Jesus Christ out of the schools, the university, the hospitals, the refuges, even the prisons and the lunatic asylums. We must now drive Him out of the government of France." And England, which boasts a national Christian Church, has cemented an *entente* with that government while at the height of its satanic endeavor by every conceivable means—by falsehood, deceit, injustice, robbery, exile—to stamp Christianity out of its boundaries. Here is an instance of the way in which the most sacred interests of Christ are subordinated, if not utterly ignored, in favor of temporal interests by a country that professes Christianity yet is content to witness and seemingly to approve its suppression even to utter extinction! And the religious press of its national church, has but little to say against the action of the French Government, and very much to say in condemnation of the French bishops, *because,* forsooth, they have remained loyal to the Pope and to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction which refuses to submit the things of God to the rulings of an infidel Cæsar! To such a pass are men brought who prefer to Catholic jurisdiction the idea of nationalism in relation to religion! While of those who repudiate such nationalism, yet reject papal jurisdiction, it may be asked, where in the world will you find another jurisdiction that in every country withstands the world-power and maintains the Kingdom of Christ in visible unity the world over?

Not in the so-called Greek Church, nor in any possible combination of Easterns with Anglicans and Anglo-Americans will you find any such ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There is no ecclesiastical independence of the civil power to be found amongst the national churches that constitute what is termed Eastern Orthodox Christendom; nor is Constantinople any longer an authoritative ecclesiastical centre. Of these Eastern national churches there are now about sixteen, each of them independent of the rest, and all of them subject to the civil power and liable and likely to be still further subdivided.

And how did Constantinople, originally the smallest of local dioceses. its bishops subject to the Metropolitan of Heracles, obtain at the expense of all the patriarchs and

metropolitans of the East, the first place there, with power to rank as Rome's rival and to drag Eastern Christendom into schism with itself? The answer is obvious. Constantinople, which never could be made an Apostolic See, was made a *royal* one in consequence of the residence of the Emperor, who established the seat of his imperial government there. To the Emperor came bishops with their petitions from all parts of the East, and by him they were referred to the bishops of his capital who, in consequence, was wont to settle their matters in a sort of synod of bishops who happened to be in the city, himself presiding as the Emperor's bishop. It was on account of their policy of centralization, indeed, that the emperors exalted, while at the same time they kept under degrading subjection, the bishops of their capital, since through them they could the more easily govern the Church. And though they deposed them at pleasure, regarding them as vassals who owed their position to imperial favor, they suffered themselves to be crowned by them, since this added dignity to the imperial See. And Justinian at length, in confirmation of the policy of his predecessors, inserted in his Code of Civil Laws: "The most blessed Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, shall have the second place after the holy Apostolic See of old Rome; he shall precede all others." It was for a purely *political* reason, moreover, relating to the civil rank of the city, that the Eastern bishops themselves gave to the bishop of Constantinople "precedence of honor after the Bishop of Rome"—"because," said they, "that city is New Rome." And, lastly, the absurd title of Œcumenical Patriarch—assumed by John IV. of Constantinople, became under the patronage of the emperors, and still remains, the official style of the patriarchs of Constantinople;—though not even Photius dared to use it when writing to the Pope; and not until the time of his schism did the Greeks attempt to revive the spurious 28th canon of Chalcedon, which never had found a place in any Canon Law, Eastern or Western.

Since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turk in the fifteenth century the basis on which its patriarchs rested their claims has been removed, and the beautiful church of St. Sophia rebuilt by Justinian—of which he boasted that he had surpassed even Solomon by its magnificence—has remained a Turkish mosque; and step by step Constantinople's patriarchs

have descended until now they occupy a position scarcely more exalted and certainly less honorable than its bishops did when they owed and rendered obedience to the Metropolitan of Heracles. To rise and increase with the growth and by the aid of the civil power was their ambition, the root cause of their schism, and, when the fortunes of civil politics turned, the reason of their miserable undoing. And now there is not only one patriarch in Constantinople; there are several. The Sultan appoints, invests, deposes and re-appoints her patriarchs at pleasure. They seldom reign for so long as two years at a time, and there are usually as many as three or four of them in sullen retirement awaiting his will to reinstate them.

In the sixteenth century a Russian patriarchate was established at Moscow under influence of the Russian Czar, and the Russian Church declared its independence of the patriarch of Constantinople. In the following century the Czar abolished the patriarchate of Moscow and set up in its stead a "Holy Synod" with the avowed object of bringing his Church still more completely under the civil government. And now Russia aims at bringing all the Orthodox East under subjection to the Czar's "holy synod," nine-tenths of it being Russian, and the patriarch of Constantinople less entitled than ever to the *Œcumenical* name.

Meanwhile, the authority of the patriarchate of Constantinople is regarded as being so closely allied with that of the detested Porte that whenever a Balkan State becomes independent of the Sultan it declares its Church independent of his Patriarch. Thus every Eastern free State has its independent national Church, subjected, however, to the civil government by means of a holy synod on the Russian model.

The only Church that styles itself, or can at all correctly be described as, the "Greek Church" is the established Church of the modern kingdom of Greece. It secured its independence in consequence of the revolution of 1821, glad to be free of a patriarchate which so long had identified its policy with that of the Sultan; and in 1833 the government formally declared its independence and straightway set up a Holy Directing Synod to govern it after the Russian method. And when, in 1866, England ceded the Ionian Isles to Greece, the Greek Government forthwith separated the dioceses of these

islands from the patriarchate of Constantinople and united them to its own established Church. The same thing happened in 1881, when Thessaly and part of Epirus were added to Greece, their ten dioceses being straightway added to the national Church.

Meanwhile Turkey itself is divided between two rival national communions. In 1860 the Bulgars, tired of their treatment by the Constantinople patriarchate, determined on separation. To obtain the desired independence it was necessary that they should be a nation, and the only way of becoming a nation under Turkish rule was to have an independent national Church. They were willing, indeed, to become a Uniate Church under the jurisdiction of the Pope, with Napoleon III. for their patron and defender, and a large number of them in fact abjured their schism and obtained a Catholic archbishop consecrated by Pius IX. himself in 1861. But Russia, of course, was opposed to Papal jurisdiction, though strongly approving Bulgarian independence of Constantinople. She accordingly brought pressure to bear upon the Porte, despite its patriarch's opposition, to allow a national Bulgarian Church. So the Bulgars established a bishop with title of *Exarch* in Constantinople itself, where by consent of the Porte he rules over Bulgars everywhere in Turkey, measuring his jurisdiction, not by area merely, but by nationality and language. In 1872 the Patriarch of Constantinople held a synod and excommunicated him and all his communion, likewise all who should aid, abet, or acknowledge him. In 1878 the Berlin Congress established the almost independent principality of Bulgaria, and its Church—in which is the usual Holy Synod, sitting at Sofia—in communion, not with the Greek Patriarch, but with the Bulgarian *Exarch*, was declared the State religion of the new principality.

Thus throughout Turkey there are two communions, with rival bishops in the same towns, divided by nationality and excommunication. And meanwhile the Russian Church is forsooth, in open communion with *both*, the patriarch of Constantinople not daring to put his excommunication into effect against her!

And, still more astonishing, now that Constantinople's ambition to rise with the fortunes of civil politics has with the change of those fortunes met with its just recompense; now

that those whom she led astray have learned of her the idea of the independent Church in the independent State, and by favor of the civil power have, as so many national churches, obtained independence of her—now that such unlooked-for misfortune has befallen her, she thinks, forsooth, to have discovered a *new heresy*, though it is in truth but the old one of which she herself was guilty when her patriarch at the height of her secular position claimed independence of the Vicar of Christ; she now condemns the national idea and in her synod of 1872 described it as the latest and most poisonous of heresies, under the name of *Philetism* which signifies national feeling in matters ecclesiastical.

But scarcely until she returns to the Catholic allegiance from which she severed herself and those who now in turn are independent of her is she likely to convince the world of the sincerity of this belated profession of condemnation of the national idea.*

Such, then, is the condition of that Eastern Christendom to which high-church Episcopalians and Anglicans appeal in their refusal to recognize the authority of the one only Catholic jurisdiction that in substantive fact exists, oblivious, or ignorant, the while that the East is interpenetrated by some fourteen millions of Catholics under papal jurisdiction, whose numbers would be vastly increased did liberty of conscience prevail under the Czar and the Sultan. They term that jurisdiction "Roman," and think to appeal to one of the highest instincts of an American or an Englishman by calling it "foreign" and its subjects "Romans," though such subjects are of every nation and race and outnumber all Christendom beside! And they call themselves "Catholics" though they are out of communion with all these, and out of communion with the Eastern schismatics also towards whom their aspirations are turned!

Securus judicat orbis terrarum. How senseless are the terms "foreign" and "Roman" when applied to a jurisdiction essentially Catholic and everywhere in possession—to a jurisdiction which visibly transcends all national frontiers and embraces men of all nations and races! and how foolish from the lips of one who is subject to no ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, save such as is to be found under the law of the land,

* For a full account of this matter see Dr. Adrian Fortescue's "Orthodox Eastern Church."

or of the local communion, to which he belongs! History, as we have seen, affords examples of national Churches governed independently, indeed, of all Christendom beside, but none of a federal union of national Churches, nor of a national Church governed independently of the civil power. A national Church is always the Church established by law in a country, and separate, in consequence, from all other national Churches. And if the Anglo-American and Scotch Episcopal Churches are exceptions, they are so only because they are not commensurate with, or representative of, the respective countries in which they are found.

Christ came, not to establish national Churches, but, on the contrary, to unite the nations in one visible Church Catholic, governed independently of the civil powers, from an extra-national centre. The ordering of His divine providence in preparation of His coming clearly pointed to this. The sacred Scriptures which foretold His coming and the kingdom He would establish were carried by the Jews in their dispersion into all parts of the world; and, as in their history, so likewise in that of the world at large, the ordering of His providence was manifested under the four great monarchies of Daniel's prophecy. Under the first of these, the Assyrian, the captive tribes, by chastisements for their idolatries, and such severe visitations at the hands of their conquerors as compelled their return to God, were preserved from permanently lapsing, and thus by means of their dispersion were instrumental in spreading abroad the knowledge of the truth. Under the Persian monarchy, which succeeded the Assyrian, the Jews returned to Judea, and under Cyrus and his successors re-established themselves and rebuilt their city and temple in the land where Christ was to be born. The Greek monarchy succeeded the Persian, and by means of its vast extent and the wide diffusion of its language prepared the way for the rapid spread of the "Gospel of the Kingdom" in the tongue in which it was to be preached and written, with a view to uniting in one Catholic religion, worship, and obedience, the many nations that were familiar with this universal language. And meanwhile, by sending the Jews into all the world, and causing their Scriptures to be translated into the Greek of the Septuagint, it not only providentially provided for the spread of the truth, but by safe custody of the Scripture text in the famous

library at Alexandria likewise preserved it from any subsequent attempt on the part of the Jews to alter or expunge aught that referred to the Person of Christ and His kingdom. The Greek monarchy, in turn, was absorbed into the vast ocean of the Roman Empire, which in the most manifest way of all prepared the world for the visible reign of Christ. It provided, though it little dreamt it, for the passage of the gospel of His kingdom by means of its famous roads, which to this day excite the wonder of the scientific world; and, by humbling the pride of the nations, sweeping away their boasted national frontiers, and thus breaking down the barriers of their separations, it prepared them, even as they became united in one vast society under a common temporal ruler, likewise to submit themselves to the dominion of Him Who "has redeemed us to God in His Blood out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and has made us to our God a kingdom," appointing, as His visible representatives after His Ascension, Peter and his successors, to reign until the end of time.

And as in the providence of God the events of the world's history before the coming of Christ concurred towards the establishment of His reign upon earth, so since His coming have they subserved the extension and continuance of His visible kingdom. Rome, the world's centre of empire in the natural order, became in the supernatural, by the will of God, the centre of a visible kingdom still more extensive, more transcendent of nationality, stronger to survive the world's vicissitudes, enduring, invincible—a kingdom which despite the world-power's most cruel endeavors to extinguish it in the blood of the martyrs, nay, by very reason of such conflict, subdued in love its would-be destroyers and made of them its most faithful servants and sons. "No institution is left standing," writes Macaulay, "which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line af the Supreme Pontiffs. . . . She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all." And Hallam, after enumerating all the natural causes of which he could think for Rome's survival of the sixteenth century

upheaval, admits their insufficiency, and concludes: "It must be acknowledged that there was a principle of vitality in that religion, independent of its external strength . . . an intense flame of zeal and devotion." He does not, however, appear to see that he leaves his puzzle still unsolved, that he falls short of an endeavor to account for that which alone could kindle and sustain so divine a flame; that not a mere natural, but a *supernatural* cause must be sought for. And the inerhent supernatural power of the Church is shown by the fact that when, after the close of the eighteenth century—to revert to Macaulay's account—"anarchy had had its day," and "a new order of things rose out of the confusion, new dynasties, new laws, new titles, amidst them emerged the ancient religion"—"the unchangeable Church," which "remained unshaken, and, when the waters abated, appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which had passed away."

The kingdom of the Catholic Church, transcending nationality and independent everywhere of the civil power in the domain of religion, though always insisting upon the duty of loyalty to every form of just government, is that visible kingdom of Christ over which He Himself reigns in the person of His Vicar as its visible head. This is that spectacle sustained through the centuries, "not with an army, nor by might" of temporal conquest, but supernaturally, which the world wonders at, cannot explain, and has signally failed to supplant; a dynasty ever without a rival, whether in the civil or in the ecclesiastical domain—the Catholic Church, outside of whose fold is no jurisdiction ecclesiastical to be found, save such as is confined to nationality and subjected always to the civil power.

THE PATRIOTS.

BY HELEN HAINES.

UP the valley swept a hostile gray host, invading with splendid effrontery that great State—the first to answer the Union call.

Rumor spread wide before this confident advance, and fact ran quaking into panic-stricken towns. It was a small force. It was a force of thousands. It was Lee's whole army!

Uncle Anthony Orth was dozing in his cool, darkened parlor, and his niece Betty, her knitting in her lap, sat twisting nervous fingers.

"War in your own state—war at *home*, seems different," she kept saying to herself. For Betty recalled when the war was being waged in a far other state, dear to her because it was Richard Jeffers own, and she had heard much of the advantages of fighting on home ground.

Betty Orth had come up from their farm near Gettysburg to Carlisle. Until now, she had not left her mother since her father, Colonel John Orth, had been brought back to Cemetery Hill after his first battle.

But now that General Anthony Orth was chafing in his big chair, with two wounded legs propped up before him, Betty had been detailed to divert him, and at the end of her visit to bring home her share of Aunt Matilda's recent raid on the Philadelphia shops, where there had been a slaughter of small figured *barèges* and *mozambiques*, and an immense sacrifice of silk mantillas.

Betty found the silence unendurable. She tossed aside her work and crossed the room to the sleeper. "Uncle, I must go to mother. I must go home," she volunteered now for the twentieth time.

And for the twenty-first, the General had roused himself to answer: "Too late now, my girl," and had dozed off again.

The old Mexican War veteran, though keenly alive to the gravity of the situation, had some contempt for the scurrying

farmers and his fleeing townsmen, and had vowed that his home—the abode of peace and plenty—should be the last to close if the enemy came.

But early one Friday morning, when his orderly brought word that the Union troops would evacuate their entrenchments that night, he called loudly for his sister Matilda, whose tomato ketchup was at the nice point of straining.

"You and Betty pack your duds for the Springs," he ordered, "and send Peter back with the horses for me."

Peter had gone out to the General's farm just beyond the Federal lines for a supply of fresh vegetables. The other servants had fled, but Aunt Matilda and Betty sped to obey.

Miss Orth toiled up and down to the garret to hide the silver and linen in the glory holes. Betty laid desecrating hands on the quiet order of the big, neat bed-rooms. She resolutely turned her pretty head from those fascinating new "makings" from Philadelphia, to ransack high-boys and low-boys, chests and wardrobes, for the serviceable necessities which must go with them to the Springs.

Suddenly, in all the confusion, the General's voice sounded a storm signal, and his niece hurried down to him.

Peter had returned with his market basket and the vegetables, but the horses had been confiscated. He sheepishly stood emptying a pocket of Confederate money, while Uncle Anthony trumpeted and tossed the notes to the floor.

Betty thriftily picked up the money, and tried to pacify him. Aunt Matilda and she could walk, for Peter must be left with him. They would be certain to get a lift on some farmer's wagon, and once at the Springs would arrange for General Orth. In a moment she was upstairs again to calm her aunt's agitation and to repack; and, soon all superfluities left behind, the women started.

But long before they reached the outskirts of the town the bundles seemed lead-weighted, yet Betty already knew she had left out everything she had meant to bring. At each bend of the road, she looked for the expected lift. Only one vehicle passed, already opulently filled, the horses staggering. There was nothing for it but to trudge on. At length a cart loaded with household goods appeared, and in desperation, Betty waylaid the driver and piled their treasures high, forgetting to inquire its destination.

As it disappeared in the hot dust under the late June sun, the girl leaned wearily against a stone wall. Miss Matilda had sunk to the grass by the roadside. She was flushed, breathless, tremulous. Her pearl bonnet strings hung limp, and her best black silk, which she had refused to crease, was in a ruinous state.

"Betty, child," she panted in dismay, "I fear I have torn my spencer."

Her niece tried to say something sympathetic, but she, too, was worn out. How her side ached! She put her hand to her heart, where inside her stays and next its swift beat, she had sewed the little flag of stars and bars Richard had sent her, and which had run the blockade and had come to her all the way from England. The thought of it steadied her.

"Why it's Richard's army I'm running away from—Richard's!" she told herself, and made a swift decision.

A friendly branch of berries plucked her sleeve. She turned to pick them and brought them in her kerchief to refresh the old lady.

"Aunt, we are going back to Carlisle."

"Oh, my dear—"

"It can't be worse for Carlisle to be shelled than it was for Charleston." Then as Miss Matilda looked unconvinced, Betty added wilily: "If anything should happen to Uncle—"

Miss Orth hastily scrambled to her feet, and the two tired women retraced their steps. They found the same deserted city with shut shops, shuttered houses, silent streets. Only a few men were stirring near those centers where news might come from the valley.

That night Betty awoke to the sound of marching feet, marching, but marching back. It had not occurred to her that Union troops could march back, in spite of her uncle's information. She sat up in the big four-poster with her hands clasped about her knees, and listened to that monotonous tramp, orderly, sustained, but—retreating. With a sudden terror for the future, she drew the sheet up over her head and cuddled down under it, in tense, silent indignation.

The old general also fumed over the necessity, but not silently. "Oh, if my legs—" he would begin, and then shut firm lips on womanish complaints. Nevertheless, when the

enemy occupied his city the next morning, he ordered a hamper of provisions to be sent at once to headquarters.

His sister expostulated, "But, Anthony, we may need—"

The old man pointed an authoritative finger, and soon Peter, bending under the weight of the General's hospitality, was tottering through the alleyway and down the empty street.

The old warrior saw him go. "I hope, Matilda," he said suspiciously, "you didn't pack those half-ripe tomatoes you had left from that ketchup."

"Brother, the tomatoes I sent were plenty good enough for—"

"Woman, woman, don't you know for less than that they'll shell this town?" he bellowed.

So Saturday wore on, followed by a distressful Sabbatarian sadness. Betty's nervousness over her deserted mother had grown acute, but Aunt Matilda had demanded hymns and the young girl seated herself at the piano. Miss Orth sat complacent as her niece's fingers made the yellowed keys ring, but no one could deceive the General's sharp ears.

"Betty, my girl," he called from his deep chair, "isn't that a carnal tune?"

The piano shut with a bang, and Betty was up and down the room like a whirlwind. "Yes, it's carnal, Uncle Anthony, and I'm carnal too! I'm tired of all this secrecy and suspense. I'm tired of scraping lint, and rolling bandages, and knitting socks for soldiers that retreat just when you need 'em."

Her uncle stared for an instant open-mouthed. His brother John's child was diverting. "Why, my dear," he said with an uneasy laugh, "that is war."

"Then war is worse than wicked; it's senseless."

"Betty," cried her aunt in distress, "think of the Union!"

The girl's eyes filled. "Am I likely to forget it?" she asked.

"Well, don't straminade up and down that way. Do sit like a lady, and—"

A strong pull at the door-bell startled them all. The harsh jangle, awakening the echoes of the silent hall, smote harshly on spent nerves.

"There's no use waiting for servants when there are none," suggested the General irascibly.

His sister was for poking out a discreet head above stairs and disappeared into the dining-room. Betty bristled to the attack, slamming the parlor door behind her, and for an instant after answering the summons stood looking dazedly at the young officer in gray on her uncle's steps. Then the hall-door softly shut, and she was enveloped in his strong arms. Richard's eyes were shining and Betty's cheeks aflame as they entered the parlor.

"Uncle," said Betty, "here's an officer from headquarters to thank you for the hamper."

General Orth's back was to the hall. He half turned, and then called, "Matilda, come out from behind that door. Here's that young scoundrel of Ariadne's."

Pink but dignified, Miss Orth emerged from her hiding place to give a gracious welcome.

"Isn't this luck?" joyfully inquired the young guest.

She smiled. "We haven't thought so until now."

"I was afraid you would have gone with the rest, and mother would be so disappointed! She especially reminded me to give you all her love, when we got to Pennsylvania."

"When you got to Pennsylvania!" the General bawled. "You'd not be here now, if my underpinnin's—"

Young Jeffers interrupted with a laugh. "Nor, my dear General, would I be here or anywhere, if my dearest Betty hadn't managed that quinine for me in old newspapers."

The old man's crutches knocked to the floor. His steely eyes pierced Betty's sweet defenses. "Contraband of war, Miss, and you knew it."

She answered bravely. "I wasn't thinking of the war, Uncle Anthony; the man I'm going to marry had fever. He needed it."

Anthony Orth closed his eyes and sighed. In the excitement he had wrenched his poor legs. His sister hovered over him. Richard's fingers slipped across the old horsehair sofa and closed over Betty's little hand. He decided to engage the enemy, and more than once during his recital of the wreck of all at home, Miss Matilda softly wept and the old veteran cleared his throat.

The General's own youth walked before him, and it did not walk alone. There was a path beside a murmuring river with the waving green of the rice fields embroidering the

other shore. There was an odor of autumnal roses, and the drowsy whir of humming birds darting in and out the opopanax.

He opened his eyes with a start, his swift glance traveling up and down the lithe figure in gray. "Dick, don't you lack spurs?" he asked abruptly. He pointed to where gift sword and spurs hung above the mantel. "Here, young man, bring me those." His voice broke. "Take 'em, Dick, I'll not wear 'em again."

The youth was stammering confused thanks, the gruff old fighter protesting. Betty had fastened on the spurs. She wound soft arms now round her uncle's neck, and her red lips brushed his ivory bald spot. "Contraband of war," she murmured, "and I must think, sir, you know it."

"I wasn't thinking of the war," the General unexpectedly sparkled, "I was thinking of my future nephew's needs."

These precious moments were all too brief, and Richard's time was up. Betty stole after him into the hall.

"Dear Dick," she coaxed, "couldn't you sell me a horse?"

"What will you give me?" he teased her.

Betty drew herself up stiffly. "Confederate money—the same your soldiers gave us for two of uncle's."

"Never mind, little Yankee, it will be worth more after this campaign!" He caught her hands and drew her towards him. "But why, sweetheart, do you want a horse? To run away from me, just when I've found you?"

"No, Richard, no. But mother is alone on the farm. I must get home."

Jeffers looked grave. Then he said smilingly, "General Orth's niece will, perhaps, bear our dispatches?"

"Never!" she said with a toss of the proud head.

All in a moment she softened to the pain in his eyes. "Dick, dear, mother can't be left there alone, with the country full of reb—of your army. Uncle will never ask an escort for me, and there is no way unless you take me."

His hesitation filled her eyes with tears. "Oh, I won't ask why you're going nor where," she pleaded. "Even if this is war, can't it just be you taking me home?"

He kissed the pleading lips, promising.

At midnight, his sprinkle of pebbles on her window called her. She was ready, and a note lay on her dressing-table for

Uncle Anthony. Betty could laugh now, thinking of his rage, when Aunt Matilda found it.

She was in the hall at the head of the stairs, when a smiling impulse sent her a-tiptoe back to her moonlit room, to kneel before the chest of Philadelphia spoils.

"Good-bye," she whispered to the girlish vanities within, "good-bye." She shut the lid with a little hysterical laugh. "Ah, war in your own state is different," she said.

Betty had thought she knew this hydra that had gripped the country these long months. A thing for texts, and hot glib speech. A sprightly thing of uniforms and flags and bands that set the blood to tingling and the feet to marking time. A thing of broken friendships, straining hearts; of distant battles and long lists scanned to see which life was spared, and which a memory. A thing for brave true souls to meet, and dare to whisper "Courage," to busy hands.

But in her own state it bore still another aspect. This wild hard ride in the moonlight of a summer's night, should be a lover's ride. But when Duty sat a-pillion with Richard, whose stern lips brooked no delay, and fear spurred Betty's horse, tender vows were laggards. To the girl's swift unreason, this passing between unfriendly pickets to reach her home, and by the courtesy of a hostile foe, became a monstrous thing. A thing now that crawled and twisted between towns and farms, *homes*, holding familiar highways. Its baggage trains blocked roads, and the long dull rumble of artillery wagons jarred the silent hills; while from side cuts and trampled fields, troops of infantry barred the way, marching with their long swing to the click of the canteen.

The last miles were clear, and at a gallop. A big blue army, too, was moving towards Gettysburg, moving from the south, while a great wing of gray brooded in the hills to the north-west. To reach it, Richard had other weary miles beyond the farm-house on the way, where he paused to swing Betty down.

As his lips pressed her's, he asked: "Whichever way this ends, sweetheart?"

"Whichever way," she answered, trembling, and from his arms she was enfolded by her mother's.

Worn youth had the respite of some quiet hours in which to tell its story, before the July sun dawned bright and clear

upon that ominous first. Then every window of the peaceful farm-house on the ridge framed the approach—the clash.

Back on the western horizon the grays had waited. Now down the long pike, and north of it through the railway cut, south of it through woods and fields, Betty saw them pour, a mighty flood, down to the little stream where she had waded, and built dams and sailed her leafy boats.

There the blues stopped them, holding the nearer hollows and all the wooded ridge behind the farm buildings, and down the eastern slope again, through every tranquil bit of meadow, field or pasture, to the higher ridge overlooking the town.

She saw the slaughter in the cut, and the batteries in the road and woods slit long strips in that brave advance. They fought and crossed the run, were driven back and crossed again; were up the ridge, repulsed, and over it, and more came after them to meet the blues' long lines of cavalry, dismounted to the attack, while their artillery boomed above their heads, tearing great gaps in the gray ranks. Back and forth across the farm they charged, each barn or shed or little flowered space a thing worth fighting for, and fickle victory shifted from one side to the other.

Ah, this was war—Betty knew now—war at home!

All day she watched the conflict, sometimes hiding in terror of the din, or braving it to perform some work of mercy. A great hope thrilled her with the later coming of the host that had held Carlisle and beyond—now pitilessly cross-firing the hollows between the ridges all blue with reinforcements—that Richard would have rejoined his corps, that he at least was spared this dread destruction of her home. But towards evening this hope was stilled, when she saw him dragging from the woods, a wounded prisoner.

She begged him from his guard, and drew him to the shelter of the porch to dress his wounds.

"Ah, Betty, Betty," he groaned, in the agony of his humiliation, "this history making is a fearful thing!"

Youth had left them. Man and woman, they clung together behind the honeysuckle vines.

Betty looked out upon the scarred woods and trampled fields, the men and horses, dead and dying She saw the blue retreat, the many captured grays, uncaring which had won.

The woman thought no more of the cause, but of the carnage.

"Oh, sometime there must be another way!" she cried through her hot tears. "What cause is worth it?"

"Ours," said the man.

"But I said, 'Whichever way,'" she whimpered.

Richard's proud lips writhed. "I am a captured rebel. At best, they'll say some day, a pardoned traitor."

The vision of Love, the seer, was in her eyes. "No, dear, no. It is all the way men see. Some day they will call us all—'Patriots.'"

A WET MEADOW.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE billowy mists are drifting fleecy-white
  Adown the grassy meadows half asleep,
  O'erhung with earthly tear-drops, prone to weep
And then rejoice. For Heaven's great scarlet light
Ablaze on high, falls infinitely bright
  On mosses fresh and rosy pools that leap
  To catch the sun, on blossomings that keep
Joy-cups upturned and on the blue-bird's flight.

O vain earth-tears!—Ah, whither has it gone,
  Your sparkle and your pain?—Lost in Thy smile,
O God of Graciousness, a mist swept on!
  And our joy-flowers flash into gold, the while
We wonder at the glory and the gleam!
The glory, real; the grief, a dewy dream.

EFFORTS TO REGAIN STATE SUPPORT FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

BY MICHAEL HENRY LUCEY, PH.D.

WHILE the Church in the United States was yet in its infancy, and in dire need of priests, there was cast on our shores by the French Revolution a devoted number of men, who rendered inestimable service to the cause of Christian education.

Of this number one of the most illustrious was the Rev. John DuBois, D.D., later third bishop of New York. Born in Paris, in 1784, he remained in his native city, first as a student and later as priest, until the rising tide of hostility compelled him to flee. He was warmly welcomed by Bishop Carroll, and for many years labored with indefatigable zeal in the mission fields of Maryland and Virginia. Dr. DuBois, as a member of the teaching society of St. Sulpice, was especially interested in educational matters, and on the mountain top near Emmettsburg, Maryland, he opened a small school early in the last century, which, under his management, grew to be one of the leading Catholic colleges in the United States. Mount St. Mary's College has probably mothered more priests than any other ecclesiastical seminary in the United States, and so many of her sons have been raised to the episcopal dignity that she is known as the "Mother of Bishops."

Dr. DuBois had already entered the evening of life when he was chosen bishop of New York, but he brought with him to his new field the zeal and enthusiasm of youth. He planned a complete system of Catholic schools, and hoped with the aid of his people to put the plan into execution. In connection with a proposed seminary he hoped to found a college, and intended that the members of the teaching orders, whom he expected to introduce into the diocese, would found academies.

Unfortunately, the times were not ripe for his plans. The churches were then in the control of lay trustees, elected by the pew-holders, who claimed and exercised complete control over the temporal affairs of the Church. To them the most immediate need seemed to be the building of new churches, and

to this the people directed themselves with commendable zeal. During the twelve years of Bishop DuBois' active administration the number of churches in the city was increased from two to eight.

Burdened as the people were with this enormous task of buying sites and erecting church buildings, it is not surprising that in the absence of aid formerly received from the State School Fund, the establishment and maintenance of schools seemed an almost impossible task. Yet to this undertaking they were urged, not only by their own faith and inclinations, but likewise by the decrees of church councils and the exhortations of their bishop and pastors.

The First Provincial Council, which met at Baltimore on October 4, 1829, enacted that schools be established in which the young, while they were taught letters, should also be taught the principles of faith and morals. The Fathers of the Second Provincial Council, held four years later, likewise emphasized the necessity for schools where the best opportunities of literature and science might be united to a strict protection of the morals of the children and the best safeguards of their faith.

Even before these councils thus pronounced on the subject of education, one of the able and clear-sighted priests of New York City, the Rev. F. C. Levins, had shown that the clergy of the city were alive to the importance of the subject:

> Were I asked [he writes in the *Truth Teller* of August 1, 1829] what is the evil which in a religious and moral point of view presses with most severity on the Catholic community of this city, I would without hesitancy say, the want of that education which blends religion with the education of the mind, and I should consider him the best benefactor to our community who most completely aided in establishing this system of education. This opinion may clash with the modern cant term, liberality; and possibly in the Catholic community there are those who are votaries of this mischievous idol. Should any of the liberal class demand why I would blend religious instruction with education, I would answer: Because first, education conferred, unaided by religion, is a curse; and second, the Catholic religion in the city cannot receive a fixed and permanent increase unless this mode of education is adopted.

Urged on, then, by these exhortations and by their own

faith and zeal the Catholics opened a school as soon as each church was completed. These schools were, for the most part, in the basements of the churches, the curriculum was limited, and the teachers were poorly educated and unskilled in the art of teaching. In many cases the sexton was the teacher, and sometimes the organist lent a hand. Tuition fees were usually charged, and in fact some of the schools connected with the churches might be classed as private schools.

Bishop DuBois, himself a learned educator, deeply regretted this condition of affairs. He tried to come to an agreement with the Public School Society to the end that the children under his charge, while receiving a Catholic education, might at the same time enjoy the advantages which well-equipped buildings and trained teachers always give. As the Public School Society had established one of their schools on Mott Street, not far from the Cathedral, Bishop DuBois requested the Society that he be allowed to present a Catholic teacher for that school, subject, of course, to the examintion and approbation of the Society, and also to removal whenever they saw fit. He also requested that the use of the school be allowed him on Sundays for the purpose of giving to the Roman Catholic children instruction in their religion, and of keeping a Sunday-School in the evening for poor apprentices and servants who had no other time to devote to education.

These requests were refused, and the schools were compelled to grope their way along in the semi-darkness of this dreary time.

That the burden of supporting schools was felt not only by the Catholics of New York, but likewise by their brethren throughout the nation is evidenced by the action of the Fourth Council of Baltimore, convened in 1840.

Looking back over the ten years since the Fathers of the First Council had deemed it absolutely necessary that schools be established in which the young might be taught the principles of their faith and morals while they were instructed in letters, the prelates of this Council were apparently disappointed and discouraged at the results accomplished. It seemed as though in this period of church building, the additional expenses of building and maintaining schools was too much to bear. Accordingly the Council, in its sixth decree, looked to making the public schools available for Catholic

children by obtaining exemptions for them from participation in Protestant prayers and Bible reading.

Such was the condition of affairs when a new leader appeared, who was to inspire his people to greater effort than any which they had yet put forth, and who was to make them conscious of their own strength and resources. The Most Rev. John Hughes, was born in Ireland, at Annaloghan, in the County Tyrone, on June 24, 1797 of typical Irish peasants. When nineteen years of age he came to the United States, and, after much striving, entered Mount St. Mary's College, of which the Rev. Dr. DuBois, whom he was later to succeed as bishop of New York, was president. His career, both as a student at St. Mary's, and later as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, showed that indomitable strength of will, efficiency as a man of affairs, and ability as a controversalist which later marked his career in New York. His was the militant type of Christianity, which stood ready to give and to receive blows in the fight for righteousness.

Bishop Hughes first attacked the trustee system, which had hampered the efforts of Bishop DuBois in his endeavors to render the work of the Church and the schools more effective. A year after his coming to New York a case occurred which showed that the struggle could not be avoided. A civil officer, acting on the authority of the trustees of the Cathedral, expelled from the Sunday-School a teacher who had been appointed by the bishop. Bishop Hughes at once issued a pastoral address to the congregation of the Cathedral in which he intimated that if such actions were tolerated he would feel justified in deserting their building and erecting an altar around which religion should be free, the Council of Trent fully recognized, and the law of the Church applied to the government and regulation of the Church.

This appeal was entirely successful. At a subsequent meeting of the pew-holders of the Cathedral congregation resolutions were adopted endorsing the stand of the bishop, and at the next election trustees were chosen who were acceptable to him. Having thus broken the power of the trustees and secured the cordial support of his people, he resolved to visit Europe to study systems of education and means of advancing the cause of religion.

While Bishop Hughes was in Europe the most important

and far-reaching campaign for the purpose of securing for the Catholic schools a portion of the public school funds was begun. The controversy may be said to have been started by the action of the Governor of the State, Hon. William H. Seward, who, in his annual message for the year of 1840, deplored the fact that many children of foreign parents were deprived of the advantages of our system of public education in consequence of prejudices arising from difference of language or religion. He therefore advocated the establishment of schools in which such pupils might be instructed by teachers speaking the same language as themselves, and professing the same faith.

As this view seemed to be held by many other men prominent in public life, the time seemed propitious for the Catholics to assert their rights. Accordingly, on February 17, 1840 the trustees of the eight Catholic schools on Manhattan Island, met and prepared a petition requesting the Common Council, in whose hands the law vested the distribution of the school money, for a proportionate share.

The memorial contended that the petitioners contributed in common with all other citizens who were taxed for the purpose—to the accumulation of the school fund, and that they were entitled to participate in its advantages; that now they received no benefit from the fund, inasmuch as the members of the Catholic churches could not conscientiously send their children to schools in which the religious doctrine of their fathers was exposed to ridicule and censure. The petitioners admitted that in the schools attached to their churches, religious instruction in the doctrines of the Church would be given after the usual school hours, but with the understanding that no child would be requested to attend at that time without the approval of the parents.

On March 16, the Hebrew Congregation, on Crosby street, and the Scotch Presbyterian Church likewise presented a petition for a share in the distribution of the school money.

In the controversy of 1824 the Catholics, while demanding their rights under the law, had taken no prominent part in the agitation. At that time, as we have noted, the leaders of the movement for state support for Church schools were prominent ministers of many of the Protestant churches of the city.

Times had changed since 1825, however, and men with them. Most of the Protestant churches had closed their schools, and their members were now sending their children to the schools of the Public School Society. They had become accustomed to sending their children to these schools, and were well satisfied with the education received. As Dr. Hughes pointed out, they had no such grievance against the schools as had the Catholics:

> Although, [he says] one denomination of Protestants may differ from another and may carry their attachment to their respective dogmas to great length, yet there is one common ground on which they all, so far as I know, without exception meet. "What is it?" That the Bible alone, as understood by each individual, is their rule of faith. They could, therefore, unite on the public school question so far as the Bible was concerned.

The Catholics, therefore, found themselves practically alone in the fight. The Scotch Presbyterian Church and the Hebrew Congregation concurred in the petition, but were opposed by the Methodist Episcopal Churches, the East Broome Street Baptist Church, the Dutch Reformed Churches, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and many citizens. The Public School Society also vigorously opposed the prayer of the petitioners, presenting a memorial to the Common Council, in which they declared that they were opposed to the proposition as being both unconstitutional and inexpedient. The petition was rejected by the Board of Aldermen, April 27.

The Catholics, nothing daunted by the defeat, began a movement for the purpose of bringing their grievances before the public. Meetings were held, at which the Catholic position was eloquently set forth by the Rev. Dr. Powers and others. Matters were in this condition when, on July 18, Bishop Hughes arrived from Europe. While he had been in no way connected with the inception of the movement, he threw himself into the fight immediately on his arrival and assumed command. Ten days later he addressed a meeting held in the school-house attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In this address Bishop Hughes expressed pleasure at the fact that the movement was not a political one, but that a feeling higher and holier than mere politics was the soul of the agitation. The question at issue, namely, whether Cath-

olic children were exposed to the danger of forfeiting their faith by an attendance on the state supported schools, was infinitely above anything that could be found in mere politics. Speaking of the schools then existing he said that the system had not been tested by its results; sufficient time had not elapsed to develop them; but when they reflected that all morality was founded on religion, and that this was an attempt to make a man moral on the basis of education without religion, he would ask what would be the harvest that such culture would produce. For his own part, he believed that it would produce men either indifferent to religion, or with a feeling of contempt for it.

He contended for the right of conscience and for the sacred right of every man to educate his own children. He asked only that the Catholics be granted a fair and just proportion of the funds appropriated for the common schools, provided the Catholics would give their children just as good a secular training as could be obtained in those schools. In an address of the Roman Catholics to their fellow-citizens of the city and state, which appeared soon after, Bishop Hughes appealed to the general public on the same grounds as set forth above.

The Catholics were now thoroughly aroused to the importance of the movement, and during the summer attended, in large numbers, meetings which were held every two weeks in the basement of St. James' Church. A weekly paper, the *Freeman's Journal*, now appeared for the purpose of keeping the public, and more especially the Catholic portion thereof, informed as to the progress made.

On September 21, a memorial was adopted and presented to the Board of Aldermen. The petitioners set forth that the rights of conscience guaranteed them by the Constitution were violated in the provision made for the education of their children in New York City. They pointed out that the Public School Society had attained a monopoly of the public education of children in the City of New York. They asserted that while enjoying this monopoly, the Society conducted its schools, which were supported by funds contributed by the petitioners in common with other citizens, in such a way that Catholics could not conscientiously, and with their sense of duty to God, intrust the education of their offspring to them.

For while the Society professed to exclude all sectarianism from their schools, they in fact, said the petitioners, did admit sectarianism in a great variety of ways. This was evidenced by the various annual reports of the Society, in which the importance of early religious education was emphasized. This religious education, to be sure, was exclusively general and scriptural in its character, but the members of the Society or its teachers must of necessity decide the difficult question on which the sects disagree, namely, what kind of religious education is exclusively general and scriptural.

The petitioners then pass to the objectionable nature of many of the books used in the schools, stating that many of them contained passages both historically inaccurate and bearing a tone of prejudice against the Catholic Church. The petitioners therefore prayed that the Board would be pleased to designate as among the schools entitled to participate in the Common School fund, upon complying with the requirements of the law and ordinances of the Corporation of the City,—St. Patrick's School, St. Peter's School, St. Mary's School, St. Joseph's School, St. James' School, St. Nicholas' School, Transfiguration Church School, and St. John's School.

Remonstrances in opposition to the petition were presented by the Public School Society, and a committee representing the pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Churches. The remonstrance of the Society was short, inasmuch as they stated that the matter had been already fully set forth before the public. Some of the points made by the Catholics were, however, taken up. In order to show their freedom from religious bias it was pointed out that no regard was had by the trustees to the religious profession of the teachers appointed, and that as a matter of fact six or seven of the number were Roman Catholics.

The petition and remonstrances were referred to a committee of the Board for consideration, but later it was decided to give hearings before the full board, and Thursday and Friday, October 29 and 30, were named as the days on which arguments would be heard. It was a dramatic moment when John Hughes arose in the Council Chamber of the Board of Aldermen to present the case of his Catholic fellow-citizens. He stood alone before a board which had shown its hostility to the principles which he represented, while opposed to him

were two of the leading members of the New York bar and representatives of the leading Protestant Churches of the city. Men may not agree with the principles advocated by John Hughes, but they cannot withhold their admiration for his battle against odds for what he believed to be right. Dr. Hughes was not only a loyal churchman but a sincere patriot as well. He yielded to no man, either in his devotion to his church or his love of country. Believing as he did that religious instruction was an essential element in the training of a man, as well as in that of a citizen, he strove with all his might to enable his fellow Catholics to make this principle effective in the education of their children.

Dr. Hughes began by explaining the petition formerly presented, and stating the grounds on which the Catholics sought relief. He then, in turn, reviewed and analyzed the remonstrances of the School Society, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, pointing out the weakness of their arguments.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick now arose on behalf of the Public School Society, and delivered a dignified, scholarly address. Mr. Sedgwick reviewed the history of the Public School Society in its gradual acquirement of control over the Common School funds. He doubted the power of the board to grant the prayer of the petitioners even if they were so inclined. He agreed with the petitioners that if a large body of citizens could not, for sound reasons, participate in the advantages of public free education, then that education was on a wrong footing—radically wrong. But the question, after all, was one of fact. Mr. Sedgwick concluded that the ground on which they prevented their children from attending these schools was not well taken.

Mr. Ketchum, of counsel for the Society, followed in a caustic address, in which he attacked Bishop Hughes for descending into the arena for the purpose of discussing public questions. He defended the cause of the Public School Society and impugned the motives of the petitioners. The question at issue was, he said, whether the board was ready to desert the Public School Society and take up the new society—the Catholics.

The next afternoon the Rev. Dr. Bond, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took the floor. Dr. Bond protested against

the apportioning of money for sectarian purposes. Then proceeding on the assumption that it was the peculiar creed of the Catholics on which they rested their scruples against sending their children to the public schools he made a bitter attack on the Catholic Church. To support the charge made in their memorial that it was a persecuting church he cited passages from a Rhemish New Testament, published by Protestants in New York, and afterwards proven by Bishop Hughes to have been condemned by the authorities of the Catholic Church.

Dr. David M. Reese, also of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his address proceeded on the assumption that the schools of the Society were public schools, and that the conscientious scruples which Catholics now entertained against sending their children to them had been instilled into their minds by the action of their Bishop. Fundamentally, therefore, the conscientious scruples being mere prejudices, there was no case of conscience in the matter at all. If, therefore, certain individuals chose to educate their own children, and refused to avail themselves of the advantages of the public schools the act was their own, and furnished them no pretext for complaint.

The Rev. Dr. Knox, of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the Rev. Dr. Bangs, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now spoke in turn. Each voiced the satisfaction of his Church with the schools as conducted by the Society, and their opposition to the memorial of the petitioners. It remained for Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian Church, who closed the debate for the opposition, to voice the most pronounced note of hostility heard during the entire debate:

> The gentleman, Bishop Hughes, [he said] has sought to prove that the present system leads to infidelity. Now, sir, let no man think it strange that I prefer infidelity to Catholicism. Even a mind as acute as Voltaire's came to the conclusion that if there was no alternative between infidelity and the dogmas of the Catholic Church he should choose infidelity. I would choose, sir, in similar circumstances, to be an infidel to-morrow.

Bishop Hughes, in a speech lasting three hours and a half, replied to the arguments of all the gentlemen who had been heard on the subject. Owing to the fact that the learned

gentlemen had devoted a large part of their time to attacks on the doctrines and teachings of the Church, Bishop Hughes was compelled to devote a large part of his time to answering these charges. He took up the arguments of each opponent and answered them. In answer to Mr. Sedgwick's contention that the Catholics had no just ground in fact for keeping their children from the schools of the Society, he pointed out that morality cannot be taught without religion. Banish religion and you have infidelity. But if religious instruction is given it might be satisfactory to others, but it could not be to Catholics.

He defended his course of taking part in public meetings, saying that he hoped the time would never come when it would be deemed a descent for a man in office to mingle with his fellow-citizens, when convened for legitimate and honorable purposes. He complained humorously of the personal hostility which Mr. Ketchum had shown him, saying that he expected every minute the learned gentleman would forget himself and say "the prisoner at the bar."

To the charge that he was responsible for stirring up the agitation and the opposition of Catholics to the schools of the Public School Society, he called attention to the fact that for years Catholics had been struggling to establish and to maintain schools to the extent to which their means allowed them.

If state support were granted, the Catholics were willing that their schools should be under the same regulations as those of the Public School Society, the same hours, the same order, the same exercises, and even the same inspectors. They reserved to themselves the designation of teachers, subject, however, to examination by the proper public authorities as to their qualifications.

The Special Committee, to whom the matter had been referred, found themselves unable to agree to the demands of the Catholic authorities, and requested that they be discharged from further consideration of the matter.

The report of the committee was adopted, and thus the appeal of the Roman Catholics was rejected and the committee discharged.

The Catholics, having been defeated before the Common Council, determined to appeal to the legislature.

On April 26, the Hon. James C. Spencer, Secretary of the

State, and also Superintendent of Common Schools, submitted a report upon the memorial of the Catholic authorities, which had been referred to him by the Senate. Mr. Spencer held that the founders of such schools as those established by the Catholics had absolute rights to the benefits of a common burden, and that any system which deprived them of their just share in the application of a common and public fund must be justified, if at all, by a necessity which demanded the sacrifice of individual rights for the accomplishment of a social benefit of paramount importance. This necessity, Mr. Spencer concluded, did not exist, and therefore he objected to the exclusive control of public education by the Public School Society.

The report, therefore, was distinctly favorable to the Catholic schools as against the contention of the Public School Society. Even in the matter of religious instruction the Superintendent took a broad stand:

> It is believed to have been satisfactorily shown, that there must be some degree of religious instruction, and that there can be none without partaking, more or less, of a sectarian character; and that even the Public School Society has not been able, and cannot expect to be able to avoid the imputation. In this respect, then, matters cannot well be in a worse condition than they are at present.

This favorable attitude shown toward the prayer of the petitioners by the Governor and the Superintendent of Common Schools aroused the friends of the Public School Society to vigorous and renewed activity. Mr. Ketchum delivered a long speech before a special committee of the Senate in which the usual arguments in support of the Society were gone over, and Mr. Spencer's report analyzed. A memorial and remonstrance from the Public School Society in reply to Mr. Spencer's report was also presented to the Senate.

The Senate decided to take no action at the time, and on May 25, by a vote of 11 to 10, decided to postpone consideration of the bill until the first Tuesday in January following. Bishop Hughes, in a speech which occupied the evenings of June 16, 17 and 21, reviewed the arguments of Mr. Ketchum and reiterated the Catholic position. This was the beginning of the final struggle, which lasted well over the summer. With the election of members of the state legislature coming

on in the fall the school question became a political issue. Meetings were held, the public press teemed with the subject, the question became the leading political issue of the campaign. The candidates for the state legislature were interviewed, and letters of inquiry were sent them by friends of the Public School Society in which they were requested to state their views on the school question. In this way pledges were secured from many of the candidates of the leading political parties to vote against the Catholic petition. Those who expressed themselves as in favor of a change in the existing system, or who did not answer, the Society declined to support.

Bishop Hughes decided that the time had come for decisive action by the Catholic voters. Accordingly, at a meeting held in Carroll Hall four days before the election, certain candidates who were already in the field and supposed to be favorable to the claims of the Catholics were indorsed. Three new candidates were also placed on the ticket. In taking this action Bishop Hughes disclaimed any desire to become involved in political controversies. But he did feel justified in advising the Catholic citizens of New York to use their votes to secure for themselves their just rights.

In the election the distinctive candidates of the Catholics received only about two thousand votes apiece, but this action of a religious body in nominating and, on such short notice securing so many votes for its candidates, created a profound impression. It was felt by all patriotic citizens that the controversy should be settled, and Governor Seward, in his annual message, devoted a considerable portion of it to a discussion of the subject. He suggested that the general school law of the state be extended to New York City. On April 11, accordingly, a bill was passed embodying the Governor's suggestions, and was signed by him.

There was much doubt as to the effect of the new law on the existing schools. The trustees of the Public School Society feared that the statute would result in subjecting their institutions to the blighting influence of party strife and sectarian animosity.

While the victory seemed to rest with the Catholics, in that the system of public instruction was placed in the hands of officials elected by the people, yet as the new system of

schools became operative they found sufficient reasons for maintaining schools of their own.

Under the new law each ward elected ten commissioners, two inspectors and five trustees of common schools. The provisions of the general school law of the state was extended to the city, and each ward was to be considered as a separate town, in which the local trustees had large powers. They were empowered to appoint teachers, to specify the books to be used, and to take the initiative in organizing new schools.

When the question was being considered at Albany it was thought by many that, with the control of schools vested in local officials elected by the people of the several wards, a satisfactory working basis could be found which would please all parties.

If the greater part of the people in any one district were of a certain religious denomination it would naturally follow that the local control of the schools would in a measure reflect the opinions of the community. As the schools of the city were open to all, regardless of ward lines, the parents of children who were opposed to the methods or management of any particular school could send their children to a neighboring one.

But, unfortunately, this happy solution could not be attained under the law as passed. The new statute specifically deprived the school authorities of any power to provide or allow religious instruction.

The rigid enforcement of this law, at least as far as Catholic interests were concerned, gave notice to the friends of the parish schools that they must be continued. Before the new system had been in operation a year the clause prohibiting religious sectarian instruction was invoked against certain school officials of the Ninth Ward. The trustees of this ward, the majority of whose inhabitants were evidently of the Roman Catholic religion, had introduced into their schools a reader compiled by the Brothers of the Christian schools, and other books containing passages which gave umbrage to a number of the citizens of the ward. A special committee of the Board of Education was appointed to consider the matter. The committee, after an investigation, recommended that principals and directors of the schools in the several wards in which the books referred to were used, be directed to omit the reading of the objectionable passages.

THE ESCAPED NUN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE intelligent and cultivated Englishman is perhaps hardly aware, at least consciously, that there still appears in the suburbs of London and in English provincial towns, the Escaped Nun, a lady who is as much out of date at the beginning of this twentieth century, as the story of human sacrifice among the Jews and other exploited myths of the kind. One wonders if the same lady is yet extinct in America.

The Escaped Nun draws large audiences. She is a living and most thrilling example of the *Shilling Shocker* or the *Penny Dreadful.* She affords numberless thrills. She is suggestive, indecent, prurient. Finally she ministers to that *odium theologicum* which is apt to enter so strongly into lives led amid narrow and dull surroundings. There are abundant reasons for her vogue; and the curious thing is that there is no protection against her calumnies for the innocent and devoted women whose lives are besmirched by the foulness of her fancies.

The Escaped Nun need not be in every case nor in any case a conscious liar or criminal. She may be, as a matter of fact, suffering from hysteria. Ask any doctor or any student of mental diseases and he will tell you that such morbid manifestations and imaginations are most common in a certain class of disorder. Only less piteous than the case of the women of holy lives besmirched and defiled, is the case of the poor creature whose disordered imaginations are dragged in the light of day or the gas-light, for the entertainment of the impure and the gross-minded. That the woman who was once a nun could stand up in a public hall with such tales on her lips is as poignant a thing in its way as the distraught Ophelia singing her lewd songs.

The demoralization that follows the Escaped Nun is a serious matter. Her "revelations" are not only for the ears of those who conceivably are not hurt by them; they reach the ears of the young as well—I have not heard that there is any

limitation as to the age of the audience—the *odium theologicum* gives a reason for the discussion of these matters in circles where the avowedly prurient would be kept out of sight; worst of all, ignorant and well-meaning people may be persuaded that societies of women, ostensibly banded together for the service of God and His poor, indulge habitually in secret orgies of vice or are victims of persons more wicked than themselves. The evil the Escaped Nun does spreads further and further, like the circles of water into which a stone has been thrown. Not only are the ignorant deceived, but to the wicked is given a justification for their wickedness. Religion is defiled and cast down in the mud of the streets.

There have been numberless pamphlets written and circulated to expose the Escaped Nun. It is quite safe to say that not one in a thousand overtakes the calumny. The persons who run to hear the libel are not those whom the refutation reaches. Surely it is time that the Escaped Nun was regarded by law as on the same level with other indecencies and corruptions which pollute the fount of human virtue at its very spring.

As a matter of fact there is no such thing as an Escaped Nun, because there is no such thing as an immured nun. I do not believe there is a convent in existence, as I know convents, that will not gladly open its doors to set free the woman who has mistaken her vocation in becoming a nun. Such a one, whose discontent takes, or may take, the form of hysteria is, indeed, a menace and a dread to every convent. Most gladly will the nuns see such a one depart, and breathe freely when she is beyond the convent portals.

I think I am safe in saying that where the affairs of a convent have been dragged into the light of day—as in the law courts, where the evidence for and against has been thoroughly sifted, the result has shown that the convent has nothing to conceal. A difficult person in a subordinate position, an over-dominant person in the place of authority; these are the worst things that have been brought to light. There is no record of proceedings in the case of a nun who has escaped, or wished to escape. The disputes have been in the matter of property; and there has been nothing in the result to make Catholics blush for the convent.

I am personally aware of the cases of nuns who have left

their convents and given trouble afterwards. In one case the nun, who had become a Catholic and a nun when of a mature age, returned to Protestantism and became a militant enemy of her late religion. She had always been a strikingly eccentric person, whose eccentricities would have been a matter of mild scandal anywhere except in Ireland where the confidence in a priest or a nun is a touching thing. Released from the convent, these eccentricities were more striking than ever. She had had a spurious reputation as an author, which must have cost the convent great sums, for she had brought out a number of lifeless and empty volumes on a scale of great magnificence.

To me, if I were not a Catholic and a believer in the conventual life as a life of great supernatural virtues and happiness, if I were a doctor or a philanthropist, or a person much interested in my kind, I should bear enthusiastic testimony to the virtue of convents as regards the health of the world. The convent solves the great and painful difficulty of defeated and disappointed womanhood, into which even an ordinary happy woman, if she be a sympathetic and understanding person, gets many sad glimpses. To the many women, intended by nature to be wives and mothers, framed absolutely for that purpose, yet denied by law or civilization or the preponderance of their number over those of the male sex, the fruition of their purpose, the convent offers happiness, supernatural if not natural; it gives them the love of God and the rapture of the mystical life for the love of lover and husband; in the childless arms and the childless heart it places humanity in its greatest need of soul and body; it gives the warmth of family life and the security of home.

The rule, which in some cases, one might grumble against as antiquated and tyrannical, is, one must confess, justified of its results. Without the rule would it be possible for so many women of varying temperaments and tempers and tastes and inclinations to live together in the harmony which prevails under the convent roof? I claim no immunity for the nun from the common human failings. She would not claim such immunity herself. "We didn't leave our hearts behind us when we became nuns," is often heard from the lips of a nun, who is not ready to accept the somewhat dreary isolation from human griefs and joys which the fervid idealist might be disposed to bestow upon her. In the convent there are di-

vergences as well as elsewhere. There are attachments; there are what might be dislikes if they were not held in check by the rule and by the high, supernatural ideals which are always in the forefront of a nun's thoughts. I have said in my haste, when I was younger than I am to-day, that there was need for a congregation of women to do good works where there would be freedom of coming and going, where the members would keep in touch with the world, with books and music and art and science and what not. With a fuller knowledge I believe that such a congregation would not be possible, would not exist for long. It is the rule, the incessant business, as well as the supernatural virtues, that keep the convents going. The hours packed to overflowing with occupation of one kind or another, the soul has not time to get into mischief. Satan finds no idle hands for which to provide mischief in the convent.

As a convent school pupil, acquainted with nuns from my earliest infancy, accustomed to a tender intimacy with nuns in my earlier and later womanhood, I bear testimony that as a whole the nuns have satisfied my highest ideals of conduct. My years under a convent roof have left me with an exquisite feeling of the poetic atmosphere which is about the nun like a subdued sunlight. The odor of conventual sanctity is indeed fragrant in my nostrils. I speak of the Irish convents which I know best, and I strive to recall my childish impressions of the convent school. Mine happened to be a very old-fashioned school and a very old-fashioned convent. It had been established during the penal days when a priest's head had the same value as a wolf's, when the adherents of the Old Religion sheltered themselves behind high walls, practiced the rites of their religion in secret, and had only the honor and honesty of their Protestant neighbors to trust to that they should not be despoiled of all they possessed. No Catholic could own a horse of the value of more than £5. A son conforming to the established religion could take all, leaving his father beggared. Everything a Catholic had was liable to confiscation; and the estates of many Irish Catholics were only saved to them by the honorable friendship of their Protestant neighbors who held for them the property they had forfeited by their adherence to their religion. Schoolmasters were in as evil case as the priests; and nuns were also under a ban.

The shadow of those penal days yet hung heavily over my old convent. It secluded itself between high walls and had an air as though it lived by stealth. It was originally the house of some Irish nobleman or gentleman,—a great house of four stories, with wings at either end. There was a sunk floor in which were acres of kitchens and pantries and sculleries. It was quite a good walk from the school-house in one wing to the chapel in the other, and we used to take it two by two, our heads covered with black veils like so many little senoritas. Midmost of the two wings was the convent, which was strictly enclosed. There were high screened doors of glass and iron work beyond which lay long sunny corridors that had the most extraordinary fascination for my childish imagination. My memory of the place is as of something sunny, bright, clean, so clean that the strongest sun showed no mote in the atmosphere. There was a garden at the back in which we played our games and took our constitutionals, a dreary garden of vegetables and a few forbidden fruit trees, with the nuns' cemetery in the heart of it. Outside those walls lay the world. We used to hear the bells of St. Magdalene's Church chime on Sundays; and at one point the high wall lay between us and a public thoroughfare, where we could hear the feet of the unseen passers-by and dream our dreams of what lay over the wall.

The nuns' garden was a much more cheerful place. It lay in front of the house, a thick hedge enclosing it instead of the forbidding stone walls. It was a place of grassy spaces, with flower-beds cut in the grass and gnarled fruit trees everywhere amongst the flowers. On high feast-days we were allowed there for the afternoon recreation with the nuns. It was a place of winding walks and arbors and shrines set in every tree. The convent garden is always a place of conceits. I can remember the nuns there in their recreation hours, the novices chattering and laughing with a light-hearted gaiety that was like a grove of starlings in summer. The novices would crowd round the older nuns, especially the Reverend Mother and the Mistress of Novices. We used to hear the same sound of chatter and laughter coming through the community room windows in the winter afternoons. There is something peculiarly child-like about the gaiety of nuns.

There was a dog belonging to one of the lay-sisters who

was a sort of complete workman in herself. She was gardener and carpenter and hen-wife and dairy-woman and swine-herd and many other things—a privileged person; and no one questioned her right to keep a dog, which went in and out among the nuns at recreation hour and had much notice and petting.

Also there were many robins in the garden, and they had become wonderfully tame. It used to be a pretty sight to see the robins perch on the nuns' shoulders and heads and take crumbs from their tongues. It seems to me looking back that the robins gave delightful testimony to the innocence and harmlessness of the nuns.

My convent belonged to one of the oldest orders of the Church and had a very austere rule. The nuns never partook of meat in any shape or form. From Holy Cross, the 14th of September, till Easter, they had only one full meal a day with a collation. They rose at 4:30 A. M. all the year round and retired to bed at 9 P. M. At 9:30 the bell rang profound silence, which could only be broken in case of great necessity. "Praise be to Jesus!" the nuns would say the last thing at night; and from that onward the silence was unbroken till the Sister, whose duty it was to call the others, offered them her finger tips which had been dipped in the holy water font, saying again: "Praise be to Jesus!"

These nuns belonged to one of the contemplative orders, for which some people who consider themselves broad-minded in admiring the active orders, have small toleration. They were of the few orders of women on whom it is incumbent to sing the Divine Office every day. This singing of the Divine Office, if I remember rightly, occupied seven hours of the day, and a goodly portion of it was accomplished before the bell called the children for Mass. The Divine Office and the school occupied the nuns' time pretty well; there were artists and poets among them; musicians, embroiderers, illuminators of fine manuscripts. Despite the hard asceticism of the rule, which kept poor Brother Ass, the Body, in a perpetual and, one would have said, painful subjugation, the nuns were as merry as children.

As for their simplicity—although the convent had its astute business women, wiser in their generation than the children of this world—their simplicity often made irreverent little girls smile. I remember that they had a very ancient organ in the

school oratory, which had painted upon it the god Pan. Since the shaggy goat god was not fit for convents and convent school girls one of the artist nuns had changed him to David, putting a crown on him and a royal red robe and disguising the feet. Yet quite obviously it was Pan, or Bacchus, or some other pagan deity; or else it was David in most disedifying mood. And the school-children knew it. It was one of many simplicities which I could tell if this were not a serious article.

Their childlikeness, side by side with the hard ascetic life, was strangely alluring. Their contemplative manner of life was such as even tolerant people and people of their own religion denounce and decry. "What is the good of the Contemplative Orders?" they ask. "Surely they are out of date, only fit for the Middle Ages." A world which runs itself to death in the pursuit of folly and worse, has even dubbed the Contemplative Orders lazy and selfish. Well, to the nuns, it would seem a proposition beyond doubt, that in praying for those who would never pray for themselves, in constantly praising and worshipping God, whom the world insults and defies with every instant that passes, in mortifying and denying innocent bodies, because all the world over other bodies are committing sin every day; that in this life of prayer and penance offered for others they are really filling an important part in God's scheme of the regeneration of the world.

It takes all sorts to make up the world, spiritual and otherwise. Side by side with the women who pray and meditate are those whose ministrations are to the body and to the soul through the medium of the body. Who shall dare to say which is the more meritorious? To me, if I were not a Christian and a Catholic, the thought of the Contemplative Orders would be like the thought of water-wells in the desert. When one thinks of the mass of sinning and suffering humanity, of the suffering of the lower creation, of the things that every day and every night put out the stars and moon and "make a goblin of the sun," it is good to turn and look upon the cool, green places of the world from which atonement and intercession arise through the hours of the day and night, as though the world swung a censer before the Throne of God. It is the *Deare Secret Greennesse* of George Herbert, the quietness upon the thought of which the soul may brood and find peace.

My first and most intimate knowledge is, therefore, of a

convent of contemplative nuns. But since then I have known many nuns of the active orders. I have known Sisters of Charity who nurse the sick in hospitals and their own homes; who nurse the dying—a tender charity this, when it is remembered amid what circumstances the people of the slums must die; who shelter the blind and train them to a high degree of efficiency despite their sad disadvantages; who do the like for the deaf and dumb; who are ready to go out on the battlefields or into the midst of plague and pestilence to nurse the sick bodies in which they see the members of Christ; who shelter orphans and visit jails and workhouses; who reclaim sinners.

I have known Sisters of Mercy whose ministrations also are to the sick and maimed in body and soul.

I have known the Little Sisters of the Poor, who take care of the old, worsted in the battle of life. The Little Sisters go on their questing often far afield. They know what it is to meet with rudeness and refusal. Unless some good soul gives them a cup of tea and some bread and butter, they fast all day, for their dependence is on charity, although they will not ask for themselves. To feed them has its own sweet reward. It is as though one were feeding the little children of God. Theirs is a life of austerities, which I have had the presumption to think too great. This order, founded by a poor, lowly Frenchwoman, has attracted to itself in many cases ladies of birth and rank. The Little Sisters and their charges live on almsgiving. They are true Franciscans, for they have nothing of their own. The broken food from hotels and restaurants, the things left from private tables, the rubbish that in many cases might go to the dust-heap are their provision. The Little Sisters eat what is too coarse or stale for their old charges. They find a use for the most unlikely things. I confess I shuddered, on a certain visit paid to the Little Sisters many a year ago, at seeing an exquisite face, telling of birth and breeding, bent above a bed which had seen much service and showed it very unpleasantly. The delicate long fingers were engaged in uncovering this with a view to re-making and covering it; and there was something in the expression of the face which said that many austerities would be preferable to this.

I have also known nuns who instructed the peasant girl in the arts of lace-making and embroidering, who taught them

to weave and spin and make tweeds and carpets and blankets and woolen stuffs.

I have known all the varieties of teaching nuns, from those —I had almost said from *her*—who in a short score of years have put the education of Irish Catholic girls on a level with others who had a long start of them, to those who teach the children of the poor, with the many grades in between; and I am bound to say that in all cases the work has been performed with a selfless devotion beyond praise. I have known many of the convents of the active orders with their busy beneficences; I have known many of the contemplative orders; and I can only say that active or passive their lives were faultless in the sight of men. I have heard minor grumbles against them; that they think all the world ought to work for nothing as they do themselves in the service of God and incidentally of the convent; that they disturb the balance of things economic, bringing labor ill-paid-for and unpaid-for into competition with the work of those who must earn a living wage for themselves and their families; that they educate girls above their station and give them a false standard of refinement; that they spend too much time in prayer.

All these things are beside the purpose. Possibly or probably they are all or some of them true. The matter vital to my argument is that in all my experience of convents, covering some thirty years or more, I have never heard a word of scandal whispered concerning a nun. No one will deny the nuns their foibles, they would hardly desire that; but the image of the nun to those who know her best is always *snow-white! snow-white!* and one's thought of a nun is always a thought of the Madonna.

In the country I know best, the convents are usually recruited from quite young girls. It is one of the arguments against them that girls go into convents without knowing their own minds. Very often they go in from the convent school. Sometimes a girl will come home; and laugh and dance and have her fun through a year or two; then she will slip away to the convent. They are the merriest girls who become nuns. One hears now and again of a girl dancing all night at a ball, coming home in the small hours and taking off the finery with a laugh and a sigh; then slipping away

during the morning hours to a convent and putting on the black gown and veil of the postulant. The irresistible call is often answered with pangs. It is not a thing one does lightly; and I have seen a girl at a merry picnic turn suddenly white on receiving a letter which summoned her to the convent earlier than she had expected to go. But they go willingly; there is no doubt at all that they go willingly; and the great renunciation being over, you will find on visiting the convent the girl who was the life and soul of her home and the festivities she joined in, transformed into a still merry, demure, little nun, whose jests delight the community room and the recreation hour as late they did another audience.

All convents desire young postulants. It is not disappointed, disillusioned women, who have grown rooted in their own habits and their own ways, that make the best subjects for the convent rule. Rather is the older postulant one to be received with anxiety, at least; and, though the genuine vocation may and does come to women over thirty, it is they who in many cases leave the convent later, who if they persevere suffer the most in the necessity of submitting their own will in all things to another's.

The Irish mother giving up her young daughter to a convent will say, between a smile and a sigh: "Ah well, sure she's safe anyhow; safer than those who get married." I have often heard an Irish mother say that she would rather see her daughter in a convent than married, a saying which has a special strangeness in a country where the married estate and the bringing of children into the world are held in peculiar honor.

But, to be sure, the mother is right. Life has many chances and changes. The innocent child fresh from the convent school is often among the farming and shop-keeping classes in strange contrast to the youths among whom she may look to marry. The convent schools make ladies of their girls, as the monastery schools do not make gentlemen of their boys. Perhaps the monasteries, where no woman comes, lack the exterior purity and refinement of the convents, which those children from the farm-houses and shop-parlors take on as to the manner born. Many a convent school-girl finds her dream and her ideal in the bare, light, convent rooms, amid fields and flowers, where never a rough word is spoken

nor a voice raised, where all is gentleness, peace, purity and an almost over-refinement, rather than in marriage with a man of her own class. What the nuns teach her she is not able to put off; and the call of the convent follows and finds her at the hearth or at the dance.

I have tried in this somewhat discursive article to bear testimony to the convents and the nuns, whom the Escaped Nun defiles in her platform appearances up and down England. It seems to me somewhat of an infamy that such things should be permitted; and an anomaly that the Englishman, whose daughters and sisters, just a little dearer, a little more sacred than those who have remained in the world, a little more surely his—should remain silent while they and their convents are dishonored and defamed by foulness. Those convents, where:

"The Brides of Christ
Lie hid, emparadised,"

are dragged in the foulest dirt of the sewers up and down England; and it seems no one's part to interfere.

Let me bear one woman's testimony to the convent's purity and to its beneficent purpose. If there were more convents there would be less of the strange manifestations of the natural woman that we find in our literature, on our stage, in our law-courts. The convents do not breed suicide or madness or shame. To the convents before all the colleges, all the high schools, I would commit the training and the shaping of our girl-children.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I SAID in my last that the Dark Ages might be compared to a long sleep of Europe: a sleep lasting from the fatigue of the old society in the fifth century to the spring and rising of the eleventh and twelfth. The metaphor is far too simple, of course, for that sleep was a sleep of war: and in all those centuries Europe was holding its own desperately against the attack of all that desired to destroy it; refined and ardent Islam from the South, letterless barbarians from the East and North. At any rate from that sleep or that beseiging Europe awoke and was relieved.

I said that three great forces, humanly speaking, worked this miracle; the personality of St. Gregory the Seventh; the brief appearance, by a happy accident of cross breeding, of the Norman race; and finally the Crusades.

The Normans of history, the true Normans we know are stirring a generation after the year 1,000. St. Gregory filled that same generation. He was a young man when the Norman effort began, and died full of an enormous achievement in 1085. So much as one man could, he had re-made Europe. Immedlately after his death there was heard the march of the Crusades. From these three the vigor of a renewed Europe proceeds.

Much might be added were time or space, as I could wish, available to me. The perpetual and successful chivalric charge against the Mohammedan in Spain illumined all that time and clarified it. Asia was pushed back from the Pyrenees and through the passes of the Pyrenees perpetually cavalcaded the high adventurers of Christendom: the Basques—strange and small people—were the pivot of that reconquest but the valley of the torrent of Aragon its channel. The life of St. Gregory is contemporaneous with that of the El Cid Campeador. In the same year that St. Gregory died, Toledo, the sacred centre of Spain, was forced from the Mohammedans and held. All Southern Europe was alive with the sword.

In that same moment romance appeared; the great songs, the greatest of them all, the Song of Roland; then was a ferment of the European mind, eager from its long repose, piercing into the undiscovered fields. That scepticism which flanks and follows the march of the Faith when the Faith is most vigorous had begun to speak.

There was a youthful expansion beyond the boundaries eastward so that something of the unfruitful Baltic Plain was reclaimed, and in general, the moment was one of expectation and of advance.

But, for the purposes of these few lines I must confine the attention of the reader to those three tangible sources of the new Europe which, I have said, were the Normans, St. Gregory the Seventh and the Crusades.

Of the Norman race we may say that it resembled in history those *miræ* or New Stars which flare out upon the darkness of the night sky for some few hours or weeks or years and then are lost or merged in the infinity of things. He is indeed unhistorical who would pretend William the Conqueror, the organizer and maker of what we now call England, Robert the Wizard, the conquerors of Sicily, or any of the great names that light Europe in the eleventh, and twelfth centuries, to be Scandinavians. They were Gauls. Short in stature, lucid in design, vigorous in stroke, positive in philosophy. They bore, apparently, no relation to the soft and tall and sentimental North from which they drew their name.

But on the other hand anyone who should pretend that this amazing and ephemeral phenomenon, the Norman, was merely Gallo-Roman would commit an error less gross but not less false on account of its subtlety. In speech, in manner, in accoutrement, in the very trick of riding the horse, in the cooking of food, in that most intimate part of man, his jests, the Norman was wholly and apparently a Gaul. But no other part of Gaul did what Normandy did, nor did any other province show as Normandy showed, immediate, organized and creative power, during the few years that the marvel lasted.

That marvel is capable of explanation and I will attempt to explain it. Those dull blundering and murderous ravagings of the coasts of Christian Europe by the pirates of Scandinavia (few in number, futile in achievement) which we call in

English history, "The Danish Invasions" were called upon the opposite coast of the Channel "The Invasions of the Nordmanni": "The Men of the North." They came from the Baltic and from Norway. They were part of the universal struggle which the Dark Ages of Christendom had to maintain against a ceaseless pressure from without; and they were but a part of it. It was on the estuaries of a few rivers and throughout the British Isles they counted most in the lives of Europeans.

Now among the estuaries of the great rivers was the estuary of the Seine. The Scandinavian pirates forced it again and again. At the end of the ninth century they had besieged Paris which was then rapidly becoming the political centre of Gaul.

So much was left of the Roman tradition in that last stronghold of the Roman Empire that the quieting of invading hordes by their settlement, inter-marriage with and granting of land in a fixed Roman province was a policy open to those who still called themselves "The Emperors of the West."

In the year 911 this antique method consecrated by centuries of tradition produced its last example and the barbarian troublers were given a fixed limit of land wherein they might settle. The maritime Province "Lugdunensis Secunda"* was handed over to them for settlement, that is, they might not attempt a partition of the land outside its boundaries.

On the analogy of all similar experiments we can be fairly certain of what happened, though there is no contemporary record of such domestic details in this last example. The barbarians, few in number, coming into a fertile and thickly populated Roman Province occupied waste land, planted themsevles as heirs of existing lords, took to wife the daughters of these; in some few cases they may have forcibly dispossessed, by the aid of the cleric and under some legal plea, the original owners.

For the mass of the population the new arrangement would make no change; they were no longer slaves but they were still serfs. Secure of their small farms but still bound to work for their lord, it mattered little to them whether that lord of theirs had married his daughter to a pirate or had

* The delimitation of this province dated from Diocletian. It was already 600 years old, and won later its name of "Normandy" 1600.

made a pirate his heir or his partner in the management of the estate. All that he would notice from the settlement was that the harrying and the plundering of occasional barbarian raids had ceased.

In the governing class of perhaps some twenty or thirty thousand families the difference would be very noticeable indeed. The pirate newcomers though insignificant in number compared with the total population were a very large fraction added to so small a body. The additional blood permeated of course rapidly throughout the whole community (caste feeling in such matters is a modern perversion so far as Europe is concerned), but Scandinavian names and Scandinavian rituals had no little effect upon the owner-class with which the Scandinavians first mingled, and, as had been the case centuries before in the earlier experiments of the sort, it was their chief and his hereditary descendants who took over the local government and "held it" as the phrase went of the universal government of Gaul.

These "North-men," the new and striking addition to the province, the Gallo-Romans called "Normanni." The province into which they had come, the Second Lyonnese became "Normannia." For a century the slight admixture of new blood (numerically certainly not a twentieth of the whole) worked in the general Gallo-Roman mass of the province and transformed its character, just as in certain chemical combinations the small admixture of a new element transforms the whole; with the beginning of the eleventh century, just as everything was springing into new life, when the great saint who was to reform the Church was already born, when the advance of the Pyreneans against Islam was beginning to strike its conquering blows, there appeared, a sudden phenomenon, this new thing; French in speech and habit and disposition of body, yet just differentiated from the rest of Gaul by Scandinavian admixture, *the Norman race.*

It possessed these characteristics—a great love of exact order, an alert military temper and a passion for reality which made its building even of ships (though it was not seafaring) excellent and of churches and of castles the most solid of its time. All the Normans' characteristics (once the race was formed), led them to advance. They conquered England and organized it; they conquered and organized Sicily and South-

ern Italy; they made of Normandy the model state in a confused time; they surveyed land; they developed a regular tactic for mailed cavalry. Yet they endured for but a hundred years, and after that brief coruscation they are wholly merged again in the mass of European things.

You may take the first adventurous lords of the Cotentin in, say, 1030 for the beginning of the thing; you may take the Court of Young Henry the Second with his southerners and his high culture in say 1160 most certainly for the burial of it. During that space of time the Norman had not only reintroducd exactitude in the government of men, he had also provided the sword of the new Papacy and he had furnished the framework of the Crusading host. Before his adventure was done the French language and the writ of Rome ran from the Grampians to the Euphrates.

Of the Papacy and the Crusades I now speak.

St. Gregory VII. the second of the great re-creative forces of that time was of the Tuscan peasantry, Etrurian in type, therefore, already Italian in speech, by name Hildebrand. Whether an historian understands his career or no is a very test of whether that historian understands the nature of Europe. For St. Gregory VII. imposed nothing upon Europe. He made nothing new. What he did was to stiffen the ideal with reality.

For instance; it was the ideal, the practice, the tradition, the major custom by far, that the clergy should be celibate. He enforced celibacy as universal discipline.

The awful majesty of the Papacy had been present in all men's minds as a vast political conception for centuries too long to recall; St. Gregory organized that monarchy and gave it its proper instruments of rule.

The Unity of the Church had been the constant image without which Christendom could not be; St. Gregory VII. at every point made that unity tangible and visible. The Protestant historians who, for the most part, see in the man a sporadic phenomenon, by such a misconception betray the source of their anæmia and prove their intellectual nourishment to be unfed from the fountains of European life. St. Gregory VII. was not an inventor but a renovator. He worked not upon, but in, his material, and his material was the nature of Europe.

Of the enormous struggles with which such workmen meet all history speaks. They are at conflict with inertia and with local interests and with short views and with restricted mental landscapes. Always they think themselves defeated as did St. Gregory when he died. Always they prove themselves before posterity to have done much more than any other mould of man. Napoleon also was of this kind.

When St. Gregory was dead the Europe which he left was the monument of that triumph whose completion he had doubted and the fear of whose failure had put upon his dying lips the famous phrase, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die an exile."

Immediately after his death came the stupendous Gallic effort of the Crusades.

The Crusades were the second of the secular irruptions of the Gauls. The first, centuries before, was the Gallic invasion of Italy and Greece and the Mediterranean shores of the old Pagan time. The third, centuries later, was to be the wave of the Revolution and of Napoleon.

The preface to the Crusades were those endless and already successful wars of Christendom against Asia upon the high plateaus of Spain. These had taught the enthusiasm and the method by which Asia, for so long at high tide flooding a beleagured Europe, might be slowly repelled, and from these proceeded the military science and the aptitude for strain which made the advance of 2,000 miles upon the Holy Land possible. The consequences of this last and third factor in the re-awakening of Europe were so many and so fundamental that I can give but a list of them here.

The West, still primitive, discovered the intensive culture, the accumulated wealth, the fixed civilized traditions of the Greek empire and of the town of Constantinople. It discovered also, in a vivid new experience, the East. The mere covering of so much land, the mere seeing of so many sights by a million men expanded and broke the walls of the mind of the dark ages.

The Mediterranean came to be covered with Christian ships and took its place again with fertile rapidity as the great highway of exchange.

Europe awoke. All architecture is transformed, and, that quite new thing, the Gothic, arises. The conception of repre-

sentative government, monastic in origin, fruitfully transferred to civilian soil, appears in the institutions of Christendom. The vernacular languages appear, and with them the beginnings of our literature. The Tuscan, the Castilian, the Langue D'Oc, the Northern French, somewhat later the English. Even the primitive tongues that had always had vitality, the Celtic and the German, begin to take on new creative powers and to produce a new literature. That fundamental institution of Europe, the University, arises, first in Italy, immediately after in Paris, which becomes the type and centre of the scheme.

The central civil governments begin to correspond to their natural limits, the English monarchy is fixed, the French kingdom is coalescing, the Spanish regions will soon combine, and the Middle Ages are born.

The flower of that capital experiment in the history of our race was the thirteenth century. Edward I., Alphonso of Castile, St. Louis of France, Innocent III., were the types of its governing manhood. Everywhere Europe was renewed, there were new white walls round the cities, new white Gothic churches in the towns, new castles on the hills, law codified, the classics rediscovered, the questionings of philosophy sprung to activity and producing in their first vigor, as it were, the summit of expository power in St. Thomas; surely the highest and most virile intellect which our blood has given to the world.

Two notes mark the time for any one who is acquainted with its building, its letters, and its wars: a note of youth and a note of content. Europe was imagined to be at last achieved, and that ineradicable dream of a permanent and satisfactory society seemed to have taken on flesh and to have come to live for ever among Christian men.

No such permanence and no such good is permitted to humanity, and the great experiment, as I have called it, was destined to fail.

While it still flourished, all that is specially characteristic of our European descent and nature stood visibly present in the daily life, and in the large as in the small institutions of Europe.

Our property in land and instruments was well divided among many or all; we had produced the peasant; we maintained the independent craftsman; we founded co-operative

industry. In arms that military type arose which lives upon the virtues proper to arms and detests the vices arms may breed. In general, an intense and living appetite for truth, a perception of reality, invigorated those generations. They saw what was before them; they called things by their names; never was political or social formula less divorced from fact, never was the mass of our civilization better welded—and in spite of all this the thing did not endure.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the decaying of the flower was tragically apparent. New elements of cruelty tolerated, of mere intrigue successful, of emptiness in philosophical phrase and of sophistry in philosophical argument marked the turn of the tide. Not an institution of the thirteenth century but the fourteenth debased it; the Papacy professional and a prisoner, the parliaments tending to oligarchy, the popular ideals dimmed in the minds of the rulers, the new and vigorous and democratic monastic orders already touched with mere wealth and beginning also to change—but these last can always and do always restore themselves.

Upon all this came the enormous accident of the Black Death. Here half the people, there a third, there again a quarter died; from that additional blow the great experiment of the Middle Ages could not recover.

Men clung to their ideal for yet another hundred and fifty years. The vital forces it had developed carried Europe from one material perfection to another; the art of government, the sphere of letters, the technique of sculpture and of painting, here raised by a better vision, there degraded by a worse one, everywhere developed and grew manifold. But the supreme achievement of the thirteenth century was seen to be ephemeral, and in the fifteenth it was apparent that the attempt to found a satisfied and simple Europe had failed.

The full causes of that failure cannot be analysed. One may say that science and history were too slight; that the material side of life was insufficient; that the full knowledge of the past which is necessary to permanence was lacking, or one may say that the ideal was too high for men. I should personally incline to believe that wills other than those of mortals were in combat for the soul of Europe, as they are in combat for the souls of individual men, and that in this spiritual battle fought over our heads perpetually, some acci-

dent of the struggle had turned it against us for a time. If that suggestion be fantastic (which no doubt it is) at any rate none other is valid.

With the end of the fifteenth century there was to come a supreme test and temptation. To the provinces of Europe, shaken by an intellectual tempest of physical discovery, disturbed by an abrupt and undigested enlargement in the material world, in physical science and in the knowledge of antiquity, as to be offered, a fruit of which each might taste if it would, but the taste of which would lead, if it were acquired, to evils no citizen of Europe then dreamt of; to things which even the criminal intrigues and the cruel tyrants of the fifteenth century would have shuddered to contemplate and to a disaster which very nearly overset our ship of history and very nearly lost us forever its cargo of letters, of philosophy and of all our other powers.

That disaster is commonly called "The Reformation." I will deal with it in my next paper. I shall not there pretend to analyse its material causes, for I doubt if those causes were material in even a determining fraction. I shall rather describe the event; I shall show how the ancient and civilized boundaries of Europe stood firm under the storm; how that storm might have ravaged no more than those outlying parts newly incorporated—never sufficiently penetrated perhaps with the Faith and the proper habits of ordered men—the outer Germanies and Scandinavia. I shall point out that this disaster would have been upon a scale not too considerable and that Europe might quickly have righted herself after the gust had passed, had not one exception of capital moment marked the intensest crisis of the storm, to wit: the defection of Britain. I shall ask the reader to remark that, conversely to this loss of an ancient province of the Empire, one district and one alone, which the Empire had not known, stood the strain and preserved the continuity of Christian tradition: that district was Ireland.

In later papers I shall attempt to show what consequences certainly followed from an evil the full harvest of which we have not yet wholly reaped, and which, though now it is working to its end, has tainted and embittered the true life of Europe for now four hundred years.

CARMELO'S MIDNIGHT MASS.

BY CHARLOTTE MORTON.

Devotees say :
To this day
Father Junipero Serra,
Comes from his grave
Where grasses wave
Entwined with sweet madeira.

Once each year
Does he appear
A midnight Mass to say—
To Carlos, the saint,
Of the mission quaint
In the hills of Monterey.

The mustard stalks
Part as he walks
With spirit congregation—
A spectre bright
With soul alight
In heavenly contemplation.

Slowly they pass—
The dark-haired lass,
Grandame and grandsire hoary,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother—
Bathed in spectral glory.

Softly and light
Treads the neophyte
His voice to stars ascending ;

Inspired by stories
Of the glories
The padre's faith is lending.

Flambeaux burn
At every turn,
And there are censers swinging
Among the file
That down the aisle
Latin chants are singing.

Faith sublime
On songs divine
Lifts to stars unending,
Soon to end
As starlight bends
To a day ascending.

Softly tells
The sacring bell;
Ite missa est is spoken,
For sere and gray
Has dawned the day
And rank and file are broken.

Lying down
In the ground,
Junipero soon is sleeping;
Upon his grave
Wild tar-weeds wave
A lonely vigil keeping.

The Mass is sung,
And night is done—
The owls hide in the shadow
Of the ground
That Serra found
Hard by the Bay Carmelo.

SIR CALIDORE

A PAPER FOR GIRLS.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SIR CALIDORE was one of the Knights of Faëryland; Faëryland, which was ruled over by a Queen "of excellent beauty," "a most royal Queen or Empress," as well as a "most virtuous and beautiful lady," even the great Gloriana. In Gloriana, Spenser shows us that Glory will one day be the reward of work faithfully done and suffering bravely borne. The story of the knights of Faëryland is told in one of the most beautiful of the longer English poems, *The Faëry Queene.** In a letter written to his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser tells us what his intention was in writing this poem. It was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Spenser felt that the end of Poetry, as another friend of his, Sir Philip Sidney, had said, was "to teach and delight," and so he chose a form which he believed would teach his hearers as well as delight them, and wrote in most beautiful verse an allegory which had as its outside subject the History of Arthur, the great British hero, about whom, as he tells us, so many had written, and of whom, as you know, a great modern poet, Tennyson, has had so much to say. In Arthur, Spenser portrays the perfect knight, the one in whom all the virtues are found in their perfection, the virtues which together make Virtue or Goodness itself, called by Spenser *Magnificence.*

"For the more variety of the history," Spenser intended to show us twelve knights, each an exemplification of one of the "twelve moral virtues" included in Virtue, or Magnifi-

* For my purpose it seemed unnecessary to notice the fact that *The Faëry Queene* is a double allegory, in which various historical persons and historical incidents are dealt with, This historical side is not so prominent in the Sixth Book, the Legend of Courtesy, as in some of the others. I have not thought it necessary to touch on Spenser's having seen, in Gloriana, not merely Glory, but the highly idealized Queen of England.

cence itself, and the poem, when complete, was to consist of twelve Books, each Book containing the adventures of one of the Knights. Every one of these knights was bound to the Queen to fulfill perfectly his own particular quest, letting nothing turn him back, but going on faithfully to the end. But the poem was never finished, and we possess only six Books of it. These contain the adventures of (1) "The Knight of Holiness," (2) "The Knight of Temperance," (3) "The Knight of Chastity," (4) "The Knights of Friendship," (5) "The Knight of Justice," and (6) "The Knight of Courtesy," of whose adventures I am now going to speak.

Where is Faëryland? It is a country that we know well, and yet we cannot define its limits or fix its boundaries; for it has no locality, and no special name, but is shown to us by the great "shaping spirit of Imagination," a spirit who can indeed show us its lofty hills and pleasant valleys, its deep and strong rivers, its stately trees, its fair flowers, and the tender green of its pastures. In this land also, there may be found great jagged rocks, and barren places, and desolation that has never known the smile of the tempered sunshine.

Imagination, the Shaper, can people this land with many folk, and show us how some of them have set themselves on the side of right and justice; and some, too, who are trying to put down right and destroy justice, and put bitter for sweet, and darkness for light, and evil for good. And yet we know that right is stronger than wrong, and bye-and-bye must triumph; and we know that each person who puts himself or herself on the side of right is hastening on the day when that triumph shall be complete. For the Queen of that land is the glorious one, the very Glory itself, and she reigns by right divine, and that right none can overthrow. And one day, Virtue and Glory shall take hands forever, and neither Sin nor Death shall part them. This is what Spenser meant when he said that one day Arthur was to possess Gloriana. To us, as Catholics, the allegory has a still deeper meaning, a wider significance, than it could have had, or can have, to those unhappily deprived of the Catholic Faith.

Let us now ask our teacher, our poet, Edmund Spenser, what he has to tell us about courtesy. We shall find that he has many things to say.

Where does our poet place Courtesy? Among "the moral

virtues." This means that he does not look upon it as merely a pleasant thing, something that is to be desired, but yet can be dispensed with; but as a virtue necessary to form the character of the good man. Listen to what he says, in invoking the Muses:

> Amongst them all grows not a fairer flower
> Than is the blossom of comely courtesy;
> Which, though it on a lowly stalk do bower,
> Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
> And spreads itself through all civility.*
>
> But virtue's seat is deep within the mind,
> And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defined.

Inward thoughts. Spenser goes to the very root of the matter. True courtesy is indeed not merely in outward shows, but in inward thoughts. So it may be that some one who has what is called "no manner," and yet thinks of his or her fellows with all honor and kindness, may be really more courteous than one who is prominently "polite." But, as inward thoughts do reveal themselves in outward deeds, so, I think, it is not common to find a cold and repellent manner with a heart that is full of love.

Spenser gives us the etymology of the word courtesy.

> Of Court, it seems, men Courtesy do call.
> For that it there most useth to abound;
> And well beseemeth that in Princes' hall
> That virtue should be plentifully found
> Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
> And root of civil conversation. (*i. e.* the intercourse of citizens).

Those who are leaders, princes, that is, First, or Foremost, dwell at Court. Leaders of men are bound to be the ones most strongly to express, most strongly to show forth, all goodness, which is all beauty. In schools we notice, do we not, how to some of the girls belong pre-eminently the quali-

* Civility here means civil life.

ties of leadership; some naturally acquire that influence over their comrades which comes from the possession of these qualities, and hence they have, consciously or unconsciously, a great responsibility, for in the leaders "virtue should be plentifully found."

The name of Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, is significant; Calidore, the beautiful gift; indeed a beautiful gift for all. See what the Knight of Courtesy is; a man full of gifts and graces.

> But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
> Than Calidore, beloved over-all.
> In whom, it seems, that gentleness of spright
> And manners mild were planted natural;
> To which he adding comely guise withal
> And gracious speech, did steal men's hearts away;
> Natheless thereto he was full stout and tall,
> And well approved in battelous affray,
> That him did much renown, and far his fame display.

> Nor was there Knight, nor was there Lady found
> In Faëry court, but him did dear embrace
> For his fair usage and conditions sound,
> The which in all men's liking gained place,
> And with the greatest purchased greatest grace;
> Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
> To please the best, and th' evil to embase;
> For he loathed leasing [lying] and base flattery,
> And loved simple truth and steadfast honesty.

Calidore is comely to look on, and gracious in his speech; he is strong and tall, and brave in battle. Eyes delight in "comely guise," and ears love "gracious speech"; but this is not enough; we need that the Knight should be "well approved in battelous array." For the Knight of Courtesy is no "carpet knight"; he is as strong as he is comely and gracious. Power underlies his beauty; strength is at the heart of his grace.

Like the other knights of Faëryland, Calidore has his special "quest!" A special deed is to be done, which is to

crown his life with a special glory. To the Knight of Justice, Sir Artegal, he explains what that quest is:

> "The Blatant Beast," quoth he, "I do pursue,
> And through the world incessantly do chase,
> Till I him overtake, or else subdue—
>
> It is a monster bred of hellish race."
> The monster had often injured, "good knights and ladies true."
> Of evil race and evil birth.
> Into this wicked world he forth was sent
> To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
> Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent,
> He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

This Blatant Beast is so called from the terrible noise of his thousand tongues, all agreeing in spite and malice, with which he bays and barks. In the Blatant Beast, Spencer personifies the power of Infamy, Detraction or Scandal. Calidore is to tame this evil thing, as true courtesy can do. Courtesy that springs from the heart can give no place to detraction; the truly courteous man or woman cannot away with backbiting or slander; we may even say that true courtesy avoids that gossip which so often is the beginning of scandal, just as it also does what it can to shield people from harsh censure and misunderstanding, be it wilful or careless. For what, after all, is courtesy but another name for a manifestation of that charity for which all of us are bound to strive?

Calidore has many other adventures, in which he proves the power of courtesy; but nothing stays him from the special work he has to do. His work is the taming of the Blatant Beast, and everything else that he does is, as it were, only taken on the way. When the Blatant Beast carries off the lady Serena, Calidore forces him to forgo his prey; but, though Serena is wounded, Calidore does not stay beside her. In her own knight she has one who will give her the help she needs, and the care; and there is fine courtesy in not taking away from another the opportunity of serving one whom he loves and who would best love to receive help and care from his hand.

I am necessarily obliged to pass over much that is of great interest, as I must go on to the injury inflicted on Arthur's Squire, Timias, by the tooth of the Blatant Beast. The brave Squire set upon the Beast,

> And charged him so fierce and furiously
> That his great force unable to endure,
> He forced was to turn from him and fly;
> Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
> Him heedless bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

That is, Timias was over confident, and off his guard. The power of Detraction may touch those who feel most safe from it.

The beautiful Serena, by mischance separated from her knight, was brought by Arthur, along with his own Squire, Timias, to a little Hermitage, where there lived a holy Religious, who had once been a doughty knight, but now lived the life of a hermit, as free from care as a bird. The wounded ones were too weak and ill to move on, and so Arthur left them in the Hermit's care, while he went on his way. Let us see what Spenser says of the suffering inflicted by Infamy, the evil thing that has a poisonous, often a deadly bite:

> No wound which warlike hand of enemy
> Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
> As doth the poisonous sting which infamy
> Infixeth in the name of noble wight,
> . . . . Such hurts are hellish pain.

> Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
> Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
> And being such, were now much more increast
> For want of taking heed unto the same.

When one's good name is touched, he suffers more than we can tell. When we repeat a story that tells against any one's character, repeat it unnecessarily, we are doing a mischief that we never can undo. And if the story is untrue, or even only exaggerated, we are committing a sin that is

very great. We may do all we can to contradict the tale, and to prevent it from spreading, but the spoken word can never, never be recalled. We cannot tell what influences we have set to work against our victim, for a victim indeed he is, nor what evil or deadly fruit the seed we have sown, perhaps in the merest thoughtlessness, may one day bear.

Spenser means even more than this; he implies, as we shall see, that if people lay themselves open to scandal, they may suffer, even terribly, in the risk to their good name, as well as in the injury to their character.

Though the Hermit duly dressed the rankling wounds of his two patients, and tended them with all the skill of the leech-craft in which he had learned to be an adept, he found that the festered wounds seemed past the help of surgery,

> And rather needed to be disciplined
> With wholesome rede of sad sobriety,
> To rule the stubborn rage of passion blind,
> Give salves to every sore, but counsel to the mind.

You see here that Spenser, in his great earnestness, drops the veil of allegory, and tells us the truth out straight and plain.

The Hermit took Timias and Serena apart, and showed them how they must work for their own healing, and set their own will to cure their malady. And what he tells them is, in brief, that they must practice self-control and avoid occasions of scandal. We remember the words of our Lord, "Woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh," (Matt. 18). I cannot dwell on the episode of Mirabella, the discourteous lady, who says, "To love myself I had learned in school," showing how the root of discourtesy is the love of self, or, in other words, the deadly sin of pride. I must go on to Calidore, who is now to enter on a kind of life very different from the life of courts and camps. He has pursued the monster, neither by day nor night suffering him to rest, and giving himself only what repose was absolutely necessary for the needs of nature; coursing the Beast from court to city, from city to town, and on "to private farms." Calidore follows him, even to the happy and peaceful shepherd folds.

There, on a day, as he pursued the chase,
He chanced to spy a sort of shepherd grooms,
Playing on pipes, and carolling apace,
The while their beasts there in the budded brooms
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender blooms.

In answer to Sir Calidore's inquiries as to whether they have seen the Blatant Beast, they tell him that no such Beast have they seen, and offer him food and drink, seeing the plight that he is in after his ceaseless pursuit. He accepts their courtesy, and sits down among them. He sees the beautiful Pastorella, her who is destined to be the lady of his heart. Dressed in home-dyed green and crowned with flowers, she sits, a queen among the shepherds, who sing the praise of her beauty, a beauty which is of the soul as well as of the body, Melibeus, her reputed father, invites Calidore to his home, and treats him with all courteous hospitality. The knight, charmed with the sweet content and beauty of the shepherds' life, asks their leave to remain among them for a time. We must remember that he has come among them while on his quest; he has not turned aside from the work of his life; it is in the pursuit of the Blatant Beast that he has come upon this abode of tender peace. The lovely country life attracts him, draws him to it; there is peace and purity in the clean, sweet air, and in the clean, sweet lives around him. And yet, and yet, he is surely wrong in entertaining the possibility of making a more than brief sojourn in that rest and quiet, out of which he might well pass, refreshed, and with new vigor for his work.

He seems for the moment to forget that he cannot remain there. He has set his hand to the plow, and the tale of his furrows is not yet completed. Therefore he has no right to the repose that comes to those whose special work is done; no right to dwell among those who have a work to do that is not his.

As we shall see, he is not to be allowed to rest while his work is unaccomplished. We shall see how trouble comes upon him, as God mercifully sends trouble to His children, when they need to be quickened into perfect life.

Calidore comes to love Pastorella very dearly, and woos her as knights woo their ladies, not at first recognizing that

his courtly way is strange to her and even repels her. He is quick to find this out, and taking the dress of a shepherd, woos her in a way that she well understands; helping her and protecting her as he well can do. His love, which is the root of courtesy, has taught him to adapt himself to what is around him. It is always a fine kind of courtesy which teaches us not to insist on our own forms, but, keeping the lovely spirit, to use the forms of those among whom we are.

Pastorella has another lover, one Coridon, and Spenser shows the contrast between him and his Knight of Courtesy. When Calidore was present, Coridon would lour at him, and bite his lip: whereas Calidore would do all that he could to commend Coridon to the grace of Pastorella.

> And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
> Of little sparrows stolen from their nest,
> Or wanton squirrels in the woods far sought,
> Or other dainty thing for her addrest,
> He would commend his gift, and make the best.

Calidore's courtesy teaches him not merely not to undervalue the gifts of his rival, but even to commend them. Into everything he carries his exquisite courtesy; and at last he wins the love of Pastorella. Happy in his love, he delays; he leaves his quest unfulfilled; and this must not be. An incident that proved the courage of Calidore and the cowardice of Coridon was the occasion of the dismissal of Coridon from the thoughts of Pastorella, who saw now that Calidore was the true man who was to win her. But the time was come when Calidore must no longer delay; the time when, by the breaking up of his peaceful life, he is forced to go on his quest.

> It fortuned one day, when Calidore
> Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
> A lawless people, Brigands height of yore,
> That never used to live by plow or spade,
> But fed on spoil and booty which they made
> Upon their neighbors which did nigh them border,
> The dwelling of these shepherds did invade,
> And spoiled their houses and themselves did murder,
> And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder.

The dwelling of old Melibeus was despoiled, and all his people were led away captive. Among them was Pastorella, "sorrowful and sad, most sorrowful, most sad."

They are taken by the Brigands to their island dwelling there to remain until the opportunity shall come for selling them to merchants who would either keep them in durance or sell them again. When Calidore returns he is nearly mad with grief and anger, and goes to seek for Pastorella. Through his courtesy, shown even to the Brigands, he obtains tidings of her, and finally delivers her, bringing her to the castle of Belgard, and leaving her to the care of Sir Bellamour and his wife, who, later on are proved to be the parents, to whom, for many years, she had been lost. With the time of the returning strength of his beloved, after the shock of her loss and danger, there comes to Sir Calidore the sense that he has failed in his duty:

> Then gan Sir Calidore him to advise
> Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;
> Ashamed to think how he that enterprize
> The which the Faëry Queen had long afore
> Bequeathed to him, forslacked had so sore;
> That much he feared lest reproachful blame
> With foul dishonour him mote blot therefore;
> Besides the loss of so much loos [renown] and fame
> As through the world thereby should glorify his name.

We have to learn that not pleasure, not the purest and sweetest earthly love, but the doing of our duty, however hard it may be, must be our end and aim: so Calidore must leave the one he loves the best and finish the work appointed for him.

Spenser indicates that some abuses were found; he also indicates, or rather implies, how evilly abuses may be dealt with. It is not many years since the foul slanders propagated by the tools of Henry the Eighth were shown to be indeed foul slanders. And this was done through the study of State documents which were for a very long time not to be got at, as, we must be thankful to know, they are now. We also see how Spenser thinks that abuses, if such exist, ought not to be dealt with. In the next stanza we see what

he thinks of the way in which the evil Beast, Infamy, or Slander, dealt with the beauty and the glory of our churches:

> From thence into the sacred church he broke,
> And robbed the chancel, and the desks down threw,
> And Altars fouled, and Blasphemy spoke,
> And th' Images, for all their goodly hue,
> Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rue;
> So all confounded and disordered there.

In a narrow place Sir Calidore overtakes the Beast, and the combat between them rages fast and strong. The terrible mouth with its thousand tongues and its thousand voices is open wide. The poisonous tongues of serpents are among them, and wrong words and hateful things are spoken of good and bad alike, of low and high. Neither emperors nor kings did the Beast spare:

> But either blotted them with infamy,
> Or bit them with his hateful teeth of injury.

Grinding and biting, and throwing forth his venom, the Beast rages; but his raging is to be in vain; for the more he rages, the more the strength of Sir Calidore increases. Reviled and railed at with bitter terms of sharpest infamy, accusations of lying brought against one who had always cleaved to the truth, at last the force of the champion of right prevailed and the Blatant Beast was muzzled with surest iron, and his blasphemous tongue shut up from injuring.

So Courtesy, the great fine Courtesy of Love and Charity, breaks the power of Infamy, of Scandal, of Detraction, which cannot be at large where Courtesy is master.

Let us think a little now about courtesy in our own life, in the life we lead in the world. It is sometimes said that the age we live in is a cold and unheroic one, differing terribly from the old days of faith and fervor. But though there may be much coldness and hardness and selfishness, there is also to be found high ideal and noble deed. We are surrounded by great goodness and self-sacrifice, though we are often so slow in perceiving it. The light that streams from the Face of Our Blessed Lord, the light reflected in the faces of those great and glorious saints of His, and from their

faces refracted also, is seen, however faintly, on many a face among us. And it is seen also, thank God, among those who, belonging indeed to the soul of the Church, from unhappy circumstances, for which they are not responsible, do not yet belong to her body. And it behooves us Catholics, who have the glorious light and liberty of the full revelation of the Lord, in His Church, and all the marvelous privileges of Church life, to show forth in all possible ways, the beauty of the unstained ideal of Catholicity.

There is in our time much real and refined courtesy, though there are, no doubt, not a few who do not seem to realize how it is not fine manner and pleasant address, but a river flowing from the source of goodness, and making the country of its course as pleasant as fair.

What does Spenser say about the attaining of this virtue?

> Thereto great help Dame Nature's self doth lend,
> For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
> That every action doth them much commend,
> And in the eyes of men great liking find,
> Which others that have greater skill in mind
> Though they enforce themselves, cannot attain:
> For everything to which one is inclined
> Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gain:
> Yet praise likewise deserve good thews [virtues]
> enforced with pain.

We all feel the truth of this. To some of us things come easily and naturally, which for others are to be won only by great and ceaseless effort. But there is high praise, and from the Lips of the Highest, for those who struggle to attain what is hard indeed for them.

Our poet teaches us to bear ourselves aright:

> To all of each degree as doth behoove.

Here we have the very important recognition of *degree:* some amongst us are the elders; some are naturally placed higher by the possession of wider knowledge and greater experience; some by the gift of greater talents; some by the gift of genius. Surely to some a special reverence is due; a reverence by no means inconsistent with the tenderest and

frankest intimacy—a reverence over and above that which all of us owe to one another. So we have one kind of courtesy for equals and another for superiors. In school life we have the relation of scholar to teacher, and of teacher to scholar; these taking, for the time being, the lower and the higher degree. In school life we recognize the absolute need of obedience to rule; that obedience without which things are unworkable; but we do not always recognize how important is here the exercise of courtesy; for, while obedience carries out commands, courtesy carries out wishes; and the more refined courtesy carries out wishes that have not been as yet expressed. It makes a great difference in the smoothness and beauty of life whether it be or be not necessary for wishes to become commands. In the little world of school, as in our home life, we have many opportunities for the exercise of courtesy; in our gentleness, our quiet movement when such is needed; and, on the other hand, in our vital and vivid entering into the heartiness of sport as well as the heartiness of work. This, of course, I am not going to dwell upon; for it is the spirit of courtesy that we are thinking of, and there is no one who can lay down the law as to its manifestation. Courtesy is a law-making power, and has nothing to do with a mere book of etiquette.

Those who have the spirit will show it; they cannot do otherwise.

There are two very well-known historical anecdotes which I should like to say a word or two about, as bearing on this subject. One is that of the young man who laid down his rich cloak before his queen, when her steps were stayed by the mire in her path. It was a pretty action and graceful, though, I think, smacking more of courtliness than of courtesy. Perhaps we should care more about the story if the lady had not been a queen. We may compare the story with another, the story of a knight lying wounded to death in battle, and giving to a poor soldier the draught that should have slaked his own dying thirst. You may say that this was humanity, not merely courtesy. I reply by asking what is the highest courtesy but the truest humanity? Let us think how the action was done. There was no assertion, implicit or direct, of there being any sacrifice in the giving up of this precious draught; no "I need it sorely, but I will give it up." We know how some people

seem as if they could not make even a little sacrifice without in some way trying to impress upon others that they are offering up a perfect holocaust.

Again, there was no polite variation from truth; no "I do not want it; I do not care about it." Simple and direct in their truth, as tender in their courtesy, the words came: "Thy need is greater than mine."

This was the last deed of him whom, in very great probability, if not in absolute certainty, Spenser, with fine appreciation of a character noble, brave, and generous, took for the Knight who was to express by life and deed the grace of Courtesy; the brave soldier, the true gentleman, Philip Sidney.

For each of us the work of life must be, in some form or other, the breaking of the power of evil, as Calidore's was the taming of the Blatant Beast; and we are breaking the power of the evil by every assertion of the good, whether in thought or word or deed. In our early life we have to spend much time in preparation for the future of our life here; whether bye-and-bye we are to engage in some great and noble conflict, or to lead a simple life and gentle, showing forth without visible effort the strength and the glory of our Faith; or to live the life of Religion which moves in time to the bells of God. Our Savior and Master gave up His glory, gave up His life that the might of evil might be destroyed. Let us tread in His footsteps and in the footsteps of those who have followed Him. To do our work well the important condition is that we be good and true in ourselves; to do good we should be good. Our ideal of great manhood and great womanhood is not the exaggeration of one virtue, the preponderance of one quality, however noble and beautiful such may be; but the happy union and perfect balance of all. It is the balanced mind alone that can possess any virtue in its true development. As in *The Faëry Queene* we have the Knights of Holiness, Temperance, Justice, Chastity, Friendship, and Courtesy, so we see that courtesy is possessed in its fullness by one who is holy, just, pure, temperate, loyal. Courtesy is the outcome of the casting out of self; not polish, not politeness, but the higher grace, which fits its possessor for the Court that is greater than the courts of earthly rulers. Blessed indeed are those to whom is given entrance to that Court; in which one day is better above thousands.

A NEW "HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS."

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OUTSIDE the course of Christian doctrine, there is no study, to our mind, more important in our Catholic schools than that of English literature. For literature, as Newman puts it, is a national and historical fact. It is the voice of the nation, past and present. It expresses the life of the world which all of us must share, in which we will be placed, and by which we must inevitably be affected. To be able to measure it correctly, to interpret it wisely; to make it the handmaid of that revealed knowledge of Catholic faith—a helper not unto worldliness nor mere intellectualism but unto salvation, is a part of the necessary equipment of every intelligent Catholic to-day. Never was such equipment more vitally necessary than it is now, because of the wealth and cheapness of reading matter. Hence when the present volume came to us for consideration, stamped as *A Text Book of English Literature for Catholic Schools*,* we judged it worthy of lengthy notice.

Since our literature is the record of our life as a people (we speak now of the English-speaking world as a whole and will so speak for the purpose of illustration) it will be seen at once that into the creation of that literature has entered a thousand and one influences—religious, moral, social, historical, political, scientific, personal—all that go to make up the life of an individual or a nation. Our first great classics, thus stamped with the character of those who created them, are Protestant, not Catholic. As a whole, since their creators were not without Catholic influence and could not be, they agree in their great broad lines with the fundamentals of Catholic teaching; they have much of the Catholic spirit; but they were written by Protestants, not Catholics; and in as much

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as Protestantism has of itself anything positive, this classical English literature is marked by it.

Since it is true, then, that a literature may be characteristically pagan or Mohammed or Catholic or Protestant—that it will be such as were the men and women who created it—it is vitally important for the Catholic student, to know this. More important than the knowledge of any or of all authors, is the knowledge of what literature is; of the canons that govern it, lest he be taken up into the whirlpool of "life" and be drowned therein.

Such a knowledge is particularly necessary for a Catholic, for Catholicism to-day alone cherishes and defends Christian truth. Two generations ago Protestants retained and defended much of it; to-day as an organized body they have capitulated in the face of a sceptical world. More and more evident is it that the battle lies between Catholicism and a genteel scepticism. More and more evident is it that in order to make our literature, that is our life, Christian we must adhere to the principles of Catholic faith in every department of life. As Christianity revolutionized the spiritual world—so has it put its own obligations, its own rules upon literature which is essentially spiritual, for it is the worthy expression of an author's own thoughts.

That a Catholic student should be led to expect that all real literature is Catholic in the sense that it re-echoes or lives up to Catholic teaching, or that he should read only works that would pass such an examination, would be absurd. He must know that literature is life, and that we live in a sinful world and a vale of tears. He cannot be brought up without a knowledge of the world—else to his undoing the world itself will one day teach him.

But as he is asked to live his own Christian life with God, and to live it in spite of the innumerable temptations offered by the world, the flesh and the devil, in spite of the many false ideals put up before him by other men and oftentimes by society at large—so also must he know that the Christian ideals of conduct hold true in literature; that being a thing of the mind, the writer's mind is not free from those obligations which Christ has placed upon all of us.

In other words it is of primary importance that he look upon things with the eye of a Christian; that to him the in-

terior soul is far more important than the external form; that art is not art unless it be born of those standards of eternal beauty begotten of God and, in turn, of His Divine Son, Who Alone is Beautiful; that the corner-stone of literature as well as of life is that "Satan is not a hero, nor Cain a victim, but pride is pride and vice is vice;" that sanctity and truth are the *sine qua non* of all creative and critical literary work.

It would take us too long to carry out this thought to its fullness, and its application varies infinitely; but unless the Catholic student has this truth ingrained into the very fibre of his soul then he will be confounded in the presence of English literature, and it would be better for him were he never to undertake its study. For just as surely as he would start without this, just so surely would he stand helpless before authors who have championed falsehood or immorality; just so surely would he be led captive, as so many have been, by emotionalism, intellectualism, and literary hedonism. He would judge the mythical world of literary art to be outside the pale of God's laws, and that to recognize any law therein, save the law of correct expression, would be to place the shackles upon artistic talent and kill every flight of genius.

Everything depends upon the beginning. Never was this truer than in the case of the young pupil and his introduction to reading. For whatever other questions he will have to deal with are subsequent to the fundamental principles laid down above. Adhering to these principles he will never go far wrong. Fortified by them he can enjoy the great treasures of every capable writer; he can handle safely what otherwise he could not touch without danger; with these as a compass he can go out in safety on the sea of English thought—now wild with storm and passion; now unfettered seemingly by rule of any kind; now strong, inspiring, magnificent in its mighty swell and its infinite distances; now playful in its gentle waves; now peaceful and joyous in its calm. After the manner of the Church who has preserved the classics to the world—with their falsehood and their sin—so also may he enrich himself with all the works of human genius.

It is characteristic of the day, and ever was and ever will be characteristic of the world, to separate, as the world puts it, religion from every department of life. "It should keep within its own sphere", says the world, which means that it

should not interfere with the world. Hence we have the separation, the positive exclusion of religion from politics—the State, in truth, must dictate to religion what its rights and privileges are, as was only yesterday illustrated in Portugal. Religion must be separated from science—the spirits of each are imcompatible. Religion must be separated from history. The best historian, it is thought by many, is the sceptic who believes nothing; for he "has no thesis to defend." Religion must be separated from charity work—or charity work is to swallow up religion, and the only creed of future generations will be that of "social service." Religion must be separated from education. Religion must disappear from society. Never must we parade in any vulgar way our religious belief; we are to talk with one another and to act as if we had no religious beliefs. It must be a closet drama only, with the door of the closet firmly locked, and never be performed in public. Religion is to be separated from literature—of course it must be so—since religion is not to be recognized publicly and officially as a necessary element in a nation's growth and life.

This spirit and manner of looking at things will be recognized at once as a spirit and a manner common to many of our day. Both are reflected in our present-day literature, in book, in periodical, in the weekly and daily press. It is by such prevailing ideas and tendencies that men's lives are influenced most. It is a spirit and a manner wholly foreign to Christianity. No Catholic soul can accept it for one moment. Whatever he has to accept of it he will accept with protest and he will renew his spirit continually in meditating upon the real truth of things—the ideals and standards that Christ put up before the world and which alone are the true life of men and nations.

To our regret we must register a criticism of this *History of English Literature for Catholic Schools*. It does not give to the Catholic these first fundamental principles which are necessary if he is ever to look upon literature as a Catholic should. It does not bring out clearly enough the first basic canons of appreciation and of criticism. In fact, though we do not like to say it, yet say it we must, it defends and champions the divorce of literature and of religion. And this not in a particular instance or particular author. If it were only this

we would have no complaint, for, as we have said, it is necessary for the Catholic pupil to know writers that do not champion Catholic teaching or Catholic morality.

We might go further and say that in particular instances the author of this book does apply his Catholic sense; he does warn the pupil against this author or that. But when it comes to the more important question of principle—he does teach, that literature and religion are quite two distinct departments of life. "Literature cares most for the art," he writes, that is, in opposition to sincerity and truth. He speaks of the view point of art as well as of morality. Writing of Principal Fairbairn, he says: "It is not the province of the literary critic to follow him (Fairbairn) thither (into his advanced theological doctrines), for art has been the fortunate or unfortunate handmaid of human error of all kinds, ever since Homer sang of divinities long since passed away, or Horace chanted of his mistress at the expense of any high moral standard."

We do not say that it is the province of the literary critic to follow an author into his doctrinal errors; we do not say it is his duty to correct every violation on the author's part of the moral law—he is not a theologian, nor a moralist, nor an historian, nor a scientist; but we do say that the principles which should guide his work ought to be Catholic principles, and that he should take care, particularly in a book for young girls and boys, to place the principles—moral and religious—that govern all art, plainly before them. This he does not do. In fact the general tone of the book; the critics taken as authorities; the utter absence of any warning comment where such comment ought to be; the ill-advised class reading such as: *Robert Elsmere*, and the works of Ian Maclaren for devotional reading; the almost sneering tone employed at times about writings that might be religious, for example, of Young, "that he was as sincere as most writers who bring their churchyard contemplations to market," and, "it was peculiarly characteristic of Goldsmith that the glories of art fade in his eyes before nature and virtue"; the pet use of the term "scientific" (and never religious) as one that of itself postulates an absorbing love of all truth—e. g. "the scientific man who holds truth, absolute truth, as dear as his own soul"; his ridiculous statement that the Bible might be greater literature if it did not so neglect art-form (p. 301);

comparisons that join Emerson with Solomon and Thomas á Kempis; the comparative neglect of the religious, devotional and moral element in English prose and poetry—the failure to mention many a Catholic, who, though perhaps a "minor" author, has yet in his own sphere done unequalled work in English, such as Crashaw, Habbington, Lionel Johnson, Emily Hickey; the insignificant treatment accorded to some Catholics who, after all, are masters of style, for example: Alice Meynell, Hilaire Belloc—all these things point more clearly than words to a mind that has looked upon the art-form more than upon the soul, who has thought more of how a man is dressed than of his real worth, who in his work as a whole, has practically left spiritual values out of the question and treated literature as something quite independent of them.

"Art is human and not mechanical. . . . Its function, its standard and its interpretation are all spiritual." We quote purposely a non-Catholic writer.* Since it is so essentially spiritual, it surely comes under the Christian law which has not destroyed but fulfilled all the things of nature. In Christ are all things created anew; every spiritual power of man has been reborn. The Christian soul cannot look upon anything that deals with life save from a Christian point of view, and the only positive content of Christianity, known to the world to-day, is Catholicism.

The light that would bring home these truths to the Catholic student is absent from this book. No page of it is illumined by that which makes literature, like life, intelligible. The pupil who would take it as a text-book, a daily guide which he is to study page by page, would not only be without any knowledge of literature as a real art but he would be bewildered and confounded, lost in this maze of authors and works. For him it would be little more than a catalogue—perhaps worse than a bare catalogue, of names and titles, dates and personages.

We will give a number of quotations. Taking them all in all, what, we ask, would be the ultimate effect of them on a pupil just beginning the study of English literature? What the effect on his *character* if he accepted some of them as guides to reading, to life and to conduct?

Let us take first this very striking passage on the Bible:

* B. F. Westcott. *Lessons from Work.* Pp. 445 and 449.

> One cannot help thinking that Hebrew literature might be very much greater if Hebrew artists had an opportunity to study, let us say, under classic Greek masters, like those barbarians from the West—Cicero and Virgil. It will not do to say that the Bible is great literature because art form is neglected; but rather in spite of this obvious defect, owing to the surpassing value of the content. So with the irregular poems of Riley (James Whitcomb) couched in homely, colloquial phrase—the idiom of the untutored man whose heart and soul with their simple, intense, spontaneous passions are faithfully mirrored therein. (P. 301).

To give some other estimates: "The power of imagination exhibited in the first two parts of *Paradise Lost* cannot be duplicated in any literature sacred or profane. Milton leaves Dante and Homer and Virgil far behind in the race" (p. 115). "It was thus with St. Augustine and St. Thomas (Aquinas) and in our own time with St. George Mivart" (p. 336).

William Blake is nothing more than a literary meteor or shooting star. Thomas Arnold wrote: "At its best the exquisite lyrical gift of Blake is hardly to be surpassed out of Shakespeare." Emerson is "The American Solomon." "He ranks among the great gnomic writers of the world, having for his literary associates such wise men as Solomon, Marcus Aurelius, Lord Bacon, Thomas à Kempis." Archbishop Spalding is also among the great "gnomic" writers. Well, indeed, has the author lived up to his boast, in the preface, of absolute freedom from religious bias. One wonders why he ever wrote a history for *Catholic* schools.

Of Archbishop Spalding, it is said "that he is one of the very few American writers whose prose product is a permanent contribution to literature." Yet, "it is difficult to name another prose writer of America, if we except Lowell, who possessed such scholarship, such a refined style, etc., as Washington Irving." Nathaniel Hawthorne "is the most gifted of American authors; both he and Irving are representative men of letters." Poe "stands first in American literature." Emerson is a "master of prose;" Cooper is the "American Scott;" Charles Warren Stoddard's work is "crowned with immortal life." Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* "will always remain an English classic." Thoreau is "one of the bright minor lights of English literature." Prescott's style is "per-

fect"; and Bancroft is "an historian of the first order." If we are to accept these estimates there are not *a very few* after all.

"In all the literatures of the world there is no more beautiful character than Longfellow, no more inspiring and uplifting singer than Emerson, no more sympathetic painter of domestic felicity than Irving, no greater lover of democracy than Whitman" (p. 235).

"Contemporary American verse in lyric form equals already anything done in the Old World" (p. 236). Of Alfred Austin we get this searching criticism; "It is quite generally conceded that Alfred Austin is not so highly gifted as his predecessor Lord Tennyson."

Of orators, it is said in one place: "It is doubtful whether a greater orator (than Daniel Webster) ever lived in any age or country" (p. 283). In another place it is said that "Edmund Burke shares with Daniel Webster the honors of first place among English orators, with the advantage slightly in favor, perhaps, of the English Demosthenes" (p. 161). On Father Thomas N. Burke, O.P., Lord O'Hagen is quoted to the effect that "No greater orator ever commanded with greater effect the immense resources of the English language" (p. 291). Again, "the fire and strength of Archbishop Ireland's oratory link his name with Bossuet and Demosthenes and the great orators of every age" (p. 304).

How will the bewildered pupil make his way out? How will the Catholic pupil understand such a sentence as this concerning Mrs. Wilfrid Ward: "they (her works) will remain as milestones on the road over which the present generation makes almost unawares its great transition?" What meaning, save one of cheap contempt has this criticism: "still the cold-blooded realist cannot help thinking that if Wordsworth had followed the plow over his beloved landscape he might not have found in it so much of ecstatic loveliness or of the divine presence" (p. 176); or this bit of flippancy on Patmore: "His domestic life was very happy, so full of happiness that he became the poet of domestic felicity" (p. 212). How will the pupil reconcile such statements as "Popularity, however, is not the test of supreme artistic or poetic quality" (p. 238) and "the highest praise is her wide and increasing popularity," (p. 308); or this, "comparisons are useless if not odious" (p. 246), yet the author employs a whole page in

comparing Newman and Ruskin, (p. 202); or statements like these: "Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel* is perhaps the greatest English satire,' (p. 110), and "We have no satire to compare with it (*Letters of Junius*) in English literature" (p. 161).

Of the Catholic poet, Father Tabb, this *History of English Literature for Catholic Schools* says in one place that "no one disputes Tabb's rank as a great lyric poet"; in another, five pages on, that Tabb's poems are "ephemeral." It also gives this extended comment:

> A question arises, however, as to the *briefness* of his lyrics. Will a poem of four or five lines satisfy the demands of immortality as well as it meets the demands of the editor in filling the corner of a magazine? Will quality alone suffice or must there be also some *sustained effort?* Critics are apt to agree that Tabb made a serious mistake in giving this fragmentary character to his work. He should have left at least one piece of supreme quality, which would prove to the world that he was capable of sustained effort (p. 307.)

Now listen to a critic on Tabb whose judgment is well worth having:

> Every poem of Father Tabb's harbors—or rather is—a separate thought, and a thought "accepted of song." This is fertility of a most unusual kind; it is not only quality in a little space, but—more remarkably—quantity in a little space. For Father Tabb's admirable things are not merely to be weighed; they are, most emphatically, to be counted. They are many. Nay, they are so many, that I doubt whether one of the voluminous poets, even the great ones, would easily make up such a sum. *Multum, non Multa* has been said in praise of others. But that praise in no wise suits Father Tabb. It is for abundance that we must praise him—the several, separate, distinct, discreet abundance of entire brief lyrics. Would a slower or longer-witted poet have made of each of these thoughts, these fancies, these images, a longer poem? I cannot tell, but I think the longer-witted one would not have had these thoughts.*

Catholic poets and prose writers are, as a rule, inadequately treated, and our Catholic inheritance in English letters receives

* Alice Meynell, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1910.

scanty justice. When we look for the phrase or the word of direction that would give the Catholic pupil the key to the right, comprehensive estimate, we do not find it. There is no word on the scepticism of Tennyson; nor the anti-Catholic spirit of Whittier or Edith Wharton, nor the anti-Christian spirit of Mrs. Humphery Ward—no special consideration is given to Catholic authors as such, but there is a special department devoted to "Anglo-Catholic" writers, in which the "Branch Theory" is most plausibly presented, and the Catholic pupil is informed that the Protestant Reformation accomplished very much good in England in advancing the standards of morals. He says nothing about the decay of learning subsequent to the Reformation, and his words on the improvement of morals are in strange contrast with those of Thomas Arnold concerning the same subject:

> The ancient Church, environed as it was with awe and mystery, spreading into unknown depths and distances in time and space—which might be resisted, but could not be despised—had passed from the land like a dream; and the new institution which the will of the nation had substituted for it, whatever might be its merits, could not as yet curb the pride, nor calm the passions, nor dazzle the imagination of England's turbulent and gifted youth.*

We read that Gasquet is a "glorified humanist." Pusey, on *The Blessed Sacrament*, receives most honorable mention. Bishop Hedley's notable work on the same subject is not mentioned at all. Keble, in *The Prerogatives of the Priesthood*, is a monumental work. Manning's *Eternal Priesthood*, and *Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* are not permanent contributions to letters, because "the supreme artist is nowhere visible." The point to be remembered is that these books by non-Catholics are recommended to the pupil, not alone for their art-form (to use this author's favorite word), but also because "they furnish a solid foundation for the highest theological and critical claims" (p. 214).

No mention is made in the volume of such authors as: Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Adelaide Procter, Christina and Dante G. Rossetti, Richard Blackmore, Edmund Campion, Nicholas Sander, Bishop Challoner, Richard B. Sheridan, and Bishop Milner.

* *A Manual of English Literature (p. 251).*

Estimates of the religious value of Catholic writers are studiously neglected; but of Dr. John Watson, we read: "His firm faith in the Divinity of Christ and in the Divine Revelation is a splendid tonic wherewith to minister to the diseased spirit of our times and pluck from the heart of modern society its rooted sorrow." Is such silence on the one hand, and such speech on the other, fair to the Catholic student?

The promise of the literature of the future—and think of what cheer it will give not only to the Catholic pupil, but to anyone with a reverent sense of letters—is contained in such works as: *If I Were King*, *David Harum*, and *The Garden of Allah*.

We have wondered in vain what plan the author followed in placing the different writers. John Talbot Smith precedes Du Maurier by fifty pages; Dr. Shahan precedes Cardinal Gibbons, and Walt Whitman follows some fifty pages later. Maurice Francis Egan appears before Charles Kingsley and Pater, and Father Benson before Thackeray and Dickens.

One author will be treated to criticisms from several pens; sometimes the criticisms vary, and the pupil must use, we suppose, his own judgment. Reading the volume one will recognize at times phrases from other authors not set in quotation marks. But the author prudently thought to safeguard himself from any conviction on the score of plagiarism. What may any critic say in the face of this childlike confession in the preface: "If the student discovers, as he is bound to do, on almost every page, a phrase or line or epigrammatic sentence without quotation marks, footnotes, or other marks of identification, he is referred to the list of names appended to this preface." So what plumage was borrowed and whence—let the reader find out for himself.

So varied are the estimates at times, so plainly are some sentences (not marked by quotations) the thoughts of minds diametrically opposed, that it is evident that the author possessed no standard of judgment. His work is without unity or harmony. He has picked from this man and that, and picked indiscriminately. We must regretfully take exception to his modest claim in the preface, that this, his text-book, is: "The most valuable yet published for the student of English literature."

DEVIL'S MONEY.

BY ALICE DEASE.

SHAN McGarragher and his wife stood together at the kitchen door, she, in the fawn shawl and velvet-banded petticoat that denoted Sunday, he, in his workday suit of mottled bainin.

"'Tis full early yet for you to be goin'," he said, looking down at her, but she answered without raising her eyes.

"It is so, but then its mission time."

Her face, under the soft frills of her white cap was drawn and lined, but neither age nor illness were written upon it. Unlike her neighbors, Mrs. McGarragher had never had to battle with want and hardship, but unlike them, too, a cross heavier than poverty had lain upon her for many a year.

Her husband looked at her once again, sharply, then turned away his head. He had staked everything, everything to his very soul, to win and make her happy and one glance at her face was enough to proclaim to all the world the measure of his success. There were moments like this one when he would have given all he possessed to see an answering smile on the lips that he had loved too well for nigh on thirty years, and yet the joy of his possessions was the only joy that life held for him.

He watched her for a moment as she went from him down the stony path, his eyes fixed mechanically on the hand that held her prayer-book, till the clean kerchief folded about it was only a speck of white against the crimson of her skirt. Then, whilst she still went on down, he turned and went up the steep mountain side.

There, unseen from below, he could see not only his own thriving possessions, but also down into the valley where, on a road that wound like a ribbon through the green, the rest of the parish were wending their way to the Church, to which his own wife was bound. His eyes followed her, a solitary figure not only on the hillside but even also when she reached

the road. He noted, with hands and teeth clenched in fierce impotence, how the others passed her by, some with scarcely a greeting, none with more than the barest "Good-day." And yet he knew, as well as if he had heard them speaking, that at sight of her two other words had come to them and that under their breath they had murmured "devil's money."

Looking away from the church-going stream sharply, as he had just now turned from his wife, he fixed his eyes resolutely on his crops. The potatoes, whose stalks grew tall and green and healthy, gave promise of the fair crop that lay under the soil ripening for a rich harvest. There was no taint of blight here; it was a sight to do good to the heart of any farmer. Yet as Shan McGarragher looked, the wind came whispering through the plants and the sounds that it bore to his ears formed once again those two hateful words "devil's money."

Far below, too far for any whispering voice to reach him, lay the corn field that was the pride of his heart. The heads were already heavy with grain, soft still, and of the tender grey green that must harden and darken before the gold comes. For a full minute the watcher forgot everything in calculating how many bags of grain that field would yield him. Then, from its edges, where the wild flowers grew amongst the tangled grasses of the headland, a bird rose up into the air, a lark who sang as it soared and whose joyous notes rilled and trippled as it rose higher and higher into the deep blue of the sky.

"Devil's money," it sang; "devil's, devil's, devil's money."

With a curse, McGarragher turned to the mountain; there, where the sweet short herbage showed in green patches amongst the heather, some of his beasts lay lazily in the sun. Half a dozen cows and heifers with their children of this and previous years, fine healthy beasts whose glossy black coats told of care in the breeding as well as in the feeding of them. Further off a group of ponies showed that their owner was a man who could afford to keep a good beast till it came to its full value.

There had been no forced sales of promising foals amongst this lot. Then, for no reason, they started off at a gallop, manes and tails streaming, chasing each other past the sleepy cows and hunting before them the little calves who joined in the frolic with awkward gambols and uncouth lowings, and the

beating hoofs, and the lowing voices wafted back to the watcher by the rock, spoke yet again the selfsame words: "devil's money, devil's money."

As the ponies footfall died away another sound made itself heard. Looking down McGarragher saw a tall figure clad in brown toiling upwards. He understood who it was before his eye told him what his instinct already knew—this brown figure was about his Master's business.

From his hiding place Shan McGarragher could see him throw back his cowl and wipe his brow, for the sun was fierce on the steep stony path. He could hear Rory's low growl turn to a furious barking as a strange hand moved the latch of the kitchen door. He could almost have laughed to himself, so safe did he feel in his place of vantage till, with a long look all about, around and below him, the Friar started to mount still higher.

Was it coming then? After all these years must he give up his secret? No thought of fearlessly meeting, of sending this seeker, who in point of fact was a trespasser, back to those who wanted him, came in that moment to the man. He knew that it must either be flight or capitulation; he could not, and would not, give in. Where he stood was the only place of hiding thereabouts, and yet any one coming up the path that led to the garden plot, must see him where he crouched, as clearly as though he had gone forward to meet them. Only at his feet the potatoes grew tall and thick and heavy laden with foliage. Between each ridge of them, dug by his own hands, there was a deep, black furrow. Down on his knees he fell, groping blindly with his hands, dragging himself under the thick green shelter. As he stretched himself on the cool, black soil, and felt the earthy walls at either side of him, he remembered—death, and the time when every man must lay himself down in just such a bed as this.

The sandaled feet fell lightly on the soft turf, and it was only the swish, swish of the brown serge habit against the potato plants that told of the coming of the Friar. When he reached the rock where Shan had been standing he, too, stood, as the other had done; so, also, did he look down at the scene below him. Nearest of all was the trim homestead he had just visited. Everything about it spoke of the same prosperity that the fields above it showed. Beyond the rich corn-

field there was another house—a medley of falling walls, of propping posts, and rotting roofs, showing green and brown and every color except the clear, rich gold of freshly laid straw.

Further off were other dwellings, none so trim as the first, none so wretched as the last, and furthest of all, where the valley widened out and the road divided in two, a ring of brown rock, a circular stretch of sand, marked the head of a little bay, an offshoot of the wide, glistening sea that stretched out and out and away till at last it rose to the far horizon.

The Friar gazed around him leisurely and long. It was a scene of peace and beauty, and yet he sighed. The thought of a soul that shunned and neglected God in the midst of such surroundings was a blot upon the landscape. And where was the man who owned this soul? His wife had said that he would surely be in one or other of his fields. Perhaps he had gone up the mountain and might yet return. The Friar opened his breviary and laid it on the rock before him.

So thick were the plants that the light came dimly through, but the sun, coming out from behind a cloud that had drifted across it for a moment, sent a long, slanting shaft between the stalks. Outside, where there was no shade, it played upon a strange looking object, oblong in shape and whitish in color—a human foot. The foot of a strong, young man, bare except for the strap of leather that lay across the instep from sole to sole of the sandal. Its owner was a young man, strong of limb, well educated, a priest. And he thought —he knew —that God was worth the choice he had made. The office was only half said when something impelled the reader to turn his head. There, close beside him, so close that by merely stretching out his arm he could have touched the upturned face, was the head of a man. His body was crouched amongst the furrows. One hand held apart the plants that would otherwise have kept his secret. For one second their eyes met, the priest's and the fugitive's. A moment later Shan McGarragher was on his knees, the plants all crushed and broken round him, his face hid closely against the rough, harsh serge of his companion's habit.

. . . . .

Early as was his mother in starting for the mission, Johneen had been earlier still. When he came to an angle wall of

the ruined outhouse that sheltered the crumbling dwelling which was the next to their own, he turned off the path, and standing where no passer-by could see him, he called gently, "Ailes," and again "Ailes."

No further repetition was needed, for at the second sounding of her name, a girl came quickly to the door of the hovel. From the crown of her glossy head down to her bare, brown feet, she was spotlessly neat and clean. Hopeless poverty had made the outside of her dwelling what it was, but inside, despite its bareness, there were more signs of cleanliness and care than could be found in half the kitchens of the parish.

"I'm not comin' the day, avick," she said, going over to Johneen and speaking low. "Oh, he's terrible bad on me; I doubt but he'll be gone by sundown." And the tears sprang into her eyes at the thought of her father's flickering life. "But amn't I the happy girl after he had the Missioner, and since ever then, he's that contented. Only waitin' on the will o' God to go. Johneen, avick, you well know the bad hate he had to your father?"

Johneen nodded. That there had been something between the dying man and his father he had known for years, and lately, since the girl Ailes had grown up, he had guessed that the hate was not one-sided.

"Well, then, 'tis gone." There were mingled notes of sorrow and of gladness in the girl's rich voice. Sorrow for her coming loneliness, gladness at so peaceful an end to the poor, wasted, ill-spent life.

"What matter now agrah," says he to me. "Rich or poor, mustn't we all come to be the same before God's judgment? Him an' me, one an' t'other. 'Tis the sins of us an' not the cattle or the crops that God Almighty will be askin' us for."

"Then," said Johneen, "he'll not be troublin' that 'tis me as will be mindin' you, an' him gone?"

The girl looked up in quick surprise.

"But your father avick?" she questioned.

"Look here asthore." Johneen pulled a steamship envelope from under his jersey. "I've worked these years for my father, but I'm a man now an' 'tis you as needs me most. I've two tickets here, one for you an' one for me. There's many another who's made his fortune over the water with no more than the work of his two hands for commencin'. When—when,"

he looked towards the cabin door, "we'll get married please God, I'll make you a home in America better even than what my father would forbid me bringin' you to here."

The girl began a feeble protest. Was she worth to him all that he was willing to give up. Father, mother, home, comforts, rough may be, yet plentiful? He would have said yes, yes, a thousand times for he loved the daughter of his father's enemy with the same strong love that had bound his father all these years to his own wife, but there was no time now for protest or reply. A feeble moaning voice called the girl back to her post of duty, and with the chapel bell warning him that Mass time was drawing near, Johneen went out to the *bohreen* and away down to join the stream of churchgoers on the public road.

. . . . .

Ailes had moistened her father's lips, had settled his tossed pillows, and time and again she had replaced the beads in the weak, nerveless fingers. He lay in the fourpost bed beside the open hearth and for all his weakness it was he, and not Ailes, who first saw the coming of a visitor. A tall man, but bent now and bent with what? age? sorrow? shame? A figure, that for eight-and-twenty long years had never crossed that threshold. A figure that the dying man had hated with deep, jealous, unreasoning hate, until the mercy of God and the light of death had drowned or burnt that hate away. The newcomer bared his head, and two steps across the poor kitchen brought him to the bedside.

"Are you livin' yet, an' can you tell who's this I am Andy Leary?"

"Aye." The hate was dead, but at sight of the face and figure round which it had raged so long, the freshly-healed wound of it gave a throb as though of returning life in the dying man's heart, and he clutched the cross of his beads as his defence.

Deliberately, then, Shan McGarragher knelt on the earthen floor, as just now he had knelt upon the mountain side; but here he knew he had two listeners. It was to Ailes, the girl who would live, as well as to the man with death upon his ace that he made his confession:

"I've come to tell you that 'twas me as stole the money you lost comin' from the fair o'Glanorena; 'twill be eight an

twenty year come Holland-tide. 'Twas true then as now as I'd never been next or nigh the town that day, but comin' home from heapin' the seawrack there below I crossed the main road by Canalty's mearin'. There was a lump o' paper lyin' in the dust. I took it up an' there was twenty golden pounds within in it. I looked up an' down an' not a soul was on the road. 'Twas late an' a long piece in to the barracks an' I took the money home with me an' never a thought but to bring it to the police in the mornin'. Then, goin' home the devil himself came to me an' says he: 'If you'd that bit o' money to buy Shamus Mor's plot o' tillage you'd get the loan upon it of what'd raise a cow an' a couple o' calves to eat the grass that's wastin' on the mountain above. An' with that why wouldn't Daniel Morrisroe take back the answer he's given you time an' again an' you askin' for Mary.' 'Twas that what done it. Just for Mary I took it, an' they say well who called it 'devil's money,' though never a one at all went nigh to fixin' your loss on me. They thought 'twas me immortal soul I'd sold, an' faith they were like to be right. 'Twas yourself told me in the mornin' how they got you in the ditch below an' you with no more thought in your mind but what the drink had taken from you. Aye, you told me that, an' me with the twenty pounds the police had the country searched for, lyin under me own hearthstone. Aye, 'twas 'devil's money' an' it prospered as the devil's work does thrive. You lost heart after that money went from you an' the taste for the drink had you fair destroyed. I ruined you body an' soul. I killed the wife on you. I made this lassie here know want an' hardship before she ever grew to be a woman. As you got poor, I got rich. I bought the land you had to sell an' we hated each other, you, because you was poor an' I was rich. Me because I knew well your money had made a thief of me, an' the devil had me immortal soul because of what I had done. An' now with you dyin' I've come to ask you to forgive. No livin' man without he was a saint, would do what on me two knees I'm askin' you, but if the love o' God who'll judge us both, you an' me, is in your heart, for His sake, for God sake I'm askin'—"

There was silence unbroken in the dark, bare room. Had the dying man heard and understood? The one who knelt never looked at the girl, and the dim eyes, the only sign that

life was still in the prostrate figure on the bed said nothing to him. There was no hate in them, nor anger, but neither could he read forgiveness. Then McGarragher thought his story had not reached the tired, worn out—brain, but in truth that was not the reason for the silence. It was so wonderful, such an easy and yet such an unthought of solution to this eight-and twenty-year-old mystery. It was the tragedy of four lives—Shan himself and his own wife, who had never guessed his secret, and O'Leary whom he had robbed, and O'Leary's wife who had died from want and misery—a tragedy so baldly expressed that the power of speech had gone from the dying man as he listened.

"'Tis not for nothin' I'd be askin' you this," went on McGarragher, and a listener might have noticed from his voice how nearly he himself was spent. "The girl there shall have every penny. The house an' bit that was my own before, that will do the old woman and me. Johneen must go." And here his voice failed him. "He's not the only one the sins of a father has driven over seas. An' the rest, the fields, the beasts, your own farm, all that'll be for Ailes. Andy, Andy, an' you goin' before God's judgment give me the word, the one word—".

He broke off and the girl, looking in dazed astonishment from one face to the other, saw the bitterness of death on the living face, but on the other only peace.

"Father," she bent low over him and raised his head, but even in her own ears her voice sounded strange. "Father, avick, won't you speak. Tell him what you're after tellin' me. Say the hate is all gone. Say you forgive."

He moved his hand, it was nerveless now, and even the weakest movement was labored. Ailes put out her own firm fingers and his closed weakly around them. Again he moved, and the girl's hand went with his. His enemy, kneeling beside him had stretched out his own hands in passionate appeal. A third effort and the three hands touched. He could not speak, but now there was full understanding in the dim eyes, and Ailes, raising her hand, with his above it, laid them both on those of Shan McGarragher, but even as she did so she felt the tiny pulse of life under her fingers weaken, and the dying lips moved:

"Mercy."

That was all. Mercy for them both, the dying and the living. But as Andy Leary's ill-spent life flickered out, his hand lay in his enemy's clasp, and between them was the hand of the girl who had witnessed all, the confession and the promise of restitution, the entreaty and the fulfillment of forgiveness.

. . . . . .

The girl laid down her father's head and closed the eyes that were now dulled forever. She moved quietly to and fro, working mechanically, too dazed as yet to realize the truth of what she had heard, and all the while Shan McGarragher knelt on, motionless, at the dead man's side. He had come straight down from the mountain, fearful of a moment's delay lest at the last his courage should give way. Up in the potato field he had, at last, asked forgiveness for what he had done and the answer had been: "first go and be reconciled to your brother." And now, as the softening power of death had brought him so easily the forgiveness he had scarcely dared to hope for, he knelt there whilst the floodgates of bitter regret and unavailing remorse swept over him and took from him all power of thought or speech or movement. Then, at length, Ailes came to him. She spoke, but what she said conveyed no meaning to his brain. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and then, mechanically obeying her, he staggered to his feet. He had not paused before to think how this restitution could be made. He had not thought what it would be to live in poverty where he had been a rich man, to be known as a thief by all the neighbors, maybe—and now a shudder of horror ran through him at the idea—maybe to go to jail for robbery.

"Shan," the girl's voice was soft, but so decided that he had to make the effort to listen to her words, "do you mind that I was in it whilst you told him all?"

Even yet he could not speak but his head moved in sign of assent.

"You told him," went on Ailes, with a gesture towards the bed, "that I would have it all, the farm above, the beasts, the crops. Well, listen here. I wouldn't take one penny piece that'd tell the neighbors how—how Johneen's father was a thief."

Her voice sank low, but in her listener's ears it rang clear

and firm and her words smote him hard, and cut him like a knife.

"No one knows this thing but only me an' you?"

It was a question, and in silence again McGarragher answered "no."

"Then let it be," went on the girl. "'Twas twix you an' him it lay. Let it go where he has gone; may the Lord have mercy on his poor soul."

The man was stupid still, and stupidly he turned his eyes on Ailes.

"I've got to give it back" he said in the tone of one who had learned a lesson. "I stole the money an' the missioner said—"

"Give it to Johneen then," whispered Ailes, and now her eyes fell and she looked away as she spoke.

"To Johneen?" McGarragher knew nothing of what there was between his son and the daughter of the man he had so deeply injured.

"To Johneen—and me," she said, and looking up he read the truth in the rich, red color that flooded her bent face, in the shy eyes that now looked for a moment in his own.

"You—and Johneen?" he faltered, scarcely daring to understand aright.

"Johneen—and me," replied Ailes, and she saw that at last her meaning was made plain.

"God of Mercy!" cried the man, and he staggered forwards, stumbling so heavily that, strong and quick as Ailes was, she could not stop him before he fell.

For eight-and-twenty years his life had been one long offence to God, only without ceasing his wife had prayed for him, and this was what he got in place of punishment.

To Ailes it was horrible to see the anguish of the sobs that rent him as he lay, prone and helpless across the feet of the dead man whom he had wronged, but Shan himself knew that there was a sweetness even in the bitter spring of his anguish, and this touch of sweetness was a reflex of the mercy of God.

THE AGREEMENT PRIOR TO MIXED MARRIAGES: ITS VALIDITY IN STATE LAW.

BY JAMES M. DOHAN, A.M., LL.B.

THE article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1911, by Mr. Charles O'Sullivan, on *The Agreement Prior to Mixed Marriages: Is It Valid in Law?* has attracted my attention; first, because I was of counsel in the case of *Brewer v. Cary* the only American case noticed by Mr. O'Sullivan, and, secondly, because I do not and cannot agree with Mr. O'Sullivan's statement of the law.

Mr. O'Sullivan's conclusions are startling. On page 349 he says: "It is evident that the pre-nuptial agreement as now drawn is invalid." The only American case he cites to support such a broad statement is *Brewer v. Cary*, now reported in 148 Mo. App. 193, and decided in 1910. Without further exposition at this point, surely Mr. O'Sullivan is lawyer enough to know that the law of one State cannot be said to be the law of all the United States.

Then, to Mr. O'Sullivan "occur" three ways in which may be made legally binding the ante-nuptial agreement wherein the non-Catholic party promises to bring up as Catholics the children of the marriage. But these three ways were merely "occurrences" to Mr. O'Sullivan, for he finally admits that there are fundamental legal objections to his suggestions.

The subject is of such importance in this country that the writer may be pardoned for reviewing both the American and English decisions. The former have not been examined by Mr. O'Sullivan; the latter have not been summarized by him.

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Beyond a doubt marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics should not be encouraged, if tolerated at all. However, since they are at times bound to occur, the rights of the Catholic party, the Church, and the future children of the marriage, should be cared for. To accomplish all this, certain

promises are required of the non-Catholic party. A formula in use in a neighboring diocese is given below:

> Formula which the clergy of this diocese must oblige the non-Catholic party in mixed marriages to subscribe to:
>
> "I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with . . . . , a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the full understanding that the marriage bond thus contracted is indissoluble, except by death; and I promise on my sacred word of honor that . . . shall be permitted the free exercise of religion according to the Catholic Faith, and that all children of either sex, born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic Faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, even if . . . should happen to be taken away by death. And, furthermore, I promise that no other marriage ceremony than that by a Catholic priest shall take place."
>
> (Blank spaces are left for the signature, the date and the signatures of two witnesses.)

The objection to this formula is that it is unilateral, and that the consideration is implied.

THE ENGLISH LAW ON THE RIGHT OF THE FATHER TO CONTROL THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF HIS CHILDREN.

The following cases have not been cited by Mr. O'Sullivan:

In *Skinner v. Orde* (R. 4. P.C. 60, 1871), it was held that the child of a Christian father must be brought up a Christian, although the mother, the custodian of the child, was a Mahometan, and there had been no expression of the father's will in the matter, nor did he make any testamentary disposition of the child. In *Re Gyngall* (62 L. J. Q. B. 559, 1893), the mother, the only surviving parent, had deserted her child, and was not subsequently allowed to regain control of her and change her religion from the Protestant to the Catholic faith. In *Re Scanlan* (57 L. J. Ch. 718, 1888), while the father at first allowed his children to be brought up Catholics, he changed his mind before his death, and the court respected his last wishes and allowed them to be brought up Protestants. In *Re Newton* (65 L, J. Ch. Div. 641, 1896), the father, a drunkard, allowed his daughters to be brought up Protestants. When they were, respectively, 15 and 11 years of age, he changed his mind and his behavior, but it was too late to have the court order a change in his children's religion.

This whole subject is well treated in the latest English

work on "Domestic Relations," written by Eversley, the third edition of which was published in 1906. He says (Part II, chapter 2, page 547):

> But under special circumstances the courts have power to interfere with and control this parental right (the right to dictate the religion of the children). Where the parent, by his conduct, evidenced by his assent or non-dissent, has abandoned, forfeited or waived this right, whether in pursuance of an agreement or not, and allowed the child to be reared in a faith not his own, the court will consider only the happiness and benefit of the child, though it may not have imbibed so thoroughly the doctrines in which it has been raised up as to make it dangerous to change its religious training. So where the acts of a deceased Protestant father indicated that he had not only abandoned his right to have his child brought up in his own faith, but that he intended that it should be brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith, and the court was of opinion that it would be most for the benefit of the child to be brought up in the latter faith, its education in it was continued.

Re Clarke, (21 Ch. Div. 817, 1882), where there was an ante-nuptial agreement in writing that the children should be brought up as Catholics:

> But where the parent has not abandoned or forfeited his rights, the court has no power to inquire whether the enforcement of his rights would or would not be for the happiness or benefit of his child. *No definition can be framed of what is a forfeiture or abandonment by the parent; but it is a question on which the court must pronounce from the facts proved in evidence before it.**

In support of this statement, Eversley cites *Agar-Ellis v. Lascelles*, *Re Meades*, *Andrews v. Salt*, all discussed by Mr. O'Sullivan, and *Re Garnett* (20, W. R. 222), *Hill v. Hill* (31 L. J. Ch. 505) and *Re O'Malleys* (8 Ir., Ch. Rep. 162).

Our authority proceeds to say:

> An ante-nuptial agreement, by a father waiving his rights, which had been acted upon by him would, after his death, though not legally binding on him, be taken into consideration as affording evidence of such abandonment or waiver.

* Italics are ours wherever found.

At p. 547 of his work, Eversley thus summarizes this branch of his subject:

> If the father has abandoned or forfeited or waived his rights (whether in pursuance of an agreement or not), the court will consider only the happiness and benefit of the child, and order it to be continued to be educated in the religion in which it had been brought up, *and the child need not have imbibed so thoroughly the doctrines inculcated into it as to make it dangerous to change its religious training*.

To an American lawyer the whole line of English cases is based on (1) the fact that the Church of England is an established Church, and this leads to (2) a prejudice of the English judges in its favor. These judges went out of their way to make a Mahometan a Christian (*Skinner v. Orde, supra*) and to make a Catholic a Protestant in defiance of a written agreement based on a most solemn consideration, that of marriage, (*Agar-Ellis v. Lascelles, supra*). Indeed, *in Re Clarke, supra*, Kay, L.J., is honest enough to say that he wants to carry out the wishes of a father who allowed his son—in pursuance of a written ante-nuptial agreement—to be brought up a Catholic, "trying, of course, to divest my mind of the bias which it naturally has in favor of the bringing up of an English boy, who is to succeed to an English estate, inherited by him from his father's Protestant family, in the Protestant faith."

THE LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States, where many legislatures and equally as many judges take widely varying views as to what the law ought to be or even is, the decisions are hopelessly in conflict, as might well be expected. A thorough examination of these cases is not out of place, particularly because Mr. O'Sullivan is in error when he states that *Brewer v. Cary* is the only case wherein the agreement we have been discussing was passed on by an American Court of Appeal.

In *Janes v. Cleghorn* (54 Ga. 9, 1875), it was the dying wish of the mother of an infant that the wife of the plaintiff in error should raise and educate it as her own child. This wish was acquiesced in by the father of the child. Upon the death of the mother the plaintiff in error and his wife were in possession of the child under this arrangement when the

defendant in error induced the plaintiffs in error to allow the child to visit his relatives in an adjoining county, promising to return the child within ten days. Upon his failure to do so, the plaintiffs in error took out a writ of habeas corpus upon which the lower court awarded the custody of the child to its father. On appeal, the lower court was reversed, Warner, C.J., holding that where parental authority over an infant child is released to another, such release is not revocable without some sufficient legal reason, "such as bad treatment, want of social standing and the like." This case and a long line of similar decisions, was followed in *Lamar v. Harris* (117 Ga. 993, 1903), wherein Washington released to Lamar and his wife (his parents-in-law), by a written agreement, all his parental power, custody and control over his minor son. The Supreme Court of the state held that in Georgia a father might release to another the right to the custody and control of his minor child.

In the very recent case of *Purinton v. Jamrock* (195 Mass. 187, 1907), the Supreme Court of Massachusetts laid down the principle that parents have no absolute right of property in their minor children of which they cannot be deprived without their consent. This principle was enunciated some years ago by Mr. Justice Brewer, recently of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *Chapsky v. Wood* (26 Kan. 650, 1881), in a strong and sympathetic opinion.

As early as 1830, there is a decision in point in New England. The case is that of *State v. Smith* (6 Me. 462), where a husband and wife, having separated, pursuant to articles previously entered into, in which he had stipulated that in the event of such separation the children should remain with her; the court, per Parris, J., on writ of habeas corpus sued out at his request, ordered the children into the custody of the mother, giving specific effect to the articles of separation. *And the court said further that the father had no vested right, in any case, to the exclusive custody of his children.*

In *Fletcher v. Hickman* (50, W. Va. 244, 1901), the court held that where the father has committed the custody of his infant child (even) *by verbal agreement* to another person to be maintained and cared for, which agreement has been acted upon by such other person, such agreement will bind the parent and prevent his reclaiming the custody of the child

unless he can show that a change of custody will plainly promote the child's welfare, moral or physical.

In *Clark v. Bayer* (32 Ohio State 299, 1877), Ashburn, J., laid down the general principle that "a father's right" to the custody of his minor children "is not absolute under all circumstances. *He may relinquish it by contract,* forfeit it by abandonment, or lose it by being in a condition of total inability to afford his minor children necessary care and support."

In *Ward v. Goodrich* (34 Col. 369, 1905), a contract between a man and his wife for the support of a child in the wife's custody during the pendency of divorce proceedings, was declared legal and binding. This seems to be a case of first impression, not only in Colorado, but also in the United States.

In 1898 Judge Jones, in deciding the case of *Anderson v. Young,* (54 So. Car. 388,) held that the custody of a minor by a fair agreement with the parent, not prejudicial to the welfare of the minor, is not unlawful, or against public policy, and is not such illegal restraint as a court must relieve at the will or caprice of the parent.

In *State v. Barrett* (45 N. H. 15, 1863), it was held that a father may by deed part with his parental rights to the custody and services of his infant child. In this case Justice Bellows is careful to point out that *by such a deed the father may bind himself,* although if the instrument (*e. g.,* of apprenticeship) does not conform to the statute he may not bind his child. On this ground many of the cases which do not uphold the validity of the agreement we are discussing, particularly the New Jersey cases, may be distinguished.

We have seen thus far that an ante-nuptial agreement between the parties to a promised marriage with regard to the control of the custody and religious education of future offspring are legally valid and binding, and may be specifically enforced in Colorado, Georgia, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Kansas, Ohio, South Carolina, and West Virginia. Other states whose decisions favor the validity of such agreements are Delaware, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. Many of these decisions I have not cited, because though of record, they were not rendered by courts of last resort.

The courts in the following states have decided against the legality of such an agreement: Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, Texas, and Washington.

States where the question has arisen, but where the decisions are not in harmony, are Iowa, Rhode Island, and Missouri, despite the case of *Brewer v. Cary*.

It is admitted that most of the Western states are against the writer's contention that these agreements are valid at law, while most of the Eastern states are in our favor. On the whole, however, I am of opinion that we are favored by the majority of the American authorities, and particularly by the decisions of those courts which have the greatest weight with the bench and bar of other states. The cases just outlined are squarely in our favor, while the cases against us may be distinguished as by Justice Bellows, in *State v. Barrett, supra*, or on the ground that they were decided on their own particular state of facts. Moreover, the cases involving *an agreement, whether verbal*, as in *Fletcher v. Hickman, or written*, as in *State v. Smith* and *Ward v. Goodrich, between the parents themselves*, are certainly in our favor.

THE CASE OF BREWER V. CARY.

Mr. O'Sullivan has well outlined the facts and the decision in this case. But he has underestimated its importance, though not the attention it attracted. I had the honor and pleasure to be associated with the complainant, an eminent member of the St. Louis bar, and on first examination, found five Missouri cases in point, of which *Weir v. Manley* (99 Mo. 484 1889), and in *Re Blackburn* (41 Mo. App. 622 1890), were against us; those in favor of our contention being in *Re Doyle* (16 Mo. App. 159 1884), and in *Re Clements* (78 Mo. 352 1883). For the lay reader I will explain that Mo. App. reports are those of the intermediate courts of appeal in St. Louis and Kansas City; and Mo. the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State.

But the best case of the five was in our favor. It will repay examination for a moment. In *Nowack v. Berger* (133 Mo. 24 1896), the defendant made an *oral* ante-nuptial agreement with his intended wife that, in consideration of their future marriage and his having charge of their (illegitimate) infant son, the plaintiff, during his minority, he would in his

will devise to this son and any children of their marriage in equal shares. The marriage was consummated, and the husband took control of the boy. Three children were born of the marriage. The husband died, making no provision for the plaintiff, who thereupon brought this action for a specific enforcement of the contract. The court held that marriage was a sufficient part performance of the contract to render it enforceable in equity. Commenting on this decision, which attracted much attention at the time, *The Harvard Law Review* (Vol. X., p. 61), under date of April 25, 1896, said:

> The court might have found other grounds on which to rest their decision, but they base it squarely on the sufficiency of the marriage. This is *contra* to the entire weight of authority, the opposite doctrine prevailing, though much regret is expressed that it should be law. See *Ungley v. Ungley* (L. R. 4 Ch. D. 73); Browne on *The Statute of Frauds* (4th Edition), No. 459. This case is one of first impression in Missouri, and a step in the right direction.

It has since been followed elsewhere, as we have shown.

What binding effect, therefore, can a decision have which is directly opposed to judicial decisions, correct in principle, not only to decisions of a supreme appellate court of its own state, but also to prior decisions of the same appellate court? The decision is also in conflict with the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of Missouri, for Section 6, Bill of Rights, Constitution of Missouri (R.S. '99, Vol. 1., p. 63), specifically states that:

> No person can be compelled to erect, support, or attend any place or system of worship, or to maintain any priest, preacher, or teacher of any sect, church, creed, or denomination of religion, *but if any person shall voluntarily make a contract for any such object, he shall be held to the performance of the same.*

As a point of information, I might close this section by saying that the father of the children is now dead, and Mr. Brewer has the custody of his grandchildren and controls their religious education.

SUMMARY.

1. "The foundation of a republic is the virtue of its citizens." Mr. Justice Grier, of the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking for that great Court in *Marshall v. B. & O. R. R. Co.*, (16 How. 314,) uttered the above sentence, and then went on to say: "They are at once its sovereigns and its

subjects. As the foundation is undermined the structure is weakened. When it is destroyed the fabric must fall. Such is the voice of universal history." As was well said by Mr. Gardner, arguing for the complainant in the Brewer case:

> Into the *rationale* of juridical construction must the webs of moral advancement be woven, and, in an age of such evidences of moral decay, must this be emphasized by every court upon every occasion where the opportunity presents itself, and particularly so where the moral welfare of children is concerned, who are to become the future sovereigns of a nation which stands in the position towards the nations of the world and the world's future as does the United States. A government and its agencies, flagitiously disregarding moral laws, and a sound sense of natural right and justice, soon perishes from the earth.

(See *Oakley v. Davies* (58 Tex. 141); *Windsor v. McVeigh* (93 U. S. 274); *People v. Ruggles* (8 John. 290), a decision by Chancellor Kent.)

In the case of the *Holy Trinity Church v. United States* (143 U. S. 457), Mr. Justice Brewer, showing "from the first voyage of Columbus to the present hour that this is a religious people," says: "there is a single voice making this affirmation. The commission to Christopher Columbus, prior to his sail westward, is from Ferdinand and Isabella, by the grace of God King and Queen of Castile," etc.; and recites that "it is hoped that by God's assistance some of the continents and islands in the ocean will be discovered," etc. The Declaration of Independence recognizes the presence of the Divine Ruler in human affairs. . . . Every constitution of every one of the (then) forty-four states contains language which either directly or by clear implication recognizes a profound reverence for religion, and an assumption that its influence on human affairs is essential for the well-being of the community. . . If we pass beyond these matters to view American life as expressed by its laws, its business, its customs and its society, we find everywhere a clear recognition of the same truth. Among other matters note the following:

> The form of oath universally prevailing concluding with an appeal to the Almighty; the custom of opening sessions of all deliberate bodies and most conventions with prayer; the prefatory words of all wills, "In the name of God, Amen;" the laws respecting the observance of the Sabbath with a

> general cessation of all secular business, and the closing of courts, legislatures and other similar public assemblies on that day; churches and church organizations which abound in every city, town and hamlet; the multitude of charitable organizations existing everywhere under Christian auspices; the gigantic missionary associations, with general support, and aiming to establish Christian Missions in every quarter of the globe; these and many other matters which might be noticed, add a volume of unofficial declarations to the mass of organic utterances that this is a Christian nation.

We are all familiar with the stately phrases of Washington's Farewell Address. Not less well-known should be the speech of Erskine for the prosecution of Williams for blasphemy in publishing Payne's *Age of Reason*. The circumstance of Paine's having written largely upon public liberty and government, he says:

> renders a public attack upon all revealed religion from such a writer infinitely more dangerous. The religious and moral sense of the people of Great Britain is the great anchor which alone can hold the vessel of the State amidst the storms which agitate the world.

These words have their application to our great commonwealth, and are a fitting answer to Mr. O'Sullivan's statement that ours is a godless government. Our national morality is founded on religion, and rash, indeed, is the court which fails to give effect to a contract entered into for a religious purpose or object.

2. "Marriage is the highest consideration known to the law, either to raise a use, found a contract, gift or grant."

On all hands it stands confessed that marriage is a valuable consideration," says Lord Coke, the great English Common-Law Judge and commentator, at page 96 of his notes on Littleton. Old English cases to the same effect are *Holder v. Dickson, Fellman*, 96; *Smith v. Stafford* (Hob. 216a); *Waters v. Howard* (8 Gil., 262. See also 4 Kent's Commentaries 465).

In the case of *Hammersley v. Baron de Biel* (12 Cl. & Fin. 45, at pp. 78 and 79), Lord Cottenham, L.C., very ably presented the equitable ground in the following language:

> The principle of law, at least of equity, is this—that if a party holds out inducements to another to celebrate a marriage, and holds them out deliberately and plainly, and the other party consents and celebrates the marriage in conse-

quence of them, if he had good reason to expect that it was intended that he should have the benefit of the proposal which was so held out, a court of equity will take care that he is not disappointed, and will give effect to the proposal.

"Equity will not suffer the intention of the parties to be defeated by the very act which is to give effect to the contract."*

In *Nowack v. Berger*, a Missouri case cited above, and for some unknown reason disregarded by a lower court in *Brewer v. Cary*, Judge Sherwood cogently says:

> Now it would seem that marriage being such a valuable consideration, its celebration in conformity to a previous parole promise made, placing especially, as it does, the female contracting party in a situation where she cannot be restored to her former condition, ought to be regarded as such a heinous fraud upon her, if such promise be not performed, as a court of conscience should not tolerate—but acting upon principle rather than precedent, should decree the complete enforcement of such an agreement, notwithstanding the statute (of frauds). . . . Indeed, more cogent reasons appear to exist in favor of disregarding the statute in instances like the present, than in ordinary cases. This view of the matter is entertained by the learned author heretofore cited (Browne on the *Statute of Frauds*, Sec. 459). Instances are by no means infrequent where contracts between husband and wife entered into before marriage will be enforced in equity, although they should be avoided in law.†

The recent case of *State ex rel. Harrison v. Osborne* (42 N.E. Rep. Indiana 921, 1896), shows that contracts between husband and wife, entered into before marriage, and on the strength of the promise of marriage, will be enforced, although such enforcement may be subversive of the rights of innocent third parties. In that case the defendant, before his marriage, and in consideration thereof, in pursuance of an oral agreement, conveyed his real estate to a third party, in trust to reconvey it to himself and his wife after marriage, this being done by him to defraud his creditors, but the wife being innocent. This action was brought by a creditor to have the conveyance set aside. It was held that marriage was a sufficient consideration to support the grant. However undesirable it may seem, it is undoubtedly law that marriage is a

* 2 Story's *Equity Jurisprudence* (Sec. 1370) and the cases there cited. † Ibid.

valuable consideration and will support an ante-nuptial grant to the woman, even if made to defraud creditors (1 Bishop's *Law of Married Women* § 780–782 and cases there cited).

3. An ante-nuptial agreement, wherein the non-Catholic party to a promised marriage, agrees, in consideration of that promise of marriage, that the future children of the union will be brought up in the Catholic religion, will be enforced in the majority of our State Courts.

This agreement need not be in writing, but parties who are careful in such matters will advise a written agreement, for it is better evidence in a court of law. The decree of the Church with regard to reducing to writing the engagement to marry should also be strictly observed.

The Church decrees that every pre-nuptial contract is void unless it is written and duly dated and attested.* In case a Catholic wishes to become formally engaged to a non-Catholic (baptized or non-baptized) a dispensation *mixtae religionis* or *disparitatis cultus* must be obtained before the engagement contract can be validly signed. †

As to mixed marriages generally they are (a) reprobated in the Old Testament (Gen. xxiv–2–4; Deut. vii–3).

(b) They are reprobated in the New Testament (I Cor. vii–39; II. Cor. vi–14–18).

(c) They are reprobated by the Fathers and the Ancient Councils of the Church. ‡ The Council of Verona forbade them, and excommunicated for five years the parents who permitted their children to contract them. The Council of Arles, the Third Council of Carthage, and the First General Council of Chalcedon excommunicated the Catholics who married non-Catholics. The Council of Toledo, in 634 made marriages of Catholics with unbelievers null and void. From the Council of Laodicea, A.D. 372, to the Council of Bordeaux, A.D. 1583, animadversions have been passed on mixed marriages. §

(d) They have been reprobated by such popes as Clement XI., Benedict XIV., Pius VI., in 1782, Pius VII., in 1813, Pius VIII., in 1830, Gregory XVI., in 1832, 1834, and three times in letters to various bishops in 1841, and Pius IX., in 1858.

(e) They are reprobated to-day by the Church, because

* *Ecclesiastical Review Year Book*, 1911, page 145. † Ibid, p. 146.

‡ We refer the reader to the writings of Tertullian, St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Zeno of Verona.

§ See on this subject Hefele, *History of the Councils*, Vol. I., p. 144.

they are undoubtedly contrary to the essence of Christian marriage. (Council of Trent, Sess. 24, can. 1; Second Plenary Council of Baltimore; Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884), *Titulus* IV—*De Sacramentis*—and No. 133; Pastoral of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; Pastoral Letter of Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes, 1880; Sermon of the Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, delivered at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; Pastoral Letter on "Christian Marriage," by Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, *circa* 1906; "The Church and the Marriage Tie," by James Cardinal Gibbons; "Marriage and Divorce," by the same, *The Sunday Magazine* for June 23, 1907; Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of the Cincinnati Province, Lent, 1908). (On the subject generally, see "The Sacred Scriptures on Mixed Marriages," by Very Rev. Peter Meagher, P.P., Singleton, New South Wales, Australia, in *The Ecclesiastical Review* for October, 1910, Vol. XLIII., p. 385; and by the same author, "St. Paul on Mixed Marriages," in the same review for November and December, 1910, Vol. XLIII., p. 669, etc., these three articles have now been published in pamphlet form, by the Dolphin Press, Philadelphia). (See also "A Manual of Law Specially Affecting Catholics," by W. S. Lilly and J. P. Wallis.)

I may fittingly conclude with a brief statement made by Mr. Brewer in a recent communication to *The Western Watchman:*

> The (ante-nuptial) agreement (which we have outlined above) is valid in law, because:
>
> (a) The object and purpose of such an agreement is to promote the welfare and happiness of the parties thereto, and their offspring;
>
> (b) The agreement is in perfect harmony with the Federal and State Constitutions;
>
> (c) The agreement, when made by competent parties, has for its support the best possible consideration, if marriage thereunder be consummated;
>
> (d) Public policy upholds such an agreement, under our system of government, under our organic law;
>
> (e) Our public policy denounces deceit and fraud, and the wilful breach and violation of such an agreement is a perpetration of the most heinous fraud, which equity cannot tolerate.

New Books.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY. By Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents.

We are, indeed, glad that Rev. T. A. Lacey published lately his very false and inaccurate account of what happened in Rome, some fourteen years ago during the sittings of the Commission on Anglican Orders. It proved to every unbiased reader how impossible it was for an Anglican controversialist to write impartial history. It has, because of its many misleading statements and what its author himself styles its "unpleasant indications of ignorance" forced two scholarly members of the Papal Commission, Canon Moyes and the Abbot Gasquet, to give us the facts at first hand, instead of relating the gossip, the guesses, and the unjust suspicions of outsiders.

The Abbot Gasquet's little *brochure* is even more valuable than the careful articles of Canon Moyes that appeared in the *London Tablet* some months ago, for, it is made up of extracts from his diary, kept with no idea of publication during the period of 1894 to 1896. He tells us himself: "The entries in my diaries were obviously written without the least idea of their ever being made public, and since 1896 they have been locked away and not even read since they were written, until, in view of Mr. Lacey's Diary, I brought them out and examined them" (p. 1).

We learned from Mr. Lacey's book, that some members of the papal commission were constantly breaking their promise of secrecy, and from Canon Moyes that frequently this information was misconstrued or garbled by zealous and prejudiced Anglican partisans. The Abbot Gasquet confirms both facts. For example, when Mr. Lacey asserted "that the proceedings of the commission were private, but that their friends had asked and obtained permission to show them all documents and to talk over the discussions with them," the Abbot was assured at the Vatican on the highest authority "that no permission had been asked and no leave granted to break the *Secretum Pontificium*" (pp. 60, 61).

That the Barlow case occupied but little time in the discussions is also clear. In fact only two hours were spent discussing it on April 21, and less than one hour on April 25.

Instead of being "all about Barlow" as Mr. Lacey pretended, the members of the Commission regarded even this brief discussion as useless, and possessing a mere academic interest (p. 58).

One thing is very clearly brought out by the Abbot. Pope Leo XIII. had been utterly misled by the Abbé Portal and others with regard to the hope of reunion of England with the Holy See. "The Holy Father did not seem to have any idea of the difference between Ritualists and others, or indeed any real knowledge of the actual state of religious feeling in England" (p. 8).

Cardinal Vaughan made it very clear to him—as did later the Abbot Gasquet—that there was no likelihood whatever of the English people coming over to Rome *en masse*, as some enthusiastic Frenchmen had told him. In fact the vast majority in England were thoroughly Protestant in every sense. The Pope was surprised to learn that certain zealots had drafted a letter to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and had sent it to various people to know whether such a letter would meet with their approval *if written* by the Pope!

The Abbot speaks of the difficulty he had in obtaining access to the archives of the Holy Office:

> I had for weeks been waiting to get access to the papers of the Holy Office, for which I had obtained his (Pope Leo's) permission. For one reason or another I had been constantly put off, and, somewhat losing patience, I had written to the Vatican to know whether the Pope wanted me to see the papers or not. The reply came in the form of an order to come to see the Pope. He had himself, on reading my letter, sent for the papers, etc. (p. 33).

This incident also tells us how lightly some scholarly ecclesiastics view their office as papal consultors. For while the Abbot was for weeks trying to consult the necessary documents in the archives of the Holy Office to prepare a careful opinion on the subject, others had sent in their opinions to the Pope without even attempting to consult them. "I cannot say," said the Abbot in answer to the Pope's inquiry, "how others can give any opinion of value without knowing the facts, but I can't." The Holy Father answered: "Bravo! that is quite proper" (p. 34).

This little book is well worth reading, for it is calm, ob-

jective, and utterly devoid of the trivial gossip and tendencies of bad temper that disgrace the pages of the Anglican diarist of the same Commission.

THE THIRTEENTH, THE GREATEST OF CENTURIES. By James J. Walsh, M.D. New York: Catholic Summer School Press. $3.50.

Additional interest is given to this, the third edition of Dr. Walsh's book by the insertion of many valuable illustrations. The author sets out to prove that of all the centuries, even including our own nineteenth and twentieth, the thirteenth has proved to be the greatest. In it arose those universities which, in after ages were to become so renowned throughout the world. Preparatory schools, law and medical schools came into existence under the fostering care of Popes, bishops, and the clergy in general. These recognized the value of learning, and instead of doing what the ultra-Protestants of our day imagine—suppressing all attempts at enlightening the people, they were continually acting in just the opposite manner by issuing decrees for the establishment of, centres of education. That there was a response on the part of parents by sending their children to these schools is shown by the large numbers in attendance. Thus at Bologna there were between fifteen and twenty thousand students, some thirty thousand at Oxford, more at Paris than at any time in the nineteenth century, and about five thousand at Cambridge. They came from all lands, and studied medicine, law, philosophy, theology, languages, and science.

In the thirteenth century also arose those miracles of architecture, the cathedrals of Europe with their wondrous work in carving, statuary, and stained glass. Then arose also the art of such men as Giotto, Cimabue, Gaddi, Guido, Ugolino, Segna, Duccio and Berlinghieri. Then there were libraries to spread learning among the people. Even that form of library which is looked upon as peculiar to late years, the circulating library, was by no means unknown in the thirteenth century. Many valuable collections of books were made by bishops and abbots, and the lower clergy. Louis IX. gave the example to the laity, but the knightly classes seem to have had a mild contempt for all kinds of book-learning.

The thirteenth was also the age of the great romances, of the Meistersingers, Minnesingers, Trouvères, Troubadours; of

those Latin hymns which arouse the admiration of men today, the *Dies Irae*, *Stabat Mater*, and those of St. Thomas; of the chroniclers Jocelyn, Joinville, Matthew of Paris, and Vincent of Beauvais; of such saints as Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Louis IX., Clare, Elizabeth of Hungary; of Innocent III; of Dante; then were founded hospitals under Innocent III., whose *Santo Spirito* of the *Borgo* became the model of all European hospitals. *Magna Charta* was signed, and courts of justice (in our modern sense) began to flourish.

We must again express our gratitude to the author for this work, which, besides being well done will prove of considerable value to Catholicism. Only on one point would we feel like taking issue with Dr. Walsh, where (p. 138) he praises in unqualified terms a series of French art manuals. There is certainly one volume in that series which is anything but perfect notwithstanding that it was *couronnée*.

We have noticed some misprints; a bad one in the *Stabat Mater* (p. 200), one on page 380, "that its business meetings," and a few minor ones, including "Boniface VII" in the index, which could have been made more perfect for such an important book.

THE WEST IN THE EAST. FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

There is a great deal of truth in Edward Candler's contention, quoted by Mr. Collier, that the best books on foreign countries have been written by travelers, "by people who pass through seeing everything with a fresh eye." The first *coup d'œil* generally gives the salient feature which more laborious investigation subsequently obscures. And in general it may be said that Mr. Collier's own book on Eastern life bears out the theory. It is written, for the most part, with that instinct for the essential which belongs to the assimilative mind. A traveler, sketching an outline, as he does, has no business to be trivial or irrelevant, and Mr. Collier is never trivial or irrelevant. The secret of his penetration consists in his ability to dispense with the fixed standard which most representatives of the West carry into the East with them.

"The almost universal belief in the West," he writes, "that we are admired, envied, and looked upon as superior

by the East, and that our type of civilization is the goal towards which the East is striving, is not only ludicrously false, but is at the bottom of our misunderstanding of the whole situation." The traveler who has realized that, and who can go on to say that "no Indian prince, no Chinese mandarin, no Korean courtier, no Japanese noble envies, admires, or looks upon us individually or nationally as superior," and that, "as for the masses of the people, their attitude is a mixture of dislike and contempt," is in a position to see his subject as it is and to deal with it justly.

And on the whole, Mr. Collier does this—nothing is more desirable, for instance, than his chapters on China and Japan and his appreciation of the weight of character of the former people and the imitative dexterity of the latter—but his gift is not infallible and there is one serious exception. The chapters on India are disappointing. On page 366 a group is imaged of a European administrator and his wife, fine types of their race, "and not far away an Indian faker naked, painted, covered with dust and vermin, illustrating the disorderliness of fanatical ignorance."

The passage, perhaps, has a descriptive accuracy, but it is, we think, quite certain that no man who had ever really sympathized with, and understood the spiritual attitude and aspirations of India, would possibly have written it. Nor does it appear from Mr. Collier's treatment of the subject that he ever has appreciated this side of it. He has something to say about Indian religions. But India has no religion. She has a philosophy, the daring thought at the root of which is and always has been that the *atman*, or soul, or spiritual consciousness in a man is the one and only source of all knowledge or possible apprehension of the truth. There is nothing religious in the idea at all. It deals not with what a man believes, but with his power of believing. It is directed simply to developing and nourishing the spiritual faculty, a faculty which takes cognizance of spiritual affairs and enables human nature to respond to spiritual suggestions. Hence, in all great ages of faith, and more especially during the first centuries of our own era, the admixture in the West of Eastern thought and sentiment is the obviously indispensible factor, and even to this day the escape from the finite intellectualism of the West still lies in the acceptance of the Eastern idea of the soul as the "Knower."

The subject is too large to enter on here, but not to have entered on it is a grave flaw in Mr. Collier's book. For this is that famed Wisdom of the East by the side of which all Western knowledge fades into unreality. This or nothing the traveler must return with, for this is the only thought that India has ever had.

THE LADIES' BATTLE. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The MacMillan Company. $1.

Miss Seawell writes as a strong opponent of woman suffrage. Her own words are: "I believe woman suffrage to be an unmixed evil."

She treats of the question of woman suffrage in the United States; its phase in England being merely introduced to emphasize some of the statements which the author makes. She claims that in the suffrage states of the Union matters are in a worse condition than in the non-suffrage states; that woman suffrage and socialism go hand in hand; that divorce increases in direct ratio to the success of the suffrage movement; that race-suicide, polygamy and suicide have been openly promulgated by suffragettes from the platform. She claims further that in the suffrage states women have suffered a curtailment of privileges instead of increasing their exceptional favors.

It will be seen that Miss Seawell uses strong language and makes rather drastic charges. The book will undoubtedly arouse much discussion. One sentence, the last one on page 34, grates on our Catholic ear, and we sincerely hope it will be dropped from any future edition.

THE TOLL OF THE ARCTIC SEAS. By Deltus M. Edwards. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Here we have an interesting, if somewhat rapid history of the attempts made to reach the North Pole. In eighteen chapters the various expeditions are described in a pleasant and popular style. According to the author, the first expedition was that of Pytheas of Marseilles who set out in 330 B. C. to fathom the mysteries of the unknown north. Then came the Vikings, and quickly in turn the several nations of Europe entered in the lists. What may be termed the first important expedition was that of William Barents, of Amsterdam, who sailed in 1594, and reached Orange Island, the most

northerly point of Nova Zembla. After a safe return, another expedition was fitted out in 1596 with Barents as pilot—but actually, as it turned out, as navigator of one of the ships. Spitzbergen was now discovered, and Barents sailing again around Orange Island was caught in the ice, and had to put up in winter quarters. After enduring great hardships he died, trying to reach southern lands. From that time until 1871 no other white man ever set foot on Nova Zembla.

The expeditions of Hudson, Bering, Franklin, Kane, Hall, Nordenskiold, De Long, Greely, Nansen, Andree, Sverdrup, the Duke of the Abruzzi, Amundsen, Erichsen, and Peary are treated of in separate chapters. And in another chapter devoted to several voyagers such as Cartier, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Davis; Mayen, Baffin, Knight, Hearne, Ross, Parry and many others the history is completed.

The stories told in the book are full of interest, and in places are not devoid of excitement. That of Peary's recent expedition is perhaps the least successful, but the reasons for this are obvious. We note that the author accepts at its face value Peary's account of reaching the Pole with the negro Henson. Both for its interest and usefulness we commend the book, for here are gathered together the histories of man's endeavor to overcome the obstacles nature has placed in his path towards the north. To read of the heroic endurance of great privations which the explorers had to undergo will act as an antidote to the increasing love of ease and pleasure in our every-day life. The toll of the Arctic has not ended yet; lives will still be given to learn all the secrets contained in those regions.

The volume is enriched with illustrations, a useful map, and a passable index, and is well worth the price asked by the publishers who have done their part well.

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN. By Monroe Royce. New York: Thos. Whittaker. $1.20.

In a happy, free and easy style, the author sets himself the task of saving the native American (by whom he means the New Englander) from total extermination. The task is great, but he faces it smilingly. His attention was first attracted to this awful national danger by a circular written in Italian and distributed in New York during the Protestant

Episcopal Church Convention of 1910. The object of the circular was to draw some of the poor benighted Italian immigrants into the light of Protestanism. This luminous document stated that there were about nine hundred thousand Italians in Greater New York. This figure with the statistics of other foreign immigrants caused Mr. Royce to become greatly alarmed: "For it is perfectly plain that if one-half of these non-American peoples should get together and agree as touching any matter whatsoever, they could easily accomplish their purpose." To prevent such an indescribable calamity this book was written.

It must be remembered, first of all, that the author is an Episcopal clergyman, and that he spent twelve years in Europe. What, then, is more natural than that he should compare European countries with his own which he is trying to snatch from the burning? In thirteen chapters he covers considerable ground. Beginning by denouncing the American as a Jack-of-all-trades he ends by condemning immigration. Throughout, he is by no means complimentary to the American; neither does he travel very far in his jeremiad before he loses sight of his salutary object, and proceeds to deal roughly with the nation in general.

A few of his *dicta* will show both his style and forceful manner. "We (Americans) are the stupidest nation on the face of the globe." "We are actually a nation without manners." "Is there anything in the shape of a humbug or a fraud that we as a nation will not eagerly swallow?" "Our inefficient business methods are at the bottom of all our economic troubles, and reckless extravagance is the chief source of our inefficiency." "The American wife is a luxury that only a rich man can afford." "The prayer of the New England deacon—'O Lord, if you will keep our Pastor humble, we will keep him poor'—is the spirit which prevails throughout the (Protestant) churches." "Go into the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and have a look at our national legislators, and you will not, I think, be overcome by the marks of greatness written upon their faces." "The football of the American college and the duel of the German university about balance each other in brutality."

Thus he forges on slashing right and left, but at the end he has not pulled back the poor Yankee from the abyss.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN RUYSBROECK. By Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L. London: Thomas Baker. 75 cents.

SERMONS AND LECTURES. By Monsignor Grosch. London: Thomas Baker. $1.10.

The Blessed John Ruysbroeck (1293-1381) was ordained priest in 1317 and became vicar of St. Gudule, Brussels. For twenty-six years he continued as a secular priest, and steadily advanced in the way of holiness. In 1343 he withdrew with a few companions to Groenendael, and, their little community increasing in numbers and sanctity, they were constituted as Canons Regular in 1349. He soon acquired a more than local reputation, and many distinguished penitents came to him for direction, among them, it is said, John Tauler. Gerard Groote, the founder of the *Devout Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life*, also came under his direct influence. Ruysbroeck made it his chief study "to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ." "Let the fountain head of thy study and thy mirror of life be first the Gospel of Christ, for there is the life of Christ." He held that the Scriptures should be read rather than the Fathers, and the New Testament more than the Old. Attempts have been made to name the saint as one of the precursors of the Reformation, but when we remember his devotion to authority, his entirely orthodox views on the subject of grace and the sacraments, his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady we can easily refute the calumny. Dom Scully gives a list of sixteen treatises which can be attributed to Blessed John Ruysbroeck and a short description is given of each. There follows an excellently simple chapter on his teaching. Ruysbroeck held that "the soul finds God in its own depths," and notes three stages in the progress towards perfection. Many learned and holy men have been a little alarmed at what they suspected to be a pantheistic tendency in his writings, but he has been successfully vindicated on this head.

The *Sermons and Lectures* of Monsignor Grosch are sound, clear and solid, but they seem to lack attractiveness. The method, adopted by some Catholic preachers, of treating their brethren outside the fold too harshly, didactically and dogmatically and with far too little sympathy and understanding, is evident in these sermons. Another point against them is their rhetorical exaggeration. If the world is so at-

tractive, the Church in all her winsomeness should be set over against it. Man is made for beauty as well as for truth, but the feet of those that carry the holy message are often hard and crushing in their tread.

THE CHILD LABOR POLICY OF NEW JERSEY. By Arthur Sargent Field, Ph.D. Cambridge, Mass.: American Economic Association. $1.25.

This is a careful presentation of one chapter of the history of American labor legislation. It traces step by step the progress in clarity of conception and the consequent progress in standards and in policies by which the State of New Jersey has gradually attained its present position of fairly stringent regulation of the employment of children. Detailed, well documented, comprehensive, outspoken, clearly interpreted, this study might well be chosen as a model for monographs of the type.

THE JEWS. A STUDY OF RACE AND ENVIRONMENT. By Maurice Fishberg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

As the author tells us in his preface: "This volume is an attempt to present the results of anthropological, demographic, pathological and sociological investigations of the Jews." It is the only book in English treating of the race-traits of the Jews." Mr. Fishberg's thesis is a protest against the utter impracticability of the modern Zionistic movement on the one hand (chap. xxii.) and against the deeply rooted political and social persecution of the Jews on the other. He claims to prove that "the alleged purity of the Jewish race is visionary and not substantiated by scientific observation," (p. 474). Political conditions and persecution have in the past kept them a people apart, but to-day, with the intermarriage of Jew and Christian (chap. ix.), and the many conversions either from conviction or the desire to escape social ostracism (chap. xxi.), the process of assimilation is becoming more and more easy. He asserts that 224,000 Jews were baptized in Europe the past century, 84,000 of whom joined the Orthodox Church of Russia.

The chapter on the political conditions of modern Jews

(chap. xx.) gives us the reason of the great influx of Russian Jews into the United States. Since May 3, 1882, in Russia "the Jews have no right to live outside the so-called *Pale of Settlement.* This Pale is, on the whole, not Russia at all, but consists mainly of provinces which Russia has annexed within the last 200 years, and where Jews had lived for centuries before that annexation. . . . Outside the district only some special privileged classes of Jews may live, such as merchants of the first guild, who pay about 1,000 roubles annually for a license; Jews who have graduated from the highest educational institutions; and some Athians," (p. 427). This means that about 6 per cent of the 5,110,558 Jews (census of 1897) are allowed to live outside the prescribed district. Even in the Pale there are many restrictions. They are not allowed to live in the rural districts, in health resorts, in harbor cities like Sebastopol, etc. They are not allowed to own or lease land outside the Pale, a hardship, when we remember that agriculture is the staple industry of 75 per cent of the Russian people. They cannot teach in the public schools or hold any academic position in high schools or universities, etc., etc. Russia is still the persecutor of the Jew as she always has been of the Catholic.

We learn many interesting items, some of which we take *cum grano salis*, from Mr. Fishberg's book: that there never were so many Jews in the world as there are at the present day (p. 1); "that of the twelve million to-day, 75 per cent are in Europe, 17 per cent in America, and 8 in Asia and Africa," (p. 10); "that the Jewish type cannot be distinguished by separate physical traits, such as stature, complexion, head, form, nose," etc. (p. 90); "that only one Jew in six has an aquiline or hook nose," (p. 83); "that mixed marriages are on the increase," (p. 209); "that missions to the Jews are very costly (£600 to £3,000 a convert, he asserts) and not successful," (p. 218); "that the main causes of baptism are marriage and advancement," (p. 460); "that the Jews of to-day cannot be considered a nation," (p. 480); "that language is not always a safe criterion of nationality," (p. 482); "that Zionism, based as it is on the erroneous notion that the Jews are a nation, fails at the outset because it is founded on false premises," (p. 492) etc.

The illustrations introduce us to rather novel Jewish types:

the Black Jews of India, the Chinese Jews of K'ai—Fung Foo, the Sahara Jews, the Falashas of Abyssinia, etc., (p. 134–147). The bibliography is quite complete, and the index of subjects and authors fairly well done.

THE BIG LEAGUE. By Charles E. Van Loan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.

All real patriots, to whom the ball and bat are as sacred as the Stars and Stripes, the eagle and the goldenrod, will enjoy a new book by Charles E. Van Loan, called *The Big League.* The author's belief is evidently that 'tis baseball makes the world go round, and his book consists of nine stories of the diamond—nine being, of course, no longer the mystic number of Parnassus, but of something far more up-to-date.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PRIEST'S PARLOUR. By Geneviéve Irons. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60.

An interesting story is *The Mystery of the Priest's Parlour,* by Geneviéve Irons. The mystery is complex and tragic, and the hero—a real hero!—is the young priest in whose parlor a man is found murdered. Circumstances are strong enough to condemn the young priest, and, although he knows and has heard the confession of the real criminal, yet rather than violate the seal of the confessional, he serves a sentence of sixteen years in prison before his innocence is at last established. The story is very human, and very interesting.

GEORGE THORNE. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.75.

Mr. Norval Richardson, the author of *The Lead of Honor,* has published a second and quite different book, *George Thorne.* Though neither as careful nor as able as *The Lead of Honor,* this second story has undoubted merit. In the beginning George Thorne is a young man, poor, hitherto honest, but coldly and ruthlessly ambitious. By a simple fraud he imposes himself as the long-lost, only son of the wealthy, aristocratic Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone. After traveling for two years at their expense, improving in education and in refinement, he returns home to take his place formally

as their son. But an unexpected conflict soon begins: his ambition has been to struggle against his long dormant honor, now roused by the influence, not of the woman he loves (oh, relieving variation!) but of her who fondly, passionately believes herself his mother. Her love and trust unconsciously force him to clear his honor by confessing the whole fraud. The story is well written and interesting throughout.

Incidentally, we wonder if George Thorne expresses his author's views when he says: "There are thousands of social classes. The *strata* are unlimited—one mounts and mounts eternally. And the tremendous part of it all is, that as one mounts, the influence is not alone working on you externally, —I mean in your appearance, your manners, all the little details—but it is working inside of you. As the body becomes better cared for, the mind becomes cleaner. One gets an irresistible desire to throw off bad thoughts, bad ideas, bad morals, with one's bad clothes."

Surely the true and contradicting sentiment is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's, when, after a comment on the luxury of soap, he exclaims: "As if we did not all know that whenever God's thunder cracks above us, it is very likely indeed to find the simplest man in a muck-cart, and the most complex blackguard in a bath!"

THE MISSION OF PAIN. By Père Laurent. Translated from the French by L. G. Ping. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

This short but well-constructed treatise on pain deserves the attention of Catholics. Père Laurent divides his work into two main parts, each containing a number of chapters on various aspects of pain. In the first part, devoted to a consideration of the divine office of pain, there are two chapters of great value to every Catholic. Nowadays one of the cheapest objections against the existence of God is taken from the existence of pain and evil in the world. The would-be philosophers who are running riot all over the world are continually advancing this fallacy. The Catholic Church teaches very clearly on this point, and that teaching Père Laurent here sets forth in a most lucid and convincing manner, particularly in his chapters entitled, "The Impunity of the Guilty," and "The Prosperity of the Wicked."

One of the most pleasing things about the book is its sensible tone; the doctrine of pain, its value, benefit, and consequences being stated in simple language. After reading *The Mission of Pain* a Catholic will feel stronger and better, and will find himself looking back into the past and there discovering the hand of God in a trial or sorrow which at the time he thought brought him unnecessary and cruel pain. "The mission of pain," writes the author, "in the world is two-fold. Like God, Whose ready and vigilant messenger she is, Pain strikes and she protects, she wounds and she heals, she afflicts and she consoles. . . ."

We heartily commend the book, and hope that it will find a place in many a Catholic's library. It is easy to read, is well printed, and convenient in form, though we think it is somewhat expensive for its size. Towards the end of page 87 we have noted a very awkward misprint which should receive attention from the editor.

ROUGH RIDER TO PRESIDENT. By Dr. Max Kullnick. Translated from the original German by Frederick von Reithdorf, Ph.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

This biography and appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt, written by an eminent German, Dr. Max Kullnick, has been translated into English by Frederick von Reithdorf of Monmouth College, Illinois, and will be greatly enjoyed by Mr. Roosevelt's admiring compatriots. The unadmiring will do well to leave its pages uncut, for it is as frankly enthusiastic in tone as a schoolboy's composition on Lincoln. Though laudatory throughout, the author gives, however, a careful and scholarly criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's personality, of his theories and attitudes, and of the reforms he has achieved or inaugurated. The German point of view will make the book doubly interesting to American readers.

LE FLÉAU ROMANTIQUE. Par C. Lecigne. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 3 *fr.* 50.

This series of nine lectures delivered in Lille, by one especially well fitted both by profession and life work, to speak with authority on all that pertains to French literature, gives us a history of Romanticism in France, in which is necessarily included some account of the authors of that school and

their writings, thus bringing within the scope of the book one of the most fruitful and important epochs of French thought.

The lectures deal with the origin of romanticism, the evil done by Rousseau, its sponsor in France, its want of balance, and its religious and moral aspects, and to these are added two chapters which the author calls "Studies," which are inferior in style and interest to the lectures, and should have been omitted.

Romanticism was not merely a literary school, distinguished by an especial softness and charm of style, but it was a persistent distortion of the moral code and the very apotheosis of the ego. Turn to the pages of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo, De Musset, Maupassant, and other writers of that like, and see how morbid and exaggerated are the characters they hold up to our admiration, how unreal their sentiments, how false their standards. Romanticism is bad enough in the novel and drama, but it is still worse when applied to the writing of history. Take, for example, Michelet, he has subjected Joan of Arc to this process, and she emerges from his treatment, distorted beyond recognition.

We know of no other work that covers just the ground M. Lecigne has gone over, and while he is sometimes betrayed into too severe condemnation of some authors, his judgments on the whole are just, and we are indebted to him for an excellent book which is at once entertaining and full of information.

HERO-HAUNTED. By David Bearne, S. J. (New York, Benziger Bros. 75 cents). This story of the Sussex Downs may attract English boy readers, but we are sure that in its present form it is too quiet and too sober to please American youth. Our boys look at the very beginning for action and adventure—or something that fortells either. If the first chapter does not attract it is not likely that they will read a book through to the end. Father Bearne has done great work for Catholic juvenile literature, and while it would be good for many boys to know "Alfie" of whom the present story tells, we feel that they will not read the tale with anything like zest. The photo illustrations of the book are excellent.

MEDITATIONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN. From the German of the Rev. Francis Gabrini, S. J. New edition revised by Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D. (New York: Christian Press Association. $1). Books treating of the Blessed Virgin come to us frequently. Some of these are estimable publications; others are disappointing and unworthy. The present volume has long since won a place as an excellent book of meditations on the Blessed Virgin suited to individuals of every class. The author's love for his subject reveals itself on every page, and his plain, direct style is always pleasing. We wish the volume all success.

CHRIST'S SOCIAL REMEDIES. By Harry Carl Montgomery. (New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. $1.50.) Mr. Montgomery's book deals with citizenship, socialism, divorce, crime, labor, Sunday observance, war, and several kindred questions. The author considers each in the light of Christ's teaching, and draws largely on quotations from the New Testament and from contemporary writers of whom he cites a great number.

THREE musical publications come to us from Oliver Ditson, Boston, Mass. *Mass in A* by Josef Rheinberger illustrates the truth that fine musical effect does not entail repetition of text, and altogether it is what might be expected from so excellent a composer. *Mass in B* by J. G. Zangl recommends itself for its simplicity. The *Agnus Dei* is particularly beautiful. The Shepherd's Vision by Irénée Berge is a Christmas Cantata and a delightful musical inspiration.

THE Iona Series is the name given to a library of new books by Irish writers. For the most part the eight volumes already issued are story books, and excellent stories they are, too. Those now before us are entitled: *A Life's Ambition* by M. T. Kelly, *The Making of Jim O'Neill* by M. J. F., *The Golden Lad* by Molly Malone, and *The Isle of Columbcille.* This last tells of a pilgrimage to the isle of Iona and sketches the life of the glorious Columbcille. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these little books is the very low price at which they are issued: 35 cents per copy. (B. Herder, St. Louis).

A SOLDIER OF VALLEY FORGE. By Robert Neilson Stephens and G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50. *A Soldier of Valley Forge* is a book that appears with the two signatures given above. It was left in rough draft at the time of Mr. Stephen's death, and has been completed by Mr. Roberts. The story is built on the usual lines of Revolutionary novels, with the patriotic hero, the heartless villain, and the demure heroine who gets the usual warning to Washington in time to save the battle. It is not tritely told, however, but will interest and entertain.

A COMING BOOK that will be of the greatest interest to Catholics, is one announced by the John Murphy Company of Baltimore, and entitled, *The Life of Cardinal Gibbons.* The book will be one of particular importance and timeliness, because of the coming celebration in October of the Cardinal's jubilee. This life of the Cardinal is from the pen of Allan S. Will, Editor of the *Baltimore Sun,* and will be the first complete biography of Cardinal Gibbons. We are informed that the author has devoted long and careful research to his task. His work spans the entire length of the Cardinal's years—his early days in New Orleans, his priestly labors in North Carolina and Virginia, and discusses the weighty questions in which he has played so important a part. The price of the book will be $2.

A LITTLE GIRL FROM BACK EAST, by Isabel J. Roberts, tells us of a New England girl, Polly Day, whose mother deemed it prudent to take her to Southern California for a holiday and, incidentally, to cure her of a tendency to be somewhat "bossy" in manner. Polly has a very happy time in the West and outgrows her faults. It is an excellent little story, neatly presented by the publishers. (Benziger Bros., 45 cents). *A Conversion and a Vocation* (Benziger Bros., 90 cents) is a second edition of the biography of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart (Sophia Ryder), first novice of the Order of the Good Shepherds in England. The story of Sister Mary's vocation, illustrates for the reader the wonderful work of the Holy Spirit in leading and guiding the souls of men. The biography is of interest also because of Sophia Ryder's connections and her friendship with

Cardinal Newman. In *Freddy Carr's Adventures* the Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J., gives his juvenile readers a sequel to *Freddy Carr and His Friends.* The story is brimful of action and clever dialogue. (Benziger Bros. 85 cents). Madame Cecilia, in *More Short Readings for Mary's Children,* continues her happy work of instructing young girls on the various Christian virtues. The papers which make up this volume first appeared as magazine articles. They were well worth reprinting in permanent form. (Benziger Bros. $1.25).

BUCHEZ (1796–1865) par G. Castella gives a *résumé* of Buchez's historic methods. It is interesting to know that he who for years brought many doubters to the Faith and many insincere to the Truth was, before his death, reconciled to the Church whose teaching he had so long loved without understanding it. *Le Clergé Gallo-Romain à la Fin du IVe Siècle,* by Henri Couget, is a learned and interesting contribution to the history of the clergy in France, in which St. Martin stands out a most brilliant figure. *Habitations à Bon Marche et Caisses d'Epargne* by Henry Clément is a thoughtful study in sociology, and explains the mechanism of law in the matter of workmen's dwellings. Bossuet's *Exposition de la Doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique* is a new critical edition of the most serious treatise on apologetics called forth by the conflict of the sixteenth century. *Geoffrey Chaucer* by Emile Legonis is a foreign estimate of the life and work of Chaucer. (Paris: Bloud et Cie).

LES MIRACLES DE N. S., JESUS CHRIST by l'abbe L. Fillion, Vols. I. II. This work is a vigorous refutation of rationalistic errors. *Discours Eucharistique* collects in permanent form the papers on the Holy Eucharist read at the various International Eucharistic Congresses. *L'Ame d'in Grand Catholique; Esprit de Foi de Louis Veiullot d apres sa Correspondance. L'Homme Public,* by G. Cerceau. The author recalls the opposition to *L'Univers* from the time Louis Veuillot took the helm and the criticism to which he and his journal were subjected. That Veuillot's one aim was to defend the cause of God with a devotion as absolute as it was disinterested is, according to the author, certain. (Paris: P. Lethielleux).

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (24 June): "They Hallowed Him King," reflections on the recent coronation, with the hopes and fears to which it gives rise.——"Democracy and Saint Sulpice." A French correspondent sees in the closing of the famous old seminary the destruction of "a seed plot of men vowed to work amongst the poor."——Certain French and American reviews are discussing the history of the "Evening Mass," and the advisability of restoring it for the benefit of the working classes.

(1 July): "The Spirit of Peace at Work," *apropos* of the recent peace letter of the Holy Father, comments at length on the happy termination by the nations interested of the dispute concerning pelagic sealing.—— "The Vanished Milliard" throws further light upon the iniquitous procedure by which the French religious have been despoiled, and upon the methods of the anti-clerical Republic.——Cardinal Logue on the *Ne Temere* Decree.

(8 July): "Shall the Malissiri be Exterminated?" sets forth startling facts with regard to the treatment accorded by the Turkish Government to the Catholic tribes in Albania.——"The New Ministry in France." ——Professor A. Valgimi in "A Source of the Divine Comedy" comments on a claim made by Dr. Amaducci of Bologna University, to the effect that the source from which Dante derived his doctrinal scheme of the immortal poem is contained in the writings of St. Peter Damien.

The National (July): "Episodes of the Month" gives an extended account of the coronation,——"George V. and Asquith I.," is an appeal to the King to stand against the demands of the Liberal party. Where is the Englishman, it asks, who is not on the side of his annointed King?——"Education in India and the Future of that Country in the British Empire," is discussed by Agakhan. ——"At Prior Park," by Austin Dobson, is a running sketch of that famous estate near Bath.——"American Affairs" are discussed, as usual, by A. Maurice Low.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): "A Recent Confirmation of the Scapular Tradition," by Herbert Thurston, S.J., calls attention to a document concerning the scapular tradition discovered in the Vatican Library by Father Benedict Zimmerman, in 1907. The article is published *apropos* of a statement made by Père Marie-Joseph to the effect that Father Zimmerman has made relentless war on the scapular.——The Rev. P. J. Bradley explains "The Mozarabic Mass" for the benefit of those assisting at the Eucharistic Congress in Madrid.—— "Erasmus and the Movements of his Time" by Rev. J. F. D'Alton, M.A.

The Month (July): "Where Scott found Dugald Dalgetty" by J. S. Shepherd, is a study of that character who plays such a prominent part in the work of Sir Walter Scott. ——Mr. James Britten, K.S.A., under the caption "The Lusitanian Church" presents some interesting facts with regard to Protestantism in Portugal.——In "A Note on Macaulay's Style," Mr. James Dwyer points out the most salient features of Macaulay's style.

Irish Theological Quarterly (July): "The Validating of Marriage Without New Consent;" the rarity of invalid marriages in the Catholic Church owing to elaborate precautions, and the nature of the canonical remedy, *sanatio in radice.*——"Buddhism, Past and Present," shows the more important conclusions now arrived at in the history of Buddhism, and declares that its "shares have fallen low in the religious market."—— H. Bewerungl in "The Metrical Cursus in the Antiphonal Chants of the Mass" points out the harmonious sound given to the endings of sentences, and its connection with the order of long and short syllables can be traced back to the classical Latin prose writers.

Le Correspondant (10 June): "The New Constitutional Law of Alsace-Lorraine," by E. Wetterlé discusses the different clauses of the Law.——"Letters to the Count de Falloux," is the second and last installment of the personal correspondence of Pêre Lacordaire with this nobleman.——"The New Army and the Army," by General Cherfils, compares the ideal army as planned by M. Jaurés' with the army of to-day. General Cherfils discusses M. Jaurés' work, point by point, as to its

strength or weakness.——"Our Churches in Danger," by Max Doumic describes the dilapidated conditions of the churches in the district of Aube which were built from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries.——"The Workmen's Pension in England," contrasts the difference between the English and French laws for old-age pensions.——"A Week at Waterloo in 1815," by M. de Lancey is a description of the state of affairs during this critical period by Lady de Lancey, and also of the death of the latter's husband, Sir William, Staff Officer to the Duke of Wellington.

(25 June): "Jerusalem of Yesterday and To-Day," by M. De Vogüe, is a description of conditions existing in those places made sacred by the labors of Christ and His Apostles.——"The Protection of the Frontiers," by General Maitrot, treats of the manner of protecting the frontiers of France with suggestions of a better method of protection.——"The International Project of Arbitration Between the United States and England," an unsigned article, is an account of a question which has interested all the European powers during the present Presidential administration.——"Three Friends of Chateaubriand," by Lucy Goyan is a description of the characters of three women who played an important part during the life of Chateaubriand.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 June): Y. Dumont, in "A Catholic People," writes *apropos* of the Eucharistic Congress of Montreal, paying tribute to Catholic French Canadians.——"Education and Free Thought," by Ch. Bota, briefly considers the interests of opponents of the lay school.

(15 June): "The Messiahism of Israel," by Valensin, answers the questions: "What were the Characteristic Marks in the Messianic Hope of Israel? How Did Christ of the Gospel Fully Realize this Hope?"——"Necessary Prejudices," by E. Bruneteau, is a summary of a work of the same title, by M. E. Foquet.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (June): G. Fonsegrive, writing on "Intuition, Feeling, Estimation," opposes the psychology that would reduce all to terms of mere sensation.——In an article entitled the "Conversion of Calvin," D. Sabatier discusses the probable proportionate

influences that heredity, environment, and personal temperament had on Calvin. While allowing a good deal of force to the former factors, he says, "they disposed, not determined, the Reformer's career."

Revue Thomiste (May–June): In "The Scriptural Proofs of the Dogma of the Trinity," R. P. Hugon, O.P., examines the tenets of both Testaments which manifest a belief in the Trinity on the part of the sacred writers. In the Old Testament the distinction and consubstantiality of the Father and the Son is clearly brought out in many passages, but the evidence in the New Testament is, of course, much stronger in favor of the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity.——R. P. Claverie, O.P., writes on the "Knowledge of Christ."

Études (5 June): Jean Bainvel shows how widespread the "Devotion to the Sacred Heart" became in the thirteenth and following centuries, through the experiences and writings of the mystics. Their exchange of hearts with Christ and like favors, he explains, as symbolical of their sanctification.——A. Degert relates the proposals, discussions, and relatively small but important conclusions on "The Seminary Question at the Council of Trent."——A eulogy of the patriotism of M. Georges Goudon. as seen in his poetry, by G. Longhaye.——Robert de Sinéty, in "The Proofs and Limits of Transformism," considers it certain that the present animal species have been slowly evolved, but that science can in no way prove the animal origin of the human body.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 June): J. Touzard begins a history of the "Religion of Israel."——J. M. Vidal presents a historic exposé of "The Reform of Italian Catholic Action by Pius X." detailing the various stages in the dissolution of the former organization for the direction of Catholic action and the reconstruction of another which should proceed in a more energetic and united manner for the promotion of Catholic social activity.——E. Vacandard gives a "Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History." He notices among other works, Tome XXIX. of the *Analecta Bollandiana* by Ch. de Smedt; *Clement V. and Philip IV. le Bel*, by Georges Lizerand; *Galileo and the Church, the History and the Romance*, by Pierre Aubanel.——Emile Ollivier publishes a letter to

Hans Delbrueck of Berlin on "The Role of Bismarck." (15 June): Writing of "The Constitutionals and the Concordat," P. Pisani gives an account of the clergy in France during the Revolution who accepted the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," showing also the part they played in bringing about the Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII.

(1 July): "A Problem to be Propounded," by A. Bouyssonie discusses the reconciliation of the unity of the human species with the existence from the remotest times of races greatly differentiated.——G. G. Lapeyre treating of the "Religious Movement" in the German speaking countries, considers the Polish question and the question of schools. The German Government by a system of colonization and other means has been seeking to protestantize the people of Prussian Poland. The schools of the Empire are conducted in a manner unjust to the Catholic taxpayers.——L. Wintrebert writes of the works of Claude Bernard and of other topics connected with biological science.——Mgr. S. J. Segraive gives an account of the league "Abstimentis" founded recently at Anvers for the promotion of the fight against Alcoholism.—H. Savatier contributes an article on "The Variations of Socialism."

Chronique Sociale de France (June): M. Gonin writes on the importance of "Public Opinion, Leadership and Organization," in the social campaign of the Church. Catholics capable of leading should be organized so as to form the mind of the masses by the press, conversation, and lectures.——Max Turmann describes two co-operative agricultural societies of Italy and Roumania—Rémy Collin thinks that "the Co operative Societies for Cheap Dwellings" while theoretically favorable to large families, actually operate against them. According to available figures only a little more than one-fourth of the families living in these houses have three children.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (June): St. V. Dunin-Borkowski, S.J., gives some translations of "Early Byzantine Religious Poetry," in various metres, and ranging from the fifth to the sixth century.——"Atheistic Monism," by A. Denesse, S.J., gives in a first paper a sketch of the various monistic schools.——A. L. Feder, S. J., shows

how important a source of profane and sacred history are the works of Hilary of Poitiers.——"A Modern Platonist," by G. Wasmann, S.J., discusses Dr. Karl Camille Schneider's attempt to reconcile the Platonistic teaching on ideas with the Aristotelian doctrine of the soul.

La Civiltà Cattolica (17 June): The Holy Father's Encyclical letter against the spoliation of the Church in Portugal, is printed in its entirety and discussed in the leading article.——Scathing criticism is passed upon D'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" in the opening article of a series on the subject. The writer lays bare the *raison-d'être* of the production.——The series on the "Origin of the Humiliate," is continued.——"Classes of War" suggests that in revenge for the abstention of Catholics from the Italian Unity celebration this year, the Church is to be attacked by the government in a species of *Kulturkampf*.——Recent publications on the Epistles of St. Paul and other Apostles are reviewed, also some books on the Holy Eucharist.——An interesting account is given of the conclusion of the Verdesi trial in the cause of which some important legal precedents were reviewed.

(1 July): P. Enrico Roso, S.J., subjects to destructive criticism the supposed attainments as a canonist of Professor Scaduto, one of the council employed in the interest of the apostate Verdesi at his trial.—"The Moral Crisis of the Modern Family" is discussed in a second article dealing largely with the modern woman.——Among books reviewed are Ottolenghi's "*Gregorian Chant*" and several books dealing with the Holy Eucharist and Frequent Communion.——The full text of the Court's judgment in the Verdesi case is given, showing clearly that it was on no mere technical grounds that the apostate was condemned.

España y América (May): E. Murillo refutes, through SS. Peter and Paul, the reasoning of contemporaneous rationalism.——M. P. J. Rodriguez continues his study on the quadruple version of Genesis: Hebraic, Chaldaic, Greek, and Latin.——Monjas writes on the "Panama Canal and the United States and the Work of American Engineers," and on the boast of the Ameri-

can press to the effect that in 1915 steamers will cross the Isthmus of Balboa, thus realizing the wonderful dream of that great genius, immortalized in Suez, Ferdinand de Lesseps.——El Marquez de Sabuz gives, "In Reference to a Book," a dissertation on what evangelical preaching should be; bearing particularly on the acts of Pius X. in these last years.

(June): P. M. B. Garcia writes on the "Revolution in Mexico." He shows how this revolution has been the fruit of the abnormal situation in which the government of Diaz has kept the Mexican nation. This revolution was forced upon a people who had no other resource or form of protest than war.——The Eucharistic Congress at Madrid, according to A. Monjas, will be a feast at once universal and national.——El Marquis de Sabuz reviews the glories of the province and city of Mompos, Columbia: its orators, bards, poets, and artists.——P. J. Monasterio contributes an article on "The Glories of the Peruvian Episcopate," and gives the unedited correspondence of the Very Rev. Father de Orihuels with Father Joseph Munoz Capilla.

Razón y Fe (June): E. Urgarte de Ercilla writes on "The Sacred Heart of Jesus." He shows that this great devotion is not new in the Church, but came through the beloved disciple, St. John.——J. M. Bover contributes an article on the study of the "Æsthetic Conception of Grace." Grace expresses beauty, favor, gratitude; the first is, as it were, the foundation of the other two.——Mr. N. Noguer continues his study of the privileges of agriculture. The present article deals particularly with the warrants or guarantees on the transportation of cereals, etc.——Mr. C. Eguis Ruiz, continuing his literary necrology, writes in praise of the Norwegian, Bjornstjorne Bjornson.——P. Villada studies the new project of the law of Association, and shows that since the Liberal party came into power in 1901 the government has had no greater preoccupation than to submit the religious associations of the spiritual order to the civil law of the temporal order.——J. B. Ferreres, in his "Canonical Bulletin," excellently describes the new organization of the Roman Curia ordered by Pius X.

Recent Events.

France.

The ministry of M. Monis did not last more than four months. For its fall there were various contributory causes, among which, for the first time in the world's history the aeroplane must be numbered. An accident to one of those new machines by which man is now trying to conquer the air, deprived the Cabinet of its chief support, M. Berteaux, and incapacitated for active leadership the Premier himself. He found it impossible from a sick bed to control the various forces at work, and the Chamber of Deputies and the country. In fact from the beginning, the Ministry was in a difficult position, for, from the first it represented a minority of the Chamber, M. Briand having secured on the decisive vote a majority, although one not large enough for the purposes which he wished to accomplish. Then with reference to the Champagne riots and the settlement of the delimitation question, which was the cause of those riots, M. Monis showed no small degree of vacillation. The Council of State to whom the question was referred, decided that the delimitation of the Marne Department was to remain unchanged; but that the wines grown in the Aube Department were also to have a limit of their own, but were to be classed as Champagne of the second zone. The government accepted this decision and signed a decree to enforce it; but the wine growers of the Aube would not listen to this, and rose in almost open rebellion. All kinds of protests were made. The German Flag was hoisted in places, and mock petitions sent to the German Emperor to come and take possession of the wine-growing districts, seeing that the dirty Republic did not want them. Feeling itself unable to enforce the decree, the Ministry changed its mind, and announced their intention of abolishing all delimitation both in the Marne and the Aube Departments, and to enact such laws and make such regulations against the adulteration of wine as would serve the purpose that it was desired to effect by delimitation. Hardly had this question been settled in this unsatisfactory way, than the government suffered a defeat in the Chamber upon a question

of small importance, but which clearly indicated that there were a number of other men ready to serve their country by undertaking to govern it better than they thought could be done by M. Monis and his colleagues. In fact France is at the present time suffering from too abundant a supply of gentlemen ready to undertake this task. These are to be found not merely in the ranks of the Republicans. Prince Napoleon the representative of the Bonapartes has announced his willingness to come forward if called upon. He would not, indeed, foment disorder—there was enough of that already. But if the enormous number of Frenchmen who desired an issue from the present deadlock should give expression to their wish by means of a plebiscite, he would be able and willing to give France a strong government which would settle the problems of the working masses. There would be no ostracism; and no reaction, and the principle of equality which was so dear to France would be maintained.

The Ministry of M. Monis having been defeated, although by only seven votes, at once resigned. No great achievement can be placed to its credit. In fact it had failed in all that it had attempted, not even the annual Budget having been passed. The success of French arms in Morocco may be accounted a failure for they were used on the side of oppression and tyranny, and it is not yet possible to say whether or not serious complications may not arise owing to Germany's intervention. The attempt to conciliate the railway-men met with no greater success. The new Cabinet, formed by M. Caillaux, will have no easy task to accomplish.

No difficulty, however, was experienced by the new Premier in finding men willing to make the attempt. M. Caillaux himself, had been Minister of Finance in the Ministry that has just resigned, and has had a long and not undistinguished career in the public service. He is the author of the Income Tax proposals which have been so long before the country, and which passed the Chamber of Deputies two years ago, but have not yet been accepted by the Senate. Strange to say, in forming his Cabinet, he placed the Portfolio of Finance in other hands, taking to himself the Ministry of the Interior. The new Cabinet consists of representatives of all the parties of the Left, with the exception of the extreme Socialists; five are Radicals, eight Socialist Radicals; two are members of the Democratic Left; and there is one Indepen-

dent Socialist. There is a new Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Delcassé remains in charge of the Navy as well as three or four other members of the outgoing Cabinet.

M. Jaurès, the leader of the Collective Socialist, who was friendly to the Ministry of M. Monis, has already declared war against M. Caillaux. The new government may be expected to revert to the principle advocated by M. Briand—that a government should govern. Electoral reform is the first question calling for settlement. *Scrutin de liste* is to be adopted, with some means to secure the due representation of minorities. Whether that means is to be some method of proportional representation remains undecided. The abolition of delimitation in the Champagne districts, proposed by M. Monis, is to be carried out. The secular school system is to be uncompromisingly defended. The Income Tax Bill is to be pushed through the Senate. The question, however which seems likely to be most pressing in internal affairs, is the discontent which exists among the railway-men and their sympathizers, and the ways of manifesting that discontent, which have been adopted. Through the length and breadth of France acts of *sabotage*, taking chiefly the form of cutting telegraph lines, have been of almost daily occurrence. A still worse form of outrage is becoming not uncommon—the attempt to wreck railway trains. So bad has the state of things become that one of the members of the Senate declared that it was unworthy of a civilized country, and another characterized it as a reign of terror. It is somewhat reassuring that the responsible Minister declared in the Chamber the determination of the government to do everything in its power to extirpate an evil, which had eaten its way so deeply into French life; although this declaration so enraged the Socialists that they attempted to shout the Minister down. It is clear that neither secular education nor universal suffrage has brought peace to the body politic of France. The individual—M. Duez—who appropriated the property of the religious orders, has been sentenced to twelve years penal servitude. There is no one who can send the State as a whole to prison.

The President has been paying a visit to the Queen of the Netherlands, and has been well received by its people. It is the first time for more than one hundred years that the head of the French nation has made a personal visit to Holland. Whether this visit and the recent one to Belgium have any

political object is not known; but it is possible that a desire exists to let those small countries learn that Germany is not their only friend.

The forces in Morocco, after the entry into Fez, devoted themselves to the subduing of the tribes that were still resisting the Sultan. As soon as this work is done they will be withdrawn—at least that is the present intention. The realization of it will doubtless depend upon the action of Germany referred to below.

Germany.

The Chancellor of the Empire, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, has been successful in the second attempt made by him at the making or the reform of a Constitution. The Prussian Franchise Bill, which he attempted to carry through the Diet, had, after long discussions, to be withdrawn, and at one time it looked as if the same fate would befall the proposed Alsace-Lorraine Constitution. Determined opposition was offered to it by the Centre Party on account of the too great preponderance given in the Upper Chamber to members nominated by the Emperor, and the consequent inadequacy of local representation, and of the proposal that German, as a rule, should be the official language for administrative and educational purposes. The chief objection, however, to the Bill as first introduced, was the refusal to give the right to vote to the representatives of Alsace-Lorraine in the Federal Council. This refusal was based, it was said, on the necessity of preserving to Prussia its existing preponderance in that body, and when the Chancellor yielded this point, he met with strong opposition from the party by which he is generally supported—the Conservatives. The effect of the new Constitution will be to give to the Reichsland a greater degree of independence than it has possessed since its annexation to the Empire, although it stops far short of the complete autonomy to which many of the inhabitants lay claim. The Franchise Bill, which accompanied the Constitutional Bill, has also become law after the elimination of sundry devices which betrayed distrust of the equal capacity of man as man. As introduced, it allowed 2 votes for electors over 35 years of age, and 3 votes for electors over 45 years. The Committee of the Reichstag eliminated all plural voting, not being convinced that a man becomes politically wiser when he gets

older. For his success in securing the enactment of the new Laws, the Chancellor has been promoted to the rank of Major in the military service.

In addition to the consolidation of the German legislation for the insurance of the working classes against illness, accidents, and invalidity, the Law to which we referred last month provides for an extension of sick insurance to agricultural and forest laborers, to home workers, and to casual laborers. A beginning, too, is made of insurance for widows and orphans. Seven million more people, it is estimated, will thus be brought within the scope of the provision for sick insurance at a cost of nearly thirty four millions of dollars annually. Of this amount about twenty-seven millions will be contributed by the employers and the employed, the balance will come from the State—that is from the tax-payers.

The Navy League has been holding its annual meeting and shows no signs of relenting. It urges the government to accelerate still further the pace at which the Navy is being increased, blaming it for not carrying out the existent law. It demands that instead of building one battleship and one large cruiser per year from 1912 to 1917, one battleship and two large cruisers should be built. The Navy League is a very influential body, nor has the government ever proved itself loathe to listen to its voice. So the prospect of disarmament is not encouraging, nor are the burdens of the people likely to grow less either in Germany or in the Powers allied with, or opposed, to Germany. It is only fair to state, however, that the programme of the League has this year met with severe criticism not merely from the Socialist but also the Conservative Press.

The tenth Dreadnaught of the German Navy has just been launched and if the Field-Marshal who delivered the "baptismal speech" on the occasion is a representative of the sentiments of the dominant class the hopes of peace-lovers cannot be very great. Frederick the Great, after whom the ship is named, was characterized, so the Field-Marshal said, by the keen vision with which he foresaw the perils which menaced Prussia and the future of Germany; and so the ship must embody the qualities of the great king, and be ever ready for battle, ever ready to use arms, and to let the thunder of her guns ring out, ever ready for the attack. It is not easy for the neighbors of Germany to rest quietly in

the presence of so bellicose and suspicious a Power. Still it is not to be passed by as unworthy of notice that the German Ambassador at Washington expressed a wish that a copy of the draft Arbitration Treaty as submitted to Great Britain and France might be furnished to him to be laid before his government. The interest in it, we fear, can hardly be more than platonic; although, in the speech which the Emperor recently made at Hamburg, he attributed to the preservation of peace the marvelous development of German commerce which the past forty years has seen. This development, however, his Imperial Majesty affirmed, was due to the fact that behind it stood the defensive forces of the Army and Navy. In his view after the restoration of the Empire peace was assured, and with God's will, he went on to say, it would remain assured.

What is called Liberalism, has in Germany, so far as political power is concerned, greatly diminished in influence. In other respects, however, it is asserting itself. In the Upper House of the Prussian Diet the capital clause of a Bill permitting and regulating cremation has been carried after many years of effort; and this in spite of the opposition of Cardinal Fischer who said that the advocacy of cremation sprang from the hatred of Christianity. The authorities of the Evangelical Church have recently seen fit to condemn as guilty of heresy, to sentence to deprivation, a pastor at Cologne. In his favor hundreds of thousands had signed petitions, numerous demonstration meetings had been held, and on his condemnation the Press was filled with articles full of indignation. And yet it is admitted that the pastor in question held no more of the Christian faith than is held by Unitarians. It is thought by some that this event will hasten the process of splitting German Protestantism into sects in the way in which it has happened in other countries.

In foreign relations the sending of a gunboat to Agadir a port at present of no importance 500 miles south of the Straits of Gibraltar has been the most surprising event. By the agreement of February, 1909, between France and Germany, the latter recognized that she had no political interest in Morocco, provided the door was kept open and that to France was entrusted commerce and industry. This agreement has been the basis of mutual understanding and had been loyally adhered to until this most recent act on the

part of Germany. At first it excited misgiving as indicating a purpose of reopening the whole Moroccan question. The reason given by the German government was that the important German interests in that region might be menaced by the possible spread of disorder, and that it had been requested to take action by the business firms interested. Justification also was sought from the action of France and Spain, both of which nations had done far more than send a gun-boat into a harbor. In fact, it was said that both had gone outside of the provisions of the Algeciras Act. It was, moreover, declared that the demonstration was of an essentially temporary character and that the cruiser which had taken the place of the gunboat would be recalled as soon as Morocco was pacified. Considerable excitement was caused in France as well as in Spain; in the latter country this excitement was not unmingled with pleasure, for the Spanish people feel themselves aggrieved by the advance of France to Fez. Perhaps Great Britain is the country which is the most vitally affected by German action, for should Agadir be retained and fortified by Germany it would be a menace to British communications with the Cape and to her shipping. However this may be, France is being supported by the British government in the conversations which are being carried on in consequence of Germany's action. France is being supported by Russia as well as by Great Britain. Germany seems to be isolated, not even Austria-Hungary being active in her support. Whatever Germany may have intended by the demonstration, the result has been a reaffirmation of the *entente* between France and Great Britain and a strengthening of the determination on the part of the latter power to maintain its Navy at full strength. The hopes that were beginning to be entertained that better relations between Great Britain and Germany were on the point of being established have been blighted and the feeling of distrust strengthened.

Austria-Hungary.

A general election has just taken place in Austria. It has resulted in the complete defeat of the Christian-Socialists, the party which was the most numerous in the Reichsrath that has just come to its end. In political matters the people of Austria superabound in private judgment. No fewer than 51 different species of candidates

sought admission to the legislature. If division gives power, the Austrian Ruler ought to be a veritable Emperor. Numerous as are the races, they are not united within their own ranks. The Czechs had 12 different programmes, the Germans 11, the Poles 6, the Ruthenes and Slovenes 4 each, the Croats and the Italians 3 each, while the Rumanes and the electorally organized Jews were content with a modest 2 a piece. For 516 constituencies there were 2,987 candidates. The defeat of the Christian Socialists was due chiefly to the alliance against them of German Progressives, Jewish Liberals and Social Democrats. This coalition triumphed in spite of the attempt made by the government to promote an alliance between the German Progressives and the Christian Socialists against the Social Democrats. The death of Dr. Lueger has been a great blow to the party of which he was the head; no one has risen up capable of taking his place.

The chief gainers by the election are the German Progressives, and Liberals of all shades. Anti-Semitism as a party programme has been beaten. The Social Democrats have become the prominent party in the capitol, holding as they do no fewer than 19 out of its 33 constituencies; the Cabinet resigned as soon as the results were known, and a former Premier, Baron von Gautsch has been called to form a government. The first of the Austro-Hungarian Dreadnaughts has been launched. It is named the Viribus Unitis. Unity, in the midst of so much disunion, is, indeed, the thing to be most of all desired. It will be interesting to see whether and how in the babel of parties in the Reichsrath the new government will be able to bring about any approach to the unity so much needed.

Belgium.

There has been a ministerial crisis in Belgium which has resulted in the formation of a new Ministry not differing in any marked feature from the last. A Catholic government has been in power in Belgium ever since 1884, but the majority supporting it has been gradually diminishing, so that the late Ministry had had in its favor only a majority of eight. The cause of the defeat was an Education Bill, which it was thought by one of the Catholic leaders interfered too much with the independence of the communes. As the defeat of the Bill gave great satisfaction

to the Liberals and Socialists, it would seem that divisions among Catholics are responsible for what their opponents look upon as a victory. The new government will "carry on" until the elections which are to take place next year, and these elections may result in a Liberal-Socialist victory. The union of those two parties may enable them to defeat the Catholic government, but as they are about as much opposed to each other as they are to their common adversary, the prospect of their being able to form a stable government is not good.

Italy.

Proposals for electoral reform have been made by Signor Giolitti's government which may have an important effect upon the course of politics in Italy. If carried the electorate will be doubled, three and a half millions of voters being added to the register, bringing the total up to 7,701,000 or 82 per cent of the population over 21 years of age. Illiterates have hitherto been shut out, but the new proposals will include them if they are over 30 years old. Whether the Conservatives or the Socialists will gain, no one knows; some call it as much a gambling move as would be a throw of the dice.

For a long time the municipality of Rome has been getting deeper and deeper into debt until now it owes a sum of more than thirty millions which is quite beyond its means to pay. The government has come to the relief of the city, and in consideration of certain land being given it assumes the burden of the debt. As a result of the arrangement made between the State and the Municipality, the government is to build at least four new Ministries—of Justice, Public Instruction, Marine and the Interior; while the municipality is to spend a large sum on schools, elementary and secondary, markets, sanitation, removing slums and other works.

Portugal.

The Constituent Assembly has met at Lisbon and proceeded to adopt the new Constitution. The Provisional government resigned upon the opening of the Session, but was requested to continue in power until definite arrangements had been made. A decree was passed unanimously abolishing the monarchy forever, and banishing from

Portugal the Royal Family of Braganza as an act of emancipation, and declaring the form of government to be a Democratic Republic. A few hours afterwards the representatives of this country waited upon the Foreign Minister and informed him that the United States Government officially recognized the government of the Portuguese Republic. Sporadic attempts to restore the monarchy have been made and more threatened; but little enthusiasm exists for a House which proved itself so little capable of wise government for the good of the country. Most of the bishops have given unconditional adhesion to the government, and have informed the clergy that to incite the population against the Republic would involve severe punishment.

Turkey.

The proceedings of the Turkish troops in their attempt to suppress the rising of the Albanians, have excited indignation throughout the whole of Europe, and if the Powers were a little less selfish than they are those proceedings would have secured active intervention. Although Turkey denies the truth of the statements made—for even the Ottomans are afraid of public condemnation—yet there are the best of reasons for believing that the accounts which have been given are perfectly true. A deliberate plan was formed last October by the secret Congress of the Salonika Committee, which is the real ruler of Turkey, to subjugate the Northern Albanians in order to give their lands to the Mussulmans who had left Bosnia and Herzegovina when these provinces were annexed by Austria. To carry out this plan all property was destroyed, the old men and women left behind by the active rebels were thrown into the fires by which their homes were being destroyed, and other atrocities too horrible to mention were perpetrated. The devastation of the homesteads of the Catholic Malissori was complete; and practically all the houses of two other Catholic tribes. All this was done deliberately by the orders of the General-in-Chief, Torgut Shevket Pasha, who declared that his object was to give the Albanians a lesson that they would remember for seven generations. Every fruit-tree and vine as well as growing crops were destroyed, and the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, in order to starve the population. A large part of this was done in violation of an armistice which had been granted to the Alba-

nians for the consideration of an amnesty offered by the Turks. This was but another instance of the bad faith of the Turks, for they had violated every promise which they made last year, in order to secure the submission of those who had risen at that time.

At one time there was reason to hope that the Powers would intervene to put an end to such heart-rending atrocities perpetrated within a short distance of their capitals. But they have so far satisfied themselves with remonstrances and with holding back Montenegro, where many of the Albanians had taken refuge, from making war with Turkey. But there seems to be no likelihood of a settlement being made without some kind of intervention, for even if the Turks were to grant the demands of the Albanians they cannot be trusted to keep their promises unless under a guarantee made by the Powers. So far as pressure has been put upon the Turks credit must be given to the Austrian Press and to the Austrian Government, both of which have shown themselves more than usually willing to listen to the call of suffering humanity.

Greece.

The revision of the Constitution which has been in progress for some months, and which it is hoped will have as a result the inauguration of a new era in the politics of the country, has been brought to an end; and having been ratified by the King now forms the basis of a renovated State. The Revisionary Chamber will be dissolved towards the end of the year although this was much against the will of some of its members. New elections for the ordinary Chamber will be held early next year. A further revision of the non-fundamental provisions of the new Constitution may be demanded, after the lapse of ten years, by an ordinary Parliament by means of two votes passed by two-thirds majority under certain restrictions. Complete confidence in the future orderly development of Greece is, however, not yet universally felt. The attempt to raise a loan of some twenty-five millions did not attract investors and the loan proved a failure.

With Our Readers

THE April, 1911, CATHOLIC WORLD contained an article entitled *The First Postulant* that told of the career of the first Paulist postulant, George W. Muse. The article was reprinted in the *New Orleans Picayune* and, as a result we have received the following very interesting letter:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 20, 1911.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: I see from an article published in your magazine, which was republished in the *New Orleans Picayune* of this city, that you desire to obtain what information that is available of George W. Muse, who, you state, was the first layman who applied to become a priest in your order, and though accepted by you, deferred taking orders through his patriotic sense of duty to his country. I knew George W. Muse well. He was engaged in commercial pursuits in this city, prior to the commencement of the Civil War. For some time prior to his leaving New Orleans as a private in the Battalion of Washington Artillery for the then seat of war, he was a guest of an uncle of mine, Mr. W. C. Shepard. While with them, a girl child was born, and as an appreciation of the man, and his high Christian character, the child was named Nellie Muse Shepard. Grown to womanhood, she is now married, and is living in Haarlem, Holland, the wife of a Mr. Logis, a publisher of that city. George W. Muse enlisted in the First Company of Washington Artillery, and left New Orleans with that command for the seat of war on May 27, 1861. The command was enlisted for the war. I was then a Sargeant of that Company, and he was on my gun detachment, and was my messmate. Service in an army "tries men's souls" and everything of good or evil in a man's nature is sure to come to the surface—and, thus, from most intimate association with him, to the time of his untimely death, I am warranted in the statement, that there never lived a more perfect, loving, and true Christian gentleman than George W. Muse, always true to his convictions, and though modest and retiring in his nature, brave in standing up to them. I being a Protestant, gladly subscribe to his Christian virtues. In the first engagement in which the Battalion of Washington Artillery took part (The Battle of Bull Run, July 18, 1861) he proved that he was a brave man, performing his duty fully and without fear. Early in the engagement, he was struck in the left shoulder by what was then called a "grape shot," which proved to be a mortal wound. Later in the afternoon he died, surrounded by friends and comrades. As a singular fact as he died, he raised his wounded arm as if in benediction, and it remained in that position, even after death. I know nothing of his early history or of his family, only that he had a brother living here who survived him and who, I think, died only a short time since. This brother was Captain Muse, who for years engaged as a clerk and captain on our palatial steamboats, now a thing of the past. If I have been able to have assisted you in giving you some of the information you desire in regard to one whom I counted to be among my friends, I count it a great pleasure and privilege.

Yours truly, C. H. C. BROWN,
Lieut. 1st Co. Battalion, Washington Artillery, C.S.A.

OUR Holy Father Pope Pius X. has addressed the following letter on Universal Peace, to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate:

To our venerable brother, Diomede, titular Archbishop of Larissa, Apostolic Delegate to the United States of America:

Venerable brother, health and apostolic benediction. We are happy to learn from you that in the United States of America, under the leadership of men enjoying the highest authority with the people, the more judicious members of the community are fervently desirous of attaining the advantages of international peace. To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace, is indeed most praiseworthy, and any effort in this cause, even although it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests, nevertheless, a zeal which can not but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the state.

This is especially true at the present day, when vast armies, instrumentalities most destructive to human life, and the advanced state of military science portend wars which must be a source of fear, even to the most powerful rulers. Wherefore, we most heartily commend the work already begun which should be approved by all good men, and especially by us, holding, as we do, the Supreme Pontificate of the Church, and representing Him Who is both the God and the Prince of Peace; and we most gladly lend the weight of our authority to those who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose.

For we do not doubt that the same distinguished men who possess so much ability and such wisdom in affairs of state will construct in behalf of a struggling age a royal road for the nations leading to peace and conciliation in accordance with the laws of justice and charity, which should be sacredly observed by all. For inasmuch as peace consists in order, who will vainly think that it can be established unless he strives with all the force within him that due respect be everywhere given to those virtues which are the principles of order and its firmest foundation?

As for the remaining aspects of the matter, we call to mind the example of so many of our illustrious predecessors, who, when the condition of the times permitted, rendered in this very matter also the most signal service to the cause of humanity and to the stability of governments; but since the present age allows us to aid in this cause only by pious prayers to God, we, therefore, most earnestly pray God, Who knows the hearts of men, and inclines them as He wills, that He may be gracious to those who are furthering peace among the peoples and may grant success to the nations, which, with united purpose, are laboring to this end, and that, the destruction of war and its disasters being averted, they may at length find repose in the beauty of peace.

As a pledge of divine favor and a proof of our benevolence we most lovingly grant you, benevolent brother, the apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, the eleventh day of June, 1911, and the eighth year of our Pontificate. PIUS X.

DR. CHARLES E. NAMMACK, of New York, addressed the stirring words that follow to the Xavier Alumni Sodality of New York. It is a pleasure for us to give them a wider audience:

The great need of the hour, the living throbbing message of our time, is the establishment of a religious solidarity. Religious solidarity should mean the unity of religious men in resistance to whatever interferes with their common religious purpose to have God's will done on earth. The need of it is proclaimed in high places throughout the land. The national Attorney General laments the dishonesty in our public affairs. The President of Columbia University bemoans our lack of moral principle. The President of Yale regrets the lack of confidence in our courts. The judges themselves declare that the whole country is afflicted with lawlessness.

What can the sixteen million Catholics do to answer these pessimistic wails? Standing alone, no man can do anything. Brought together in the close and loving association of the Church, firmly united in religious solidarity, the Catholic laymen are the hope of this republic in the civil and social dangers that lie before it. America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. What Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law, and this lesson the Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. The Church, after being providentially guided through so many centuries, will not fail to point the way of life and to become the central dynamo of the community in this electrical age. But this teaching, to reach the masses outside of the Church, can only be accomplished by the brotherhood of its laymen who mix day by day with their brethren of other beliefs, and show by example what the teaching of the Catholic Church means to its members.

We are all traveling unto eternity. On that journey we can join hands to make smooth the way for those who are finding it rough and hard, for those to whom we are bound by ties of adversity. For it is adversity that binds; and not prosperity. Prosperity does not *bind*, it merely assembles. Adversity it is, that decides whether the brotherhood of man is only an empty phrase, or whether it means sympathy, courage and help. Adversity is the time when the good works of the Catholic layman become known and stand out in contrast with the empty trumpetings of socialism. Our societies, especially our Society of St. Vincent de Paul with its many special works and branches, are doing more to remedy the evils of poverty and affliction than will ever be accomplished by wild theories.

But Socialism is not the only evil of the present day. We are living in a time when the scramble for the prizes of life has become a mad passion, when principle is being exchanged for expediency, when the Christian sense of sin is being regarded as a bygone superstition. It is a day of sensationalism, suspicion and strain. Against these evils stands the Church of Christ, infallibly true, indestructibly good, the same to-day as yesterday and the same forever. In her lies the hope of the age, no less in her laymen than in her priests. Why should her laymen shrink from their share in this protest? Is it because they believe they have no vocation? The word vocation means a call, a summons. By common usage, it is understood to mean a divine call, a summons from heaven—which makes the vocation divine. Laymen

may hesitate to think that they have a vocation as well as an avocation. But as long as we have with us fellowmen who must be lifted from the degradation of alcoholism and poverty, women who must be rescued from the starvation which may force them into vice, and children who must be raised from physical and spiritual darkness into the light of health and truth, so long no layman need lack a vocation, nor look in vain for work that may truly be called divine. Against the standard of the world, we must uphold the standard of the Church. Against the vicious propensities of the human heart toward lust and cruelty, we must set up the standards of personal purity and love for our fellowman. Against the suggestive pictures, erotic literature, and sensuous drama and music of the time, we must maintain the art that breathes of heaven, the great poems and orisons that have welled out of the heart of Faith, and the literature that deals with sacredness and nobility of character. Against the vaporous and fantastic philosophies of the day, we must uphold the teachings of our Church, unshakable and unassailable.

JOSEPH CONRAD, the author, whose work was treated at length in THE CATHOLIC WORLD has received the grant of a pension—£100 yearly out of the British civil list. "If," says *The Nation*, "the award has been made on the ground of need, the incident throws a curious light on the rewards of literary labor in England." Joseph Conrad is one of the very few capable novelists of the day. His work will endure. He has never been a "popular" author and unless the taste of the reading public be vastly improved, he never will be. He is conscientious; he is a student, and he gives his readers the credit of intelligence. He himself is never unintelligible even to the simplest of us, only he does ask his readers to think.

* * *

POPULAR reading of the day in book and magazine takes it for granted that readers do not think. They desire only to be amused. The conscienceless way in which authors and publishers deluge the world with meaningless, immoral (in every sense of the word) productions is appalling. One hesitates to think what answer they, the debauchers of human minds, will give to the Mind Who has created all. They might do a most beneficial work in leading the people to nobler ideals and to a better life. That would require patience and faith—and, hardest of all, financial anxiety, if not financial loss. They take the easiest way. A bulging pocket-book is more desirable than a full mind. Joseph Conrad has stood against such as these. He is not "appreciated:" he is not "popular." He must needs receive a pension. But his work is like a tree that has been planted beside living waters. It is bearing and will bear still more abundantly its own good fruit.

WE are always pleased to receive communications from our readers and to give them a hearing in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD whenever possible. We must repeat once again, however, that we cannot take notice of anonymous letters.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Little House Under the Hill. By Clara Mulholland. 75 cents. *The Summa Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas.* Part I. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $2.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:
A Text Book of English Literature for Catholic Schools. By William Henry Sheran, M.A. $1 25. *Vocational Education.* By John M. Gillette.

ROBERT APPLETON COMPANY, New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XI.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., New York:
The Good Old Days. By Charles Wheeler Bell. 50 cents.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
My Life. By Richard Wagner. Vols. I. II. $8.50.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642–1710. By F. J. Campbell, S.J.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
John Ruskin. By Arthur Christopher Benson. $1.75.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:
The Bible and Modern Life. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. $1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Half a Man. By Mary White Ovington $1. *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist.* By Thomas Dwight, M.D. $1.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Plea for a Catholic Professional Literature. By Owen L. Lewis. 5 cents. *The Vision of Master Reginald.* By H. M. Capes. 75 cents. *The Magic of the Sea.* By Captain James Connolly. $1.50. *Vocation.* By Peter Gierman, C.SS.R. 5 cents. *A True Hidalgo.* By Luis Coloma. $1.35. *Switzerland To-day.* By Virginia Crawford. 30 cents. *Choice of State of Life.* Parts I., II. By St. Alphonsus Ligouri.

J. B. LIPPENCOTT CO., Philadelphia:
A Short History of the United States Navy. $3.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston:
The Cross of Honor. By Mary Openheim. $1.20. *The Garden of the Sun.* By Captain T. J. Powers. $1.25. *The Big League.* By Charles E. Van Loan. $1.

THE SALEM PRESS CO., Salem, Mass.:
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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NORWAY.

BY J. F. SCHOFIELD.

A FEW months ago the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD allowed me to bring before his readers the position of the Church in Denmark and Iceland,* and the notable revival of Catholic Faith and life that has taken place in the smallest of the Scandinavian Kingdoms and its far-off northern dependency. No less interesting is the story of the recent progress of our holy religion in Norway, and of this I propose to give a sketch, albeit but in bare and inadequate outlines. It is a story of a mission stretching, in isolated points, over an immense extent of country; of slow growth and comparatively small exterior results. But there can be no doubt whatever that the influence of the Church is not to be reckoned merely by the number of converts, and that there is a great future for the Faith in Norway.

The few Catholics of the country were formerly under the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of Sweden, from whose rule they were separated on July 23, 1863, Norway being erected into an independent Apostolic Prefecture. It was not until 1873 that complete freedom of worship and rights of citizenship were granted to the Catholics of Scandinavia, and it was

* "The Catholic Revival in Denmark and Iceland." THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1910.

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nearly twenty years later that the last anti-Catholic law was repealed. As late as 1885 the Norwegian Catholics were reckoned as only 600 in number. They were ministered to by 15 priests—an average of 40 souls to every missionary! Missions were established at Christiania, Frederickstad, Frederickshald, Bergen, Trondhjem, Tromsö, Atengeard, and Hammerfest. There were two religious communities—a branch of the Sisters of St. Joseph from Chambéry, and of the Grey Sisters of St. Elizabeth from Neisse. In 1892 Norway welcomed her first Vicar-Apostolic in the person of Mgr. Johann Olaf Fallize, from whose reports much of what I am about to write is taken. Nearly twenty years of his wise and energetic rule have resulted in a wonderful advance of the Church both as to prestige and activity.

Bishop Fallize points out that the number of conversions is greatly in excess of the apparent increase, owing chiefly to the fact that the financial crisis of 1899 swept away countless manufactories and commercial houses, and threw tens of thousands of industrious workmen into poverty. The result was an immense wave of emigration to the United States, and among those who thus left their native land were many sons of the Church. From Christiania alone over one hundred Catholics emigrated to America, many of whom left their wives and families behind until they had found work and a settled home, thus laying a serious burden on the Church in the capital. The emigrants have proved true to their holy Faith and a credit to their country.

In the preceding year the Swedish Government had sent a fanatical preacher, "Lektor" Bergström, to Norway, that he might study and report how best to oppose the advance of the Church in Sweden. He sent the government a most comfortless statement as to the increase of Catholics in Norway, laying the blame partly on the Norwegian authorities. It is true that the Norwegian Government, considering its make-up, has always acted with unusual liberality towards Catholics. It guarantees to Catholics full liberty of worship, entire freedom in the appointment to all ecclesiastical offices, in education, the administration of Church property, and the foundation of religious houses. One exception to its fairness and liberality is its prohibition against the Society of Jesus. The government recognizes the respect due to the Catholic priest, entrusts to

the Catholic pastor certain legal formalities with regard to the civil registration of the members of his flock, and makes important contributions in respect of the expenses incurred in the upkeep of churches and parochial schools. The liberality shown by the great majority of Protestants corresponds to such legislation. Protestant burghers have chosen Catholics to represent them on county councils, and even in Parliament, and have entrusted important positions to them. On the death of Leo XIII. official sympathy was expressed to Mgr. Fallize and his flock, Protestant authorities assisted at the Requiem Mass, and the Protestant press, without exception, devoted sympathetic notices to the memory of the great Pope.

It is notorious that Norway did not separate from the Catholic Church of her own will, but was forced into apostasy by King Christian III., of Denmark, to which country Norway was then united. For a whole century the Norwegian people strove for their ancient Faith; but they were a flock without a pastor; it was forbidden under pain of death for any priest to reside in the country; the confession of the Faith was punished by loss of all property and by banishment, and in order to deceive the people many externals of Catholic worship were retained, so that at last the opposition came to an end and the country was Lutheran almost without knowing it. Happily this policy secured (however unconsciously) the valid administration of Baptism, and with Catholic ceremonies and the imitation of Catholic titles in the ecclesiastical hierarchy ("bishops," "provosts," "parish priests"), there was retained also, Mgr. Fallize assures us, a great part of Catholic doctrine and tradition. If the people at last came to hold the Catholic Church in abhorrence, it was because she was caricatured as a very evil monster. At bottom the people remained, in a sense, implicitly Catholic, and even in the Lutheran State Church preserved their deep Christian feeling and their innate sense of liberty. But there was no Cardinal Allen to found a *Douay* for Scandinavia, and no religious or seminarists—no *flores martyrum*—came to sow with their blood the seeds of a future harvest.

When Norway won back her political freedom in 1815, her first act was to assert in her new constitution absolute religious freedom for all her people. It now seems incomprehensible that when the constitution was presented to the

King at Stockholm for his signature this article was deleted. It was only in 1845 that the old Draconian legislation was abolished, and in 1891 that full religious liberty was established, and the last remnants of the old disabilities swept away. This long delay of justice was but one link in a long chain of oppression and broken promises on the part of the "predominant partner." The rupture of the union with Sweden on June 7, 1905, brought back political freedom to Norway; and on November 18 of that year the country chose her own king in the person of the Danish Prince Karl, who rules over Norway as Haakon VII.

The State Church is far less free than the Catholic Church. Its head is theoretically the king, but actually and for all practical purposes the parliament. Though gagged and fettered by Erastian tyranny, it has succeeded in preserving much of the old tradition of the Faith. The remoteness of the country and the conservative sense of the people have, on the whole, effectually hindered the spread of that plague of rationalism of which German Protestantism is so mortally sick. At the University of Christiania, however, and even in the theological faculty there, the reverse is unhappily the case, and the laity in many places have been shocked to find that pastors recently educated there are often entirely without faith in many of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion and openly deny the Divine inspiration of Holy Scripture. There is no one to take the place of Dr. Krogh-Tonning at the University. In 1903 a chair of Dogmatic Theology was vacant, and the theological faculty proposed as its occupant a Dr. Erding, who denied the Two Natures in Christ, the new birth in Baptism, and the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar, and submitted the Bible to the extreme "scientific" theories of the Harnack school. Only *one* professor, Dr. Odland, protested against the nomination; his protest was dismissed, and he now presides over the only high school of the State Church which is not possessed by the freethinking spirit. A storm of indignation arose, however, throughout the country; the minister, Knudfen, who held the portfolio of public worship, risked his position in defence of the "orthodox" Lutheran faith; but all in vain. Dr. Erding was appointed professor, and the State Church was rent by an internal quarrel of the first magnitude. Clergy and laity, in countless meetings, abused each

other in the roundest terms, while thousands of earnest and believing souls were sick with horror and distress. It is but natural that the last few years should have seen many turning, at least with inquiry, towards the old Faith. The storms that threaten to engulf the State religion have aroused in numberless hearts a wistful envy of those who have found safety in the Bark of Peter. And who can say what may not be the result of this awakened desire?

Not very long ago, in a Protestant newspaper at Bergen, there appeared, over the signature "*Vox Populi*," an earnest request to the Catholic pastor of the city, Father Erik Wang, that he would publicly discuss the new teaching of the unbelieving party in the Lutheran Church. The writer, who represented apparently a considerable number of religious-minded and believing Protestants, spoke of the widespread desire "that this question should be treated from a really authoritative standpoint, and in a competent and scientific manner." They knew, the writer continued, that Father Wang was able to do this, and they hoped he would be willing to do so. The good priest was only too glad to help his fellow-citizens, and preached a Lenten course of conferences on "Modern Christianity" to a great audience of both Catholics and Protestants.

A sign of the restlessness that is affecting the people's religion is shown by the transitory success of various revival preachers. A Norwegian, who had been for some years in America, not long since attracted audiences of between four and five thousand men, night after night, in Christiania, his special theme being his opposition to the baptism of children. After some months he was quite put in the shade by a Methodist preacher, Barrat by name, who also had crossed the Atlantic, and stated that he returned "full of the Spirit." His meetings were extraordinary assemblies, the supposed "gift of tongues" being especially in evidence, many of his followers (like the original disciples of Edward Irving) pouring out torrents of sounds, of which neither themselves, nor those who listened, understood the meaning. In the remote country districts, too, wandering preachers attract the attention of the scattered country folk, and proclaim the wildest doctrines which usually inculcate hatred of the Catholic Church. The religious temperament of the people, the long

winter, during which most of their life has to be spent indoors, and their isolation, combine to make them too often an easy prey to the ignorant fanaticism of these self-appointed orators. Happily, the Catholics are absolutely uninfluenced by such attempts, and many earnest Protestants have been led by such extravagances as these to turn to the Church for security of faith and peace of soul.

The Vicar-Apostolic is making special efforts for the increase of religious houses, of which there are three at present, and which are warmly welcomed by the people. Close to St. Halvard's Church in Christiania is St. Elizabeth's Home, under the Grey Sisters, who devote themselves to the care of the sick in their own homes. The Mother Provincial resides here, and there are hospitals cared for by the same order of Sisters at Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway, and at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, where the sun in winter does not rise for two months, or set for a similar period in summer. Another hospital has been recently established at Tromsö, somewhat south of Hammerfest, but still far within the Arctic Circle. It is interesting to know that the medical men of Tromsö urged the community to this new departure. Wherever they have a hospital, the Sisters also direct the parochial schools. The Sisters of St. Joseph administer a large hospital at Christiania, and five others in the south of Norway. The third religious congregation—that of St. Francis Xavier, the members of which are all German nuns —has its mother-house at Bergen, where both doctors and populace value their work in the highest degree. At Stavanger their hospital is so surely needed that the presbytery has been given up to them for increased accommodation, and the parish priest has found a residence elsewhere in the town. Mgr. Fallize is most anxious to see the foundation of religious houses for men. Regular priests, he says, are greatly needed to aid the parochial clergy in giving missions, retreats to clergy and religious, instruction to converts, etc., and to supplement their efforts in the pulpit and confessional. The Bishop writes:

> Jesuits and Dominicans, zealous for souls, have indeed come from time to time, in answer to my call, to help us, and the names of Fathers Lamotte, Günther, Fels, Perger, and especially of our inspired friend from Berlin, Father Konrad Fischer, O.P., are renowned in Norway; but these isolated

> visits are not enough. We must have our own monks and cloisters, and the cloisters must found their own mission-stations, even where as yet there are no Catholics. Denmark has already a sufficiency of Religious men, Norway not one; in this respect she is in worse case than the negroes of Africa.

Mgr. Fallize also seeks most earnestly to create a native-born Norwegian priesthood. Several such convert-priests are already working zealously on the mission, and others are preparing for holy orders in the College of the Propaganda in Rome.

It is noteworthy that it is the Norwegian *people* that have so welcomed the revival of Catholic life in their country, and this welcome has been warmly seconded by King Haakon who a short while before his election to the throne had an affectionate audience with the Holy Father, and who is on the best of terms with the Vicar-Apostolic. Mgr. Fallize was commissioned when on his visit *ad limina* to bear the Pope's heartfelt congratulations and paternal wishes to the young King on his accession.

There is, then, every reason for hopefulness when we think of the future of the Norwegian Mission. The good Bishop has indeed a scattered flock to rule over; there were last year only fifteen fully organized parishes, 21 churches and chapels, 24 secular priests, 3 convents with a number of dependent houses. A small English or American diocese would think itself terribly understaffed with so slender a plant. But the present results are the smallest part of the encouragement that those feel who watch the progress of the Church in Norway. There is a great movement among the people that they themselves do not yet fully realize. It is with them as with all the northern races on both sides of the Atlantic. Defective forms of Christianity have been tried in place of the ancient Religion, and been found wanting. They have been powerless to satisfy spiritual needs, and helpless in the struggle against modern unbelief. They have fallen an easy prey to the tyranny of the state, and have by their very nature created and fostered endless division within themselves. And so the northern nations everywhere are beginning, where Faith exists at all, to turn back to the Rock from which they were hewn. There is an old saying that, is still to be heard in the country districts of England, which expresses a deep, un

conscious tradition of truth: "The Catholic Religion was the first, and it will be the last."

One Church alone holds the future, because one alone never changes in her witness, and holds out the same faith and the same gifts to all human souls in every age. And the story of her missions throughout the world is the pledge and the prophecy of that future which is hers and hers alone.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

My God, I believe in Thee!
Father eternal,
Maker supernal
Of all that is, and that was, and is yet to be,
The passing, and the enduring infinitely!
And Love's Begetter from all eternity—
Maker and Father of all, Maker and Father of me,
My God, I believe in Thee!

My God, I believe in Thee!
O supreme Lover
Who didst discover
The one sole way to vanquish the great-waved sea
Rolling 'twixt God and man unebbingly,
Till, smit by Thy lifted cross, it turned to flee—
Lover, Redeemer of all, Lover, Redeemer of me,
My God, I believe in Thee!

My God, I believe in Thee!
Life's Lord, Life's Giver,
For aye and ever
Source and Fountain of boundless sanctity,
Pouring high sapience and wisdom royally
Down on Thy suppliant people, the blest, the free—
Thou who art fain to hallow all men, oh, hallow me!
My God, I believe in Thee!

ATTEMPTED SETTLEMENTS OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

BY MICHAEL HENRY LUCEY, Ph.D.

THE present system of Catholic parish schools is the work of a century. During all these years the Catholic people have, from their private means, given every dollar which has gone toward erecting and equipping the buildings in which the schools are housed. They have likewise contributed the entire amount necessary for the support and maintenance of the schools with the exception of meagre state aid received at infrequent intervals.

We have noted what a heavy burden this century-long struggle has imposed on a people who sincerely believe that religious instruction is an essential part of any sound education which seeks to make not only upright men but loyal citizens. While this burden has been borne cheerfully and uncomplainingly, yet there has always been a feeling that in this matter the state has been dealing unjustly with its citizens. And as citizens of a free state, the Catholic people have, from time to time, striven to place the justice of their claim before their fellow-citizens.

As we have observed before, the question of church *versus* public school was fought out in the Common Council of the city before the establishment of the first Catholic school, and the decision was in favor of the former. When St. Peter's was established a few years later there was no opportunity for the Catholic parent to decide between the relative merits of the parish and the public school, as the latter was not yet in existence in the city.

But from the first we may note that the Catholic authorities were in favor of a just and reasonable amount of state supervision and control in return for state support. The law of 1813, which recognized all the church schools of the city, irrespective of denomination, as a part of the state system, and which made them its accredited agents for the education of children, provided laws for their administration. To the

trustees of the church schools were given the powers and duties of inspectors of common schools. They possessed power in the examination, appointment and rating of teachers; were required to visit the schools, and in general were held responsible for their administration. They were required to report periodically on the condition of the schools under their care to the Commissioners of Education, appointed by the Common Council.

This arrangement, in which the Catholic parish schools shared, was continued for twelve years, during the administration of Bishop Connolly, and was then terminated.

Bishop DuBois, as we have seen, was likewise in favor of coming to an agreement in the matter. In 1834, in an application to the officials of the Public School Society for the use of one of their school buildings which had been erected near the Cathedral, he requested that the board permit him to employ a Catholic teacher, subject to the approval of the board; that the books used be subject to his approval; that he be permitted to visit the school from time to time and submit his observations to the board, but that final actions on these suggestions be left entirely with them. He likewise requested that the use of the building be permitted him after the school was dismissed in order that the Catholic children might receive religious instruction.

Archbishop Hughes, while a strenuous defender of the parish school, was likewise in favor of compromise. In the proposals submitted to the Board of Aldermen the Catholic authorities expressed their willingness to place practically the entire administration of their schools in the hands of the public officials, reserving to themselves the designation of teachers and the approval of the text-books to be used, subject, however, to the approval of the proper public officials. This compromise plan likewise failed.

Cardinal McCloskey, the successor of Archbishop Hughes, was essentially a man of peace, who accomplished results by gentle means, hence his administration, which is marked at one end by the Second Plenary Council, and at the other by the Third Plenary Council, was in New York one of quietness and peace. That this was due mainly to the gentle but firm character of the Cardinal, and to the respect in which he was generally held, is at once evidenced not only by a comparison

of his administration with the preceding and following ones, but likewise by the consideration of the course of events in many other dioceses at the time.

Not only were the relations of the Cardinal and his own people marked by this spirit of harmony and good will, but his administration is likewise characterized by a growing spirit of tolerance in the community at large. The great Civil War had purged the country of almost all traces of bigotry and know-nothingism. The days of storm and stress were now over; a period of peace and good will had set in. This change of sentiment is marked in various ways in the social, industrial and commercial worlds. Even a more kindly feeling came to be entertained for the church schools. This is evidenced by the action of the people of both the city and the state, as represented in their legislative assemblies. After a lapse of sixty-three years the parish schools again received a measure of state support, small, it is true, but yet enough to mark the change which had taken place in the sentiments of the people at large.

During the session of 1868 the state legislature granted to the church schools of the state, irrespective of denomination, a share in an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. The money was to be paid on the warrant of the Comptroller, according to the number of scholars instructed without charge during the preceding fiscal year.

The same amount was appropriated in 1869. In 1870 the appropriation was increased to seventy-five thousand dollars, and this amount was again given in 1871.

In addition to these general appropriations which were to be divided among all charity schools, regardless of religious affiliations, there were appropriations for particular schools. The only Catholic parish schools which benefited by this special legislation were four in the City of Brooklyn, and these during one year only. The entire amount appropriated was $6,875.

At this time, also, contributions were made to the parish schools directly from the city treasury, as had been done when the schools were first organized. Now, however, no general plan was followed, no special fund was created for the purpose. On the contrary, the appropriations were special; many schools received no aid at all; and the amounts so con-

tributed were classed as "donations." Nor was the Catholic Church alone favored. The records of the Board of Aldermen show that appropriations were made to churches of all denominations for various purposes.

This spirit of tolerance was not only manifested in direct aid from the public treasury, but likewise by attempts at settling the entire school question on a permanent basis. In this matter, as in so many others, the Cardinal allowed the pastors of the churches wide latitude. He knew that his faithful priests were as much interested in the Christian education of their flock as he himself was. He had, moreover, faith in their ability and judgment, and left the working out of the details to them.

Compromise plans were tried in Rondout and in Poughkeepsie. Although the schools affected were, therefore, not in New York City, yet they were in the diocese of New York, and the Catholic school authorities of the city were vitally interested in the outcome, and watched the experiments with keen attention.

The Rev. M. C. O'Farrell had brought the Franciscan Brothers to start a school in a building belonging to St. Mary's Church, in Rondout, about 1874. At that time Rondout was divided into three school districts. The school building used for the parish school was in School District No. 3, where there was a large Catholic population in a great majority. The district school was not large enough to accommodate all the children of the district, so in 1877 Rev. Dr. J. J. Duffy took advantage of this to persuade the trustees of District No. 3 to hire the school building belonging to the church, situated in the district, at a rental of $200 a year, and also to engage the Franciscan Brothers as teachers, subject to their obtaining a state certificate. The brothers did secure the certificates and were engaged. In school hours they wore secular dress, though putting on the religious garb afterwards. This arrangement lasted a number of years with fairly satisfactory results.

About the same time a similar plan was inaugurated at Poughkeepsie. On August 21, 1873, the Board of Education of the city of Poughkeepsie entered into an agreement with Archbishop McCloskey, Rev. Dr. Patrick McSweeney, and the other trustees of St. Peter's Church, whereby the city leased

the two buildings belonging to the church for a period of ten years, at the yearly rental of one dollar, the city also agreeing to pay the premiums of insurance on the leased property during the continuance of the lease.

By the terms of the agreement the Board of Education was to have the absolute control and use of the buildings and lands and school furniture for the use and purpose of public schools during the school hours fixed by the board. Before and after school hours the buildings, land and furniture were to be under control of the lessor.

The schools formerly known as St. Peter's Church School for Boys," and the "Girls or Female School of St. Peter's Church," were now respectively designated as Public Schools 11 and 12, and became a part of the public school system of the city.

The selection of teachers was, as in the case of the other public schools, in the hands of the Board of Education, although there was an unwritten understanding that only Catholic teachers should be employed, and in fact this was done to the end.

The scheme worked with very little friction, and was regarded by many thoughtful men as a satisfactory solution of the entire question. It certainly gave satisfaction to the people of Poughkeepsie, for after the ten years' lease expired the arrangement was continued as a matter of course, and when its legality was finally questioned, its warmest defenders were members of the board of education of this city.

During the greater part of the time while the plan was in operation the following was the daily order of exercises:

8:45 A. M.,	morning prayers,
9 to 12,	regular course as in other schools,
12	short prayer,
1 P. M.	religious instruction,
1:30	regular secular course,
3	closing religious exercises.

The state school hours were from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 1:30 to 3 P. M., and no child was compelled to attend the religious exercises except by the parents' desire.

In 1897, in order to remove any possible objection, it was verbally agreed that all religious or denominational instruc-

tion should be discontinued in the leased buildings during school days, and the right to use the buildings for such purposes was waived by the lessor.

We are now to enter on a new phase of the school question, a phase which was marked by much earnestness and no little feeling. The previous battles on the school question had been waged with those outside the ranks of Catholicity. In this struggle the parties that differed were found in the Church itself. The controversy, which was unequalled in the history of the Church in the United States, was not local, but rather national.

All Catholics held that religious instruction was an essential part of the education of their children. The method or manner of supplying this necessary element was an open question, and on this Catholics were divided. The divergent views thus held indicated no disagreement on the value or necessity of religious education, but simply an honest difference of opinion as to the proper, or rather most expedient method of putting this principle into practice.

While it is difficult to draw dividing lines which are clear and well marked, because the views of the opposing parties shaded one into the other, yet we shall get a fairly accurate notion of the situation if we note the two classes of extremists, and the advocates of a policy of compromise.

Again in ascribing views to any one of these parties it must be borne in mind that in each party or school there were various types from the most extreme to the most liberal. The most radical of the first class, then, were out and out defenders of the parochial school. They would listen to no compromises, nor would they brook any semblance of state control. The right of education belonged to the parent and to his accredited representative, the Church. With this right the state should in no way interfere.

The other type were stanch defenders of the public schools. They contended that these schools gave a sound secular education, and that the necessary religious instruction could and should be furnished by the Church or the home. Furthermore, they held that the public schools were an essential part of our republican scheme of government. In them all classes, the rich and the poor, the native and the foreign born, the Catholic and Protestant met. It was in them that these future

citizens of the republic learned lessons of tolerance, of respect for their neighbors, of the equality of all before the law.

Between these two schools of thought there was a third, the party of compromise. While they were believers in the parish schools they did not condemn the public schools. While they were opposed to sending their children to the public schools as then administered, they hoped that in time, their fellow-citizens could come to realize the necessity of religious instruction in all schools, and that a plan satisfactory to all would be evolved. In the meantime they advocated the establishment of parish schools wherever possible, but would seek to have the burden of supporting these schools lessened by coming to an agreement with the state. To this end they would practically turn the control of these schools over to the state, reserving to themselves only privileges in the matter of selecting teachers and text-books.

While the mutterings of this storm of dissension were just beginning to be heard, the Third Plenary Council of the Church met at Baltimore. The fathers now took a positive stand in the matter of Catholic Schools. Former legislation on the school question had been of an advisory kind, now the tone was mandatory.

The fathers of the council adopted the following decrees:

1. Within two years from the date of the promulgation of the council a parish school should be erected and maintained in connection with every Catholic church, unless the bishop, on account of grave difficulties, saw fit to grant a delay.

2. Any pastor who, within this time, failed to provide a parish school through neglect and after repeated warnings from his bishop, should be deemed deserving of removal from his church.

3. Any parish which neglected to aid its pastor in erecting and maintaining a parish school should be urged to do its duty by the bishop by every prudent and efficacious means.

4. All Catholic parents should send their children to the parish schools unless, for special reasons, they were excused by the bishop.

This rigid insistence on Catholic Schools was exactly to the mind of the Most Reverend Michael Augustine Corrigan, the successor to Cardinal McCloskey. One of the greatest interests of his life was the promotion of parochial schools. Long

before the Third Council was held, he had, as Bishop of Newark, warned, urged, encouraged and commanded the clergy and laity to build, patronize and improve the parochial schools.

This zeal on behalf of Catholic schools he carried with him to New York. He took his stand squarely on the absolute necessity of these schools. In his first pastoral as Archbishop of New York he made his position clear. "We can no longer ask ourselves 'Shall we promote Catholic Schools for our children?' but the only question is this, 'how can this be most efficiently accomplished?'"

In this advocacy of parish schools he was, however, opposed to any plan of compromise which would in any way lessen the authority of the Catholic officials in the management of their schools. His rigid adherence to this principle made him the leader of the conservative element as opposed to those of liberal tendencies who advocated some arrangement with the public authorities.

About this time, out in the City of Fairbault, Minnesota, in the Diocese of St. Paul, another attempt was made to settle the school question. On August 31, 1891, the pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and the local board of education came to an agreement whereby the management of the parochial school connected with the Church passed under the control of the board. The plan was no novel one. It had been suggested in all its essential details over fifty years before by Archbishop Hughes, and very much the same arrangement had been tried at Poughkeepsie without arousing any undue excitement. But such was the temper of the time that the arrangement between the parish school authorities and the local board of education of a far away Minnesota town stirred Catholic circles to their depths.

This discussion of the relation of the parochial schools to the state in which the participants were, for the most part, Catholics themselves was marked by intense feeling. A number of pamphlets and magazine articles quickly followed. The extreme advocates of the parish schools held that the state had no right to interfere with the right of the parent to educate his child, while the advocates of compromise held that the state had an undoubted right to provide for the education of her citizens. As the Rev. Dr. Bouquillon, of the Catholic University, put it, "Not only has the state the right to found and

manage schools, but also to enforce a minimum of education. The latter does not exceed the limits of the state's just power and is in no way contrary to Catholic teaching."

The controversy finally assumed such proportions that it reached Rome and called for the interposition of the Holy Father himself. Accordingly, acting under instructions from the Apostolic See, the Most Rev. Francis Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, called a meeting of the Archbishops of the United States at New York, in November, 1892, to consider this and other important matters.

At this conference the school question was discussed in all its bearings. In the resolutions adopted by the Archbishops it was resolved to promote the erection of Catholic schools, so that there might be accommodation in them for all Catholic children. It was recognized, however, that a very large number of Catholic children attended the public schools, and for these it was decided that provision be made for imparting Christian Doctrine not only on Sunday, but likewise on some other day or days of the week. Parents were also urged to assist in this work at their homes.

Certain definite rules were also laid down by the Archbishop of Lepanto, as Delegate of the Apostolic See.

In the matter of Catholic parish schools the Papal Delegate emphasized the importance of erecting them where needed and enlarging and improving those already established, in order to make them the equal of the public schools in teaching and discipline. To this end he suggested that the teachers of these schools should prove themselves well qualified, not only by previous examination before the diocesan board, but also by certificate and diploma received from the school board of the state. This was urged so as not to appear regardless, without reason, of what public authority requires for teaching. Secondly, a better opinion of Catholic schools would be created. Thirdly, greater assurance would be given to parents that in Catholic schools there would be no deficiency to render them inferior to public schools; that, on the contrary, everything would be done to make Catholic schools equal to public schools, or even superior. Fourthly and lastly, it was held that the plan would prepare the way for the state to see, together with the recognized and tested fitness of teachers, that the laws would be observed, in all matters pertaining to the

arts and sciences, to method and pedagogics, and to whatever is ordinarily required to promote the stability and usefulness of the schools.

In accordance with the Holy Father's expressed command the method of caring for those Catholic children who attended the public schools received special attention. As to the public schools, it was stated that the Catholic Church in particular, and especially the Holy See, far from condemning them or treating them with indifference, desired rather that by the joint action of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities that there should be public schools in every state. But the Catholic Church shrinks from those features of the public schools which are opposed to the truth of Christianity, and to morality, and since, in the interests of society itself, these objectionable features ought to be removed, not only the bishops, but the citizens at large should labor to remove them, in virtue of their own right and in the cause of morality.

When there were no Catholic schools at all, or where the one that was available was little fitted for giving the children an education in keeping with their condition, then the public schools might be attended with a safe conscience. The dangers of perversion were to be rendered remote by remedial and precautionary measures which were left to the conscience and good judgment of the ordinary. The Archbishop, however, suggested the adoption of one of three plans for the religious education of the Catholic children who, in large numbers, received their education in the public schools, the choice to be made according to circumstances.

The first plan suggested was an agreement between the Archbishop and the members of the school board, whereby they, in a spirit of fairness and good will, would allow the Catholic children to be assembled during free time and taught catechism. It would also be of the greatest advantage if this plan were not confined to primary schools, but were likewise extended to high schools and colleges in the form of free lectures.

The second plan suggested was to have a catechism class and also classes of higher Christian doctrine, outside the school building, where, at fixed times the children would assemble, induced thereto by the authority of their parents, the permission of their pastors, and the hope of praise and rewards.

The third plan, it was pointed out, was bound up more intimately with the duty of both parents and pastors. Pastors should unceasingly urge upon parents that the most important duty imposed both by natural and divine law, was that of bringing up their children in sound morality and in the Catholic Faith.

The Archbishop likewise expressed himself in favor of some arrangement between the bishops and the civil authorities, whereby the schools might be conducted with mutual attention and due consideration for their respective rights.

These propositions, or rather the interpretations put upon them, caused much alarm to many friends of the parochial schools. It was feared that they would be interpreted as an indorsement of the public schools, and that Catholic parents would withdraw their children from the parish schools. Many children, in fact, were withdrawn, one school in the West losing three hundred children in one week.

News of this feeling reached Leo XIII. He accordingly invited each bishop in the United States to write him stating his case. From an examination of these letters it became manifest that while many bishops saw no reason of apprehension, to others it seemed that the proposition partially abrogated the disciplinary law, concerning schools, enacted by the Council of Baltimore, and that the diversity of interpretations put upon them would engender dissension which would prove detrimental to Catholic schools.

The Holy Father declared that such interpretations were totally alien from the decision of the Papal Delegate, as they assuredly were from the mind of the Apostolic See.

The propositions of the Delegate were declared to be in harmony with the decrees of the Council of Baltimore, and were upheld. But in order that there might remain no room for further doubt or dissension, the Holy Father stated that the decrees of the Council of Baltimore concerning parochial schools, and whatever else had been prescribed by the Roman Pontiff were to be carefully observed.

He then urged all the faithful to put aside all cause of discord and dissent and to work not only for the sanctification of their own people, but likewise for the welfare of their fellow-citizens.

As a result of the great controversy, therefore, some claimed

that the party of compromise had won; while others maintained it was a drawn battle.

Despite all that was done by Catholic officials in the way of conciliation with secular authorities, the New York Constitutional Convention, held at Albany, in 1894, adopted an amendment which made any basis of settlement impossible for at least twenty years. This amendment, as we have seen, makes it unlawful for the state or any subdivision thereof to contribute in any way other than for examination and inspection to any school or institution of learning, wholly or in part, under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

About the same time the compromise plans at Rondout and Poughkeepsie came to an end. In Rondout all the teachers in the district schools had to be re-engaged each year, and this gave rise to an annual agitation for the election of trustees—a number of influential Protestants striving to elect trustees who would not renew the lease of the parish school building, or re-engage the brothers.

They divided the Catholics on the question. At last, in 1895, they succeeded in enlarging the district school to accommodate all the children, and this took away the ostensible ground for hiring the church building or engaging the brothers.

In 1897 an appeal was lodged with the State Superintendent of Public Instruction against the further continuance of the "Poughkeepsie plan." The appellant objected to the action of the Board of Education of the City of Poughkeepsie in leasing for school purposes the buildings known as School 11 and School 12, both the property of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church; and to employment of the Sisters of Charity as teachers.

It was contended on the part of the appellant that by reason of the sectarian character of the school thus maintained in these two buildings, parents residing within the ward where the schools were situated objected to sending their children to them, while other parents residing at long distances sent their children thereto, in order that they might receive religious instruction given therein.

The Board of Education admitted the leasing of the buildings mentioned and the employment of the sisters, but they denied that there was any religious instruction imparted in

such schools, and they further denied that any denominational doctrines or tenets were taught in the leased buildings during the school days of the week. They further alleged that they had no power under the provisions of the City Charter to provide buildings or rooms for school purposes except by renting the same; that buildings could only be purchased or erected by an affirmative vote of the taxpayers, and that the financial condition of the city made this course impossible.

The State Superintendent, in a long opinion, dated December 23, 1898, decided in favor of the appellant. While not unmindful of the fact that the plan attacked had been widely commented upon and in many quarters was regarded as wise and practical, the superintendent held that it was the settled policy of the state that localities must own school buildings in which their public schools are conducted; that the leasing and renting of rooms and buildings for school purposes was not authorized except under extraordinary conditions, and tc provide for emergency.

The superintendent, therefore, decided that the action of the board in continuing the lease of the buildings in question beyond the period of emergency contemplated by the statute was without legal authority. As for the Sisters of Charity who were employed in the schools as teachers, it was held that the wearing of an unusual garb for the purpose of indicating membership in a religious sect, constituted a sectarian influence. The superintendent, therefore, ruled that it was the duty of the board to require teachers employed by them to discontinue in the public school room the use of the distinguishing dress or garb of any religious order.

THE SOUL OF JULIUS BITTEL.

BY HELENA T. GOESSMANN.

"SO you would have my Julius, who writes such noble verses, selling blue cabbages, fat hares, tender water-hens, and green salads in the Alte Market? Why, Frau Höenig, that would spoil the life of my boy. His soul is not like Han's and Jacob's and gossiping Phelps who sit in the Zohn-Garten after the day is done, chattering not more of sense than the doves that peck each other under the eaves of *Ludgerikirche*. My Julius will some day be great. He will sing at the *Sang-Fest*, and perhaps by the Kaiser's own hands will he be crowned," and Frau Elsbeth, seated in the midst of her marketable wares, slapped away a black dog that was creeping dangerously near to her basket of poultry, and waited for her neighbor on either side to answer.

Frau Decklar was too busy arranging her turnips and potatoes (all pealed for the pot), to make comment. Frau Höenig, pushing away a measure of beets from her feet and shaking up with her long, brown hands a basket of kale, said:

"Julius is a handsome boy. He should marry one of the girls of Münster and settle down and do as his father and his grandfather did—come to market, make a good livelihood for a rosy-cheeked, little wife, and spend his evenings in his garden or by his fireside, listening to the prattle of his own children. That would be better, and all Münster of the Alte Market would call Julius a real man. Now they shrug their shoulders, point to his head, look with pity at you, and say: 'After twenty long years of nursing and feeding her nephew, old Frau Elsbeth still sits on the cold stones in the Alte Market Tuesdays and Fridays, while the graceless Julius wanders through the woods and fields, making verses that no one cares for and that he himself half understands.' Is that not so, Frau Decklar?"

"Ach!" said the older woman; "let the boy alone. Perhaps there is more good in him than you think. He has a boy's heart, he loves children, and he is very kind to those that are helpless. Frau Elsbeth loves him and he satisfies

her, and I think, Frau Höenig, it is rather forward of you with three daughters already ripe for marriage to be talking so of this youth."

Frau Elsbeth put out her tired little bent hand and patted the knee of Frau Decklar. Somehow these two old market-women, widows and toilers, had more often a common cause for sympathy than Frau Höenig and her kind imagined.

Yet sometimes when Frau Elsbeth sat alone in her little plaster cottage on Black Street, at the end of a tiresome market day, and listened for the footsteps of Julius and to the singing of the water-kettle over the fire, she wished that her nephew, for his own sake, would do some work that called for strength, force, and generous works.

Once or twice during the last year she had tried to say this to him by complaining that she was now growing too old for the Alte Market, and that he might be a better one to sell their wares. Julius had tried to please her, but the roughness of the market women had discouraged and repelled him. When he held up a pair of young water-hens that he had carefully raised himself, before the eyes of a good *haus frau* from *Rogan Strasse*, Frau Höenig, thrusting them aside, said to the purchaser: "Buy my fowl, raised on milk and bread and tender watching. Julius Bittel feeds his on poetry, dreams, and air." He was so hurt that he did not answer his saucy competitor, and Frau Höenig made her sale.

What did it matter to him if the bold girls on the Cathedral Plaza laughed at him sometimes, or an urchin pulled his coat as he passed, saying: "What is the last poem about, Julius?" Père Gabriel and Père Hedwig in the old monastery patted him upon the shoulders, and said to Frau Elsbeth: "Julius is a good boy. His soul is free from the beer and pipe and coarse song and dance of the public house."

Every day since his First Communion he had visited the old cathedral. He loved the colossal and gaudily painted St. Christopher at the entrance, the high altar, the carved stalls of the monks, the shrines at the ends, the long dim aisles, the *Pieta*, the Crucifixion, the sweet odor of incense always in the air, and the clink, clink, clink of the friars' sandals as they passed to and from matins, lauds, and vespers.

Frau Elsbeth had told him that his young mother had taken him to the cathedral when he was six weeks old, and consecrated him to the Mother of God at her shrine to the

right of the high altar, and so he often prayed before the quaint time-worn statue of the Madonna and Child, with the adoring angels painted on the wall back of it.

The evening of Frau Höenig's criticism of Julius found him making his five o'clock visit to this shrine. The day had been a happy one, full of tasks he loved, and country dreams —and the halo of these he carried with him into the dim quiet of the cathedral.

The rustle of a silken skirt passing roused him as a young girl stepped quickly to the foot of the altar and knelt down. She wore a long, dark red cape; her fair hair in heavy braids was wound around her shapely head, while a white lace scarf tied loosely under her right ear only partially concealed her face. Between her fingers as she prayed, a gold and crystal rosary glistened. Just behind her on the paved floor, knelt her serving woman. As the former rose to leave the cathedral she dropped a piece of silver in the offering box and lighted a taper before the shrine.

Julius did the same when a few minutes later he took up his cap and bunch of young willow sprigs and hurried out of the church, through the twilight across the cathedral plaza and the Alte Market, down Black Street to Frau Elsbeth's cottage.

He found his aunt preparing supper.

"Aunt Elsbeth," he said at once as he entered the house, "who is the servant who comes on Tuesdays and Fridays to your stall and buys the pair of pigeons?"

"She is Johanna Orth," said Frau Elsbeth, "and serves in the family of Count Adrian von Dormsfeld. He is a very exacting master and I am much troubled that at times my pigeons may not be as plump and tender as he wishes them. But why do you ask this, Julius?"

"As I knelt in the cathedral this evening," he replied, "a beautiful maiden came in and prayed before the shrine of our Lady. The old woman whom you call Johanna Orth followed her, and, aunt, the younger one looked so like one of the angels on the wall!"

Frau Elsbeth stirred the pudding on the fire, moved the coffee pot a little to one side, that it might not bubble over, brought some stewed fruit from a cupboard near the door— and then—seating herself, said:

"The beautiful maiden, Julius, is the daughter of Count

Adrian von Dormsfeld, and is called Francesca. The Count and his daughter live in the great old Hof on King Street. I mean the one with the double iron gates and the golden crowns above them. The Count is very rich, very proud, but very sad."

"He has the most beautiful daughter in the world. That should make him happy," replied Julius.

Frau Elsbeth brought the coffee from the fire to the table, put the pudding in an earthen dish beside it, and then sitting herself on a stool behind the one lighted candle, told this story to Julius.

"Many years ago Count Adrian von Dormsfeld was the most gallant young noble in the whole province of Westphalia. His old father, Count Earnst, had left him a noble name, much land and gold. I remember well Count Adrian as he often passed through the Alte Market in those days, for I was then young and strong, and selling as now, blue cabbages, water-hens, hares, and salads. One bright June morning, about twenty years ago, the Count came to the ten o'clock Mass in the cathedral—but he was not alone. A sweet young wife was by his side, and all of the market women were excited. They said he had gone to Köln—and married the daughter of a very rich banker, and she had come with him to Münster, bringing many millions of marks, so the Count once rich, was now too rich to tell.

"The next spring Johanna Orth, my neighbor, came to me and told me with great pride that Jacob, the steward of the count, had just bidden her into his master's service. Two little babies had been born in the great Hof and baptized in the cathedral, Adrian and Francesca.

"Then came that awful winter of 1872. Your young father, hired to attend the nobles in the hunt, was brought home shot through the heart—an accident. Your little mother laid down upon her bed the night after your father's body was carried to the cemetery, and when the blue light of the morning came into her window I took you sleeping from her lifeless arms. Her heart always weak, had stopped from grief. Then followed the sickness of the *black throat.* All through Münster people died like the birds of the air. Even the noble families and the rich land owners were not spared. The first to be taken was the baby Adrian. A few days later his gentle mother, who had clung to his crib through his hours of suffering died too of this sickness, and the Count was left with

Francesca, three years old, to comfort and love him. The poor Count, once gayest in the dance, bravest in the hunt, strongest in the march, only came out of his house to go to Mass in the cathedral. Herr Everlinger painted for him on the wall back of Our Lady's Shrine the three adoring angels. The one in the middle is the countess, the one on the left the little Adrian, and the one on the right, Francesca, whom you saw praying this evening."

"And," continued Frau Elsbeth, "I am told by Johanna, that Francesca is as good as she is beautiful. She does much for the poor, but if anything were to take her out of the world, black indeed would be the life of Count Adrian."

Julius ate his supper hurriedly and silently, and then finding his aunt weary after her day's work in the market he urged her to retire. When he had extinguished her candle and kissed her good-night, instead of climbing up the stairs to his own neat little room under the rafters, he put on his coat and walked out down Black Street by the Freidansaal into King Street. He knew the von Dormsfeld gate and he lingered outside. The windows were well lighted. Occasionally a form passed between the lace curtains and the lamps and he imagined that sometimes it might be Francesca. He stayed there for nearly an hour musing on his vision in the church, and then he went back to his attic and through his dreams that night wandered angels, myriads of lights and a beautiful maiden with golden hair and wrapt in a long red cloak.

Every evening after this Julius strolled down to King Street and lingered a little while back of the wide stone post outside the von Dormsfeld gate. Once or twice as he stood in the shadow Johanna Orth came out and walked toward the Alte Market. He wondered if she saw him, and was quite convinced that she had—when the following day aunt Elsbeth said to him: "Johanna told me in the market to-day that she has seen you standing outside the gate of Count Adrian and she wondered *why*. I told her that you had seen Francesca for the first time in the cathedral a week ago, that I had told you the story of the three angels back of the Madonna and that the soul in you had been so touched by it that now you were writing some verses, and thinking some beautiful thoughts of Francesca at the shrine of Our Lady."

That evening when he made his little excursion to King Street Julius threw a single white rose into the court yard before

Francesca's door. It was a tribute from his poet's soul which the pure white flower, planted by his mother, and tended by him during all these years, could only express.

Johanna Orth had said much more regarding the presence of Julius beside the von Dormsfeld gate; more than Frau Elsbeth was willing to repeat to him. In fact she had rather startled her old friend by suggesting, if Count Adrian heard of it, something might occur which would bring Julius before the public of Münster in a very ridiculous light.

That same evening as Johanna brushed the hair of her young mistress the latter said:

"I sometimes wonder nurse, if I am unlike my mother. My father tells me she was very, very happy here; that she loved the poor and found her days in this old Hof filled with duties and joy. The hours seem so long to me sometimes, and I wish so to go out into the world of Münster and talk with people who are not just officers or old women whom father brings to drink coffee with me. There must be young girls and young men in the town whom it would be pleasant to know. Do you not think honestly Johanna that my life is very dull and stupid for a girl of eighteen? Why my mother was a wife at my age!"

Johanna Orth hesitated a little and then said: "My Francesca you are a von Dormsfeld and have a proud position to uphold. There have been good von Dormsfelds and bad ones. Your mother was born for her position and she filled it. Her daughter must do the same. By-and-by your father will take you to court and you will meet some young prince or count and love him and marry him. Then you will live in his castle, have little children and days full of happiness when your old nurse is sleeping in God's Acre."

"But, Johanna," continued Francesca. "You go to market twice a week and you come in and tell me the funny things you see on the street. When I go out it is simply with you to the cathedral or some stupid family party. I never talk with people except old Jacob or you or some one within the house."

"Do you wish then," said Johanna, "to do something that will be very good, wise and kind, and yet will be not talking with Jacob or Johanna or with the old women whom your father asks to drink coffee with you?"

"Tell me quickly what it is you mean, Johanna," said the excited Francesca.

"Every night, Francesca," her nurse continued, "the nephew of a market woman, a young, idle fellow who writes verse rather than do a man's work, comes to the gate of your father's house and gazes up at the windows. He saw you once in the cathedral and he has gotten into his poor, crazy head an idea that looking at you means so much to his soul and his heart."

"But, Johanna," said Francesca, "he has never spoken to me. I have never seen him, and how should I know him among all the market boys that pass me?"

"Every evening," said Johanna, "for the last week when I have gone out on my little errands for you, I have found him at the gate with a white rose in his hand. Now he has an aunt, an old friend of my childhood, who is lame and bent and who sells her blue cabbages, hares, water-hens and salads in the market and every Tuesday and Friday prepares for me the pair of pigeons which your father orders. Elsbeth Bittel, for that is her name, is disturbed that her nephew is doing this. She would rather he would help her and do the work that is becoming a strong youth of his age. You can make him do this, my mistress. Send him a message that you wish him to help his aunt, and make him feel that you dislike his standing at your gate. The white rose and his verses about you are at best only the thoughts of a crazy man."

"Tell me what he is like," said the interested Francesca.

Johanna Orth quite off her guard, replied:

"He is broad of shoulder, has large beautiful gray eyes, a white clear forehead and brown hair. He is unlike any youth in Münster, and if he had the dress of a gentleman might even be handsomer than any noble in the province."

"And you would wish, Johanna," said Francesca, "to have me say some cold and cruel words to him, because he looked at me in the cathedral, talks of me to his aunt, and acts toward me like the cavalier in a romance. No, I cannot hurt him—but I promise you. dear nurse, that I will try to cure him."

"God bless you child!" said the grateful Johanna. "You are indeed a true von Dormsfeld. To-morrow I will tell Frau Elsbeth that my good young mistress will send her nephew away from the gate and back to carry her basket to market

and forget all the idle silly hours he has spent in the cathedral, and outside Count Adrian's gate.

. . . . .

The 7th Corps d'Armee had been stationed for a number of years in Münster and the military maneuvers held in May of each year was always a time for activity and celebration in the homes of the rich as well as in the wide public squares where the poorer classes assembled. The Kaiser and Kaiserine with a party from the court at Berlin were expected this year for a week's stay at the Old Schloss just inside the west ramparts of the city. Count Adrian had therefore selected the occasion of the Kaiser's ball on the opening evening of the military fêtes to present his daughter to his sovereigns and the social world of his province.

Frau Elsbeth on this same evening as she was preparing supper said to Julius:

"Johanna Orth tells me that the Countess Francesca looks like an empress in her ball robes and that she goes to-night with her proud father to the Schloss."

Julius ate little supper and talked less but after he had closed the coops and cages of his pets in the garden and tossed a kiss to Frau Elsbeth, he strolled down to King Street just as the street lamps were lighted.

Back a little from the gate of the von Dormsfeld's in the shadow of the wide stone post he stationed himself. The windows were brilliantly illuminated and the family coach stood before the great open door. The Countess Francesca came down the broad staircase wrapt in a soft pink cape and was tenderly handed into the carriage by her father who seated himself beside her. As their carriage rolled under the gateway, past Julius' hiding place, into King Street, Francesca said in a merry voice, as she slipped her small gloved hand over the side of the carriage door nearest her and dropped a small white roll in front of the wide stone post.

"My father, every house is brilliantly lighted to-night. Even old Princess Solen is burning eight candles instead of one in her window."

She had seen the shadow by the gate and she knew who it was.

Julius sprang out after the departing coach and picked up the tiny roll. It was a white glove, and as he pressed it in

his hands he felt a bit of crisp paper inside. He walked hurriedly toward the first street lamp and unfolding the glove drew out the bit of paper. On it was written in a girlish hand: "My true knight must do a man's work and be the brawn of his household if he would honor me.—Francesca."

Julius stood simply petrified for a moment, then he folded the paper back into the glove, pressed it to his bosom and walked quickly around by the old fortification promenade into the cathedral. He went directly to his favorite shrine and hung the glove under a bunch of wax roses which just touched the feet of the Madonna and vowed with folded hands "that he would be Francesca's knight and leave her glove and its message there until such a day as he was worthy because of manly labors to carry it into his attic room and possess it as his own."

A half hour later Julius burst into the cottage of Frau Elsbeth and taking the astonished old woman into his arms, said:

"Aunt, I have decided to become a market man. To-morrow I am going to take your basket filled with cabbages, hares, water-hens and salads and sell them. *Sell them*, do you hear, in the Alte Market. You will stay at home and knit and visit with your neighbors, and at night I will come to you with my hands full of marks. No longer then can Frau Höenig tell you that you have a lazy, idle, dreaming nephew, for all Münster will say before the summer fêtes: "Julius Bittel loves his aunt; he truly loves her for he works for her."

Frau Elsbeth stood breathless for a moment, then drawing his face down to hers she kissed him many times as she said between her tears of joy, "I knew my Julius that some good day your dream and mine would come out of the same cloud."

The following morning found Julius in the Alte Market no longer heeding Frau Höenig when she spoke of his *lank hares* and his tough water-hens. He laughed now at her and sold everything in his basket, even to the last *pfennig's* worth of salad. The young market girls gathered around him and even Frau Höenig, as she gathered up her own unsold fowls, poked him in the side and said: "Come and drink coffee with us on Sunday and meet my Mina, Julius."

He, however, was living now in a world quite away from

the Alte Market, its rivalries, successes, failures and plaudits. He was thinking of the white glove hung at the shrine in the cathedral, his vow and Francesca.

. . . . . .

The military fêtes were now over, the royal party back again in Berlin and the old Schloss and the population of Münster settled down for another year to coffee drinking, cheese and family reunions.

Tuesday morning when the Alte Market was again alive with its commercial activities, it was passed from stall to stall that the Countess Francesca, daughter of Count Adrian, was lying dangerously ill in Dormsfeld-Hof. She had contracted a cold at the Kaiser's ball, pneumonia had developed and the great doctor from Berlin, the Kaiser's own doctor, had come and said she would not live.

When Friday morning dawned clear and warm and full of the odors of May flowers, the bell on the cathedral tolled its eighteen strokes—Francesca had joined her mother just as the day was born.

Julius stood white and dumb before his wares in the Alte Market that day. People bought of him and talked with him. He replied, but only his lips knew what he said. He was weak and cold and his heart beat so slowly as the day moved on that he felt at times as if even his vision of the busy people passing was fading—fading into mist and he yet could not reach out for a support.

Retainers of the house of von Dormsfeld had borne the body of Countess Francesca to the great tomb of her forefathers in the crypt underneath the cathedral.

Old Jacob, pale, swollen-eyed and bent, was picking up some crushed roses and bits of myrtle dropped by the funeral procession in the court, and closing the great iron gates before von Dormsfeld-Hof, when his eye caught sight of a black, crouching figure just back of the wide stone post. He went up and grasping the collar, drew the form around before the stone steps, until a white set face and lifeless hands were turned to the sunlight.

"Heavens!" he shrieked, "Johanna, come!—come!—come quickly! It is Julius, idle Julius, Elsbeth Bittel's Julius, dead—dead at our gate. He is the second in a week. Mercy upon us! Who will be the third?"

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL tells of St. Francis de Sales sorrowing over the corpse of his mother: "He wept over his good mother more tears, as he told me, than he had shed since he had been a priest, but not tears of bitterness, 'for,' he added, 'it was a calm sorrow though a sharp one. I said to God like David: I was dumb, and I opened not my mouth, because Thou hast done it (xxxviii. 10). If it had not been for that, doubtless I should have broken out into passionate lamentations; but I dared not cry out under the blows of that Fatherly hand,'" (From St. Chantal's testimony for St. Francis de Sales' canonization). A mark of sainthood is keen-sightedness in finding the hand of God in the vicissitudes of life. The place of suffering in religion, in repentance, in perfection, is not commonly enough known. The least known of all wisdom is the philosophy of suffering, a wisdom purely religious. Nothing is so hard to learn as the lesson of Calvary. "And calling the multitude together with His disciples, He said to them: If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me" (Mark viii. 34).

This stern test of fellowship with Christ, is expressed by Father Thomas of Jesus, as follows: "Thus Christ has declared in His Gospel that He will acknowledge none for His disciples but crucified men" (*Sufferings of Jesus*, xlii. 2).

I.

St. Luke tells us, that when our Lord prophesied to His followers the fate that was before Him, "they understood none of these things, and this word was hid from them, and they understood not the things that were said" (Luke xviii. 31–34). This is a triple statement of a thrice-dyed ignorance of the divine reason of suffering. Involuntary suffering they

might have understood; but that He should be "offered because He willed it" (Isaias liii. 7)—a rebellious *no* was cast back at Him with triple emphasis.

The value of knowing the reason of suffering is that it mitigates the pain; it justified St. Francis de Sales in his calmness of sorrow; it is an incentive to assume pain for the divine reason of Calvary, and to praise it and to propagate it. Ignorance of the source of evil is almost an excuse for falling into it; if any excuse avails for flight in battle it is: We were ambushed.

The most complete misery is that which I cannot explain; it is like the fright from ghostly apparitions. A fit of causeless depression of spirits, is often worse agony than anguish at a friend's death-bed. Reason demands a cause everywhere and of everything; the mind cannot work without material to work on; otherwise it acts like an engine spinning its wheels on slippery rails. The miseries of this life are insupportable only to one who will not perceive their origin and cause—the hand of God balancing sin with justice. This is not stoicism. "It is not," says Tauler, "that a man is inaccessible to all external emotion. No; certainly not. To be truly patient is to hold for certain that no man can do us wrong,"—so brightly conscious are we of our deservings.

II.

If the Apostles, on the occasion referred to, had risen to the resignation of faith, and believed, on their Master's word, that He must enter His glory only by suffering these awful things (Luke xxiv; 26), they would have obeyed Him intelligently, exactly; they would not have fled away ignominiously; Peter would not have denied Him; John would not have been their solitary representative on Calvary; their eyes would not have been bandaged by triple folds of misgivings, even after the resurrection; Thomas would not have earned the ignoble distinction of being the doubting Apostle.

How different the case of Mary, who for her acceptance of the mystery of suffering, is crowned with the high title of Mother of Sorrows. She said nothing, but she believed all; listened and looked and believed; and then she suffered, indescribably, efficaciously, "That out of many hearts, thoughts might be revealed" (Luke ii. 35).

That much we can do, each in his place and measure, if we shall but learn the mystery of suffering, which is naught else than the bridge between sin and atonement. Then our abandonment to divine providence (in all the meanings of submission to God's good pleasure) would be a flow of sweet water from the deeper springs of consolation. And our love of Jesus Crucified would be perfect, for it would be sympathetic. The cause of sorrow is God's purpose to remit sin by an adequate atonement in which each of us shall have a share: "Wherefore Jesus, also, that He might sanctify the people by His own Blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, to Him without the camp, bearing His reproach" (Heb. xiii. 12). The reason of the alliance of sanctification with suffering is sin, and the decree that "without the shedding of blood there shall be no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). The religious definition of suffering is this: It is the means of the sanctification of our souls by the painful mingling of Christ's Blood with our own. Herein is the secret of the mystery of suffering, both now and in purgatory, nay it is the secret of heaven's joy. St. Catherine of Genoa suffered acute physical pain in the latter part of her life. And it was said that her friends "beheld heaven in her soul, and purgatory in her agonized body" (*Life* Ch. XXXVIII).

III.

We have an inkling of our relation to pain, when we realize that sin is a hurt to nature; the terms abnormal, deordinate, disintegrating, are all descriptive no less of sin than of sadness. Know sin and you know suffering in its roots. Whatsoever is not known in its cause is not well known in its effects, is hardly known at all. Sin partly known is a violation of law and order; fully known it is a personal insult to the Deity, a breach of friendship with the Eternal Father, meaning deordination, indeed, but principally bitter woe to the sinner.

The effect on an heroic soul of knowing this clearly is shown in the case of St. Catherine of Genoa. In her Spiritual Dialogue, she thus makes the soul address the body and self-love:

> My brothers, I have come to know that God is about to do a work of love in my behalf, and therefore I shall take no more heed of you, your needs or your words. Under the appear-

> ance of good and necessity, you have well nigh led me to the death of sin. Now I intend to do to you, what you have wished to do to me, and I shall hold you in no more respect than if you were my deadly enemies. Never expect to be on good terms with me again—give up all hopes of it. Yet I shall do all things in such manner that the necessities of each shall be satisfied. You led me to do what I ought not, in order to satisfy your appetites; and I will now lead you to do what you wish not, in order to satisfy the spirit. I will not spare you, even if you are worn out, even as you spared me not in so enslaving me that you did with me wholly as you pleased. I hope to bring you into such subjection to myself as to change your natures (Chap. IX.).

St. Thomas teaches that suffering is the absence of a necessary good or the impending loss of it; or it is the intrusion of evil or the impending coming of it. Now there is no human being at any time of his life in whom the co-existence of this cause and effect is not either established, or recently established, or impending. For in Adam, our nature's fountain head "all have sinned and do need the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23); all the innocent are liable to sin and dread it, all the penitent lament it: "And if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us" (I John i. 8). The whole race constantly suffers from the absence, real or possible, of its supreme need, the love of God: "For we know that every creature groaneth, and travaileth in pain, until now. And not only it, but ourselves also, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, the redemption of our body" (Rom. viii. 22). Mark the apostle's last words, laying down sinfulness as the root of the body's pain. It is notorious that most men spend their whole life in seeking pleasure and shunning pain, never with full success, often with aggravation of their misery. How high a condition is that, in which happiness is not dependent on pleasure. "I used to say to Satan" relates St. Teresa, "when he suggested to me that I was ruining my health [by my austerities], that my death was of no consequence; when he suggested rest, I replied that I did not want rest but the cross" (*Life*, Ch. XIII.). Until one feels thus about dying and resting he will make no great progress.

IV.

What then is our joy? It is the joy of penance. St. Peter of Alcantara appeared in a vision to St. Teresa after his death, all resplendent with glory, and he said to her: "O blessed penance, which has won for me so great a joy!" It is our only solid joy. Our joy is a sick man's joy in his medicine. We once heard a soldier of the civil war boast joyfully of his left arm, which had been dreadfully fractured by a gunshot wound, and had been saved by a skillful surgeon extracting a section of the shattered and splintered bones between the wrist and elbow; he was proudly exhibiting and thankfully boasting of a boneless and almost nerveless arm and hand. But it was an arm, nevertheless, a real limb of flesh and blood, and infinitely better than none at all. A wounded man's joy is in the sharpness of the surgeon's knife, and a Christian's joy is in the sharp knife of sorrow for sin, that pain of contrition which cuts deep and true to his heart's core. "To my hearing," cries the Royal penitent, "Thou shalt give joy and gladness, and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice" (Ps. l. 10). Believe in that joy; crave that joy of God; accustom yourself to the joy of mending your thoughts by painful efforts; of thinking of sin and of suffering and atonement as unified under the cross; of sympathizing with the Redeemer; of bearing the pain of submission to the divine will as the counter-pain of mental or bodily suffering. Do all this and go on doing it by reasoning and by method and by habit, till at last you can do it by instinct. One must systematically use spiritual means and measures until he becomes simply saturated with this doctrine of the correlation of sin, pain and joy, if he would go on smoothly towards perfection, which is "justice, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv. 17).

Fail not to use the same plan for bodily joy, which if rational and Christian, must square with that of St. Paul: "I now rejoice in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell within me" (II Cor. xii. 9). We find joy in the soul's sores by curing them with the salve of the commandments, adding the unction of the counsels of perfection for the period of convalescence and to secure entire recovery. Con-

sider this: if one persists in sin, he suffers as a mere penalty; if he repents, he yet suffers, but joyfully as an atonement.

Joseph was the name of a Christian priest who suffered martyrdom under Sapor, King of Persia in the fourth century. Being fearfully scourged, and seeing himself covered with his own blood, he lifted his eyes to heaven and joyfully exclaimed: "I return Thee the greatest thanks in my power, O Christ my Lord, for granting me this favor, washing me in my own blood by a second baptism and cleansing me again from my sins" (See *Butler's Lives*, March 14). It was a favorite saying of Father Hecker, that the spirit of the martyrs was needed in our day and country for the spread of the true faith, for that alone, he insisted, forms the missionary type of character.

V.

Love is the source of all joy. Suffering in atonement for sin is suffering for love Love is just, and so by suffering makes up to the Beloved His losses by sin. And this form of love takes rank before other forms. Be just before generous; pay your debts before you give to the poor; be penitent before you are heroic. The head of our race is Christ, and His office is as personal to each as it is universal for all: "I would have you to know that the head of every man is Christ" (I Cor. xi. 3). Now the trysting place of each and all of His members is Calvary: "I, when I shall be lifted up, will draw all things unto Me" (John, xii. 32). Suffering has lifted Him up and enthroned Him; we must know suffering in order to range ourselves beside Him. What love equals that of Christ on the cross! What love is so sorrowful, what sorrow is so lovely! What joy is so quickly got and so surely held as that of the loving sorrow of the cross? "For the love of Christ presseth us: judging this, that if one died for all, then all were dead. And Christ died for all; that they also that live may not now live to themselves, but to Him that died for them and rose again" (II Cor. v. 14, 15). Is not this a joyful solution of the problem of suffering?

What man does to God when he commits sin is one thing; what he causes God to do is another:—the crucifixion of His only begotten Son. By sin God is by His very nature compelled to remove love from the throne of joy and place it on the throne of pain, for justice demands this. By sin man does

this to God: he seeks joy without love, therefore a sensual joy, an avaricious joy, the joy of hate, of sloth, the joy of pride, disobedience and rebellion, the joy of the beast or the demon which feeds the love of the degenerate child of God. But this joy of the wicked shall perish, and it will be followed by the reaction of sadness, just as is the case with the joy of the drunkard. Conscience rises like the stern prophet before the sinful king of Israel, and stands and points and threatens, and pronounces awful words of doom. Then follows doubt, dread, shame, rage, foreboding: pain in its worst form. This form of suffering is without God in the world and without hope. The other form is the suffering of the penitent: "And David said to Nathan: I have sinned against the Lord" (II. Kings, xii. 13), and forthwith "his tears became his bread day and night" (Ps. xli. 4.), till the prophet's message of pardon: "Thy sin is forgiven thee" had penetrated to his deepest soul with its message of joy.

VI.

Our consolation is, therefore, a product of courageous suffering. Perfect joy we cannot have here below, and yet a good meed of repose of mind is sure to come by the postponement of unmixed joy till we enjoy it with Christ in the next life. "If he," says St. Augustine, "who came into this world without sin, did not depart hence without scourges, how shall they who have lived here in sin, not be deserving of scourges."

A very sweet joy is that which submerges all carnal, all rebellious joys, and is content to rejoice in the more spiritual faculties, with a pleasure perceptible only in the finer sensibilities. Of a devout penitent of his St. Vincent de Paul said: "It is nothing to see her in health; you ought see her in sickness if you would learn her soul's quality."

This love of suffering is unknown to the worldling, for whom suicide is so often the besetting temptation under incurable disease. And yet men often sneer at the Christian's exercises of self-subjugation as self-torture, as inhuman, morbid, gloomy. But what of the self-torture of the man who practises vice, or of one less guilty but not less foolish, who wears away his life in the pursuit of money or of power? Not self-torture alone but self-destruction it should be called,

the destruction of the good self by the bad self. The self-chosen suffering of the Christian is just the reverse; it is the painful inner process of the enslavement by the good self of the bad self, done in union with Christ crucified. This is the surest joy of a rational existence, the only outlet for the noble longing of the spirit towards perfect bliss. St. Teresa says that the only remedy for the tedium of a long life, is to suffer for Christ's sake: "What medicine hast Thou, O God, for such misery? There is none, save to suffer for Thy sake" (Exclamation xiv.).

"The thought possessed me that in order to obtain heaven it was necessary to give up the earth"—the testimony of St. Bernard, and a very simple truth. It is the main truth, after all, of our divine doctrine, as far as that doctrine tells of means to an end. But not for obtaining heaven alone is abandonment to holy pain efficacious, for it bestows on its adepts the mastery of the earth. During the many years that that same St. Bernard's life, attenuated by years of religious asceticism, hung by a thread, he chained to God's will whole nations of men.

He was a marvelous combination of both the contemplative and the active spirit, showing how both work together unto joy. For the contemplative saint provides himself with food and sleep and clothes and shelter only sufficient to ward off death; because the nearer he is to expiring the closer is his view of God, his only joy. The saint of the active life makes barely sufficient provision of necessary bodily helps to ward off the collapse of his physical powers—the nearer he is to fainting the better does he enjoy the consolation of his labors for souls. One can see how easily the two types may blend into one. The ordinary good Christian barely keeps within the Church's penal laws of fasting and abstinence; and even he has no small sweetness of devotion; for the motives of all true Christians are identically those of Calvary.

VII.

"A soul that is full," says the Wise Man, "shall tread on the honey-comb; but a soul that is hungry shall take even bitter for sweet" (Prov. xxvii. 7). How accurate a statement of the two conditions. When sated with an over-plenty of every good thing this world can offer, the soul disregards

the heavenly banquet of the Holy Spirit. When dry and hungry, the least thought of God tastes sweet. Even the anger of God is a boon to a soul that is angry with itself, for it is the anger of a father; it bestows first filial fear and then joyful love.

What, then, shall I do about joy and suffering? The answer depends on your attitude of mind about sin and its divine Victim. What think you of Calvary, whose joy is there? What think you of Christ crucified, what joy is His? In seeking for joy place yourself face to face with the God-Man injured by your sins, and realize that the penalty is measured by the *lex talionis*, a life for a life. But in paying this penalty, bear in mind that you instantly recover your own life enriched and ennobled by Christ's.

Let us conclude these thoughts on the mystery of sorrow and joy by Newman's profession of faith in the Catholic principle of asceticism:

> O my Lord Jesus, I believe, and by Thy grace will ever believe and hold, and I know that it is true, and will be true to the end of the world, that nothing great is done without suffering, without humiliation, and all things are possible by means of it. I believe, O my God, that poverty is better than riches, pain better than pleasure, obscurity and contempt than name, and ignominy and reproach than honor. My Lord, I do not ask Thee to bring these trials on me, for I know not if I could face them; but at least, O Lord, whether I be in prosperity or adversity, I will believe that it is as I have said. I will never have faith in riches, rank, power, or reputation. I will never set my heart on worldly success or on worldly advantages. I will never wish for what men call the prizes of life. I will ever, with Thy grace, make much of those who are despised or neglected, honor the poor, revere the suffering, and admire and venerate Thy saints and confessors, and take my part with them in spite of the world (Meditations).

UNFORGOTTEN SHRINES.

BY LAURA M. JACKSON.

VERY seldom, probably, do even Catholic passengers on the great ocean liners from Boston or New York, to Liverpool, Southampton, or Fishguard, realize that on landing in England they are in a land redolent of Catholic memories. There speak the evidences of a Catholic past made glorious by magnificent martyrdoms. There, also, are many communities still holding fast the ancient Faith in unbroken continuity from pre-Reformation times. It is too commonly assumed because England is technically a "Protestant country," with a reputation for deeply-seated bigotry, that what Catholicism it happily possesses is either the hereditary legacy of a few great Catholic families, or that it has been brought to it in comparatively recent years by immigration from Ireland or the Catholic countries of Europe. Nothing could be further from the truth. While thanking God whole-heartedly for the augmentation to their numbers from the sister isle and other Catholic lands, the Catholics of England, more particularly in the far North and in "faithful Lancashire," are proud to remember that they are the descendants of ancestors who in every *stratum* of society (as is proved by the official lists of *recusants*) were true to the Faith of their Fathers, "in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword."

It is of some of the places sanctified by the lives of martyrs and confessors of the Faith, that Dom Bede Camm tells us in *Forgotten Shrines**; but we at once join issue with the author regarding the title. Forgotten these shrines certainly are not; neither are they likely to become so; some of them are indeed the scene of annual public pilgrimages. What is more important, the martyrs whose names are linked with them are not and never will be forgotten. Many loving labors have prevented that. Challoner in a by-gone day; and in times more recent, the learned researches of the late Father

* *Forgotten Shrines*. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.

John Morris, S.J., and of Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., of Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., of Father John Pollen, S.J., of Father Phillips, of Ushaw, and of their host of collaborators, have secured to history abundant, if far from exhaustive, material regarding the glorious band of English martyrs, and have established the claims of many of them to beatification.

Dom Bede Camm now adds to his own previous work in the same field a handsome volume which will appeal to a large circle of readers who might be repelled by a severely historical work. The book will, perhaps, lead them in their turn to become pilgrims to these fortunately Unforgotten Shrines.

Those among us who have lived from youth among the lore and relics of penal days, may be forgiven for asking upon what principle of selection Dom Bede Camm has made his choice of matter, whether as regards martyrs or "shrines." While welcoming all that he has to tell, even to the vast amount of conjecture which may or may not actually represent facts connecting martyrs and confessors with the places described, we note omissions which suggest that Dom Bede Camm himself has forgotten that unforgotten "shrines" are to be found in East Anglia, in the West Country, in the southern shires, and even more numerously than he apparently indicates 'twixt Trent and Tweed, and in the faithful County Palatine. It were ungracious, however, to dwell upon omissions when so much good matter is provided. We heartily recommend our readers to make themselves acquainted in the beautifully printed volume itself, with the admirably reproduced pictures illustrating the domestic architecture of the period, and including portraits, facsimiles of deeds and letters, and other subjects of interest. Indeed, the book would be worth possessing for its delightful pictures alone and for its important, if not exhaustive, chapter on the relics of the English martyrs.

If the martyrs themselves are held in loving memory, and if the places where they lived and labored are visited in reverent pilgrimage, unforgotten too is the constancy of the noble band of confessors—secular clergy from Douay, sons of St. Benedict and St. Francis, members of the Society of Jesus —faithful nobles and gentry—sturdy yeomen and stolid farmers, soldiers and sailors, and others too, who in their several spheres fought the good fight for the Faith. In parts of England, as we know, the homes of some of the gentry were

recognized centres of Catholic life; and for the fidelity of the local leaders who thus held to the old religion no gratitude can be too great. Elsewhere, however, whole tracts of country remained staunchly Catholic when the dominant interest was openly and even aggressively Protestant. It is a significant fact that where there was fidelity in "unprotected" regions, the Faith was and is still of the most tenacious and robust type.

But no words can ever tell what Catholicism in England owes to the missionary priests, secular and regular, who at the peril of their lives traveled from place to place, reconciling the lapsed, and bringing Mass and the Sacraments to the faithful. The heroism of those among them whom God did not destine for the martyr's crown, and of their successors in post-penal days is perhaps too frequently taken for granted; yet but for it the old religion might have been as effectually stamped out in England as it was in some other countries; and the first Archbishop of Baltimore might not have received Episcopal consecration at the hands of the English Benedictine, Bishop Walmsley, at Lulworth Castle, a southern stronghold of the Faith; neither might he have heard in the sermon then preached by the English Jesuit, Father Plowden, the prophetic words foretelling the future glory of the Church in the United States.

Interesting surely to their children's children for many generations will be Dom Bede Camm's presentment of a few of the English martyrs and confessors, and of the places which through them have become "Unforgotten Shrines." Linking modern with mediæval days is the name of Blessed Margaret of Salisbury, last and greatest of the great Plantagenets, who was beheaded in the tower of London for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII's usurped title to supremacy over the Church in matters spiritual, and thus entwined the golden boughs of the *planta genista* with the palm branch of martyrdom. Of her we read in the chapter entitled, *A Ruined Castle by the Sea*, her favorite home at Warblington where Hampshire touches Sussex. Another martyr in the same cause was Blessed Adrian Fortescue, layman, whose home was for a time at Stonor Park in Oxfordshire, where later on was set up the secret printing press from which was issued Blessed Edmund Campion's famous *Ten Reasons* for holding the Faith. Incidentally we catch a glimpse of this most fascinating Jesuit

martyr in the chapter on Stonor. Richly weighted with interest is the *Fitzherbert* chapter, a record of loyalty and suffering for conscience sake in exile and in chains and finally in martyrdoms which Derby Bridge and Derby gaol were privileged to see. The scene of the Northern Rising for the restoration of the Old Religion is vividly portrayed in Dom Bede's chapter on *Markenfield Hall. Ripley Castle,* revered as the birthplace of the Venerable Francis Ingleby, gives its title to a chapter devoted not only to his short missionary career and subsequent martyrdom and to the serener fortunes of his relatives in convents beyond the seas, but likewise to the glorious deeds and death of the valiant Margaret Clitherow one of the nobliest martyrs who laid down their lives for the Faith. *The Old Chapel at Mawdesley* introduces us briefly to many relics and to three more Elizabethan martyrs, the Venerable John Rigby of Harrock in Lancashire, the Venerable John Finch and the Venerable George Haydock, a martyr for the perogatives of the successors of St. Peter.

Passing from times of Tudor tyranny to scarcely less cruel days of early Stuart rule, we read the pathetic story of the friendship and martyrdom of the Venerable John Sugar, priest, and his young friend Robert Grissold, layman, who together shed their blood at Warwick for their Lord. Dom Bede Camm's chapter on *Baddesley Clinton* tells their tale, and shows us the ancestral home of the Ferrers family, which has kept the Faith and been its untiring defender. *An Oxford Martyr* was the Venerable George Napier, at whose home at Holywell Manor outside the university town, Mass was celebrated regularly throughout the dark days of persecution. *Washingley Hall* introduces us to the Venerable Robert Price or Apreece who promptly answering to a non-judicial query, "I am Price, the Roman Catholic," was immediately shot dead. *In a Martyr's Footsteps* we read of the road over moss and moor trodden by the Venerable Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J., when he was apprehended and led to death at Lancaster Castle; we come into touch with the faithful shire in which the labors of the martyrs have ever borne abundant fruit; and we come to know the "Holy Hand," a relic to which God has accorded the gift of miracles. *Woodcock Hall and the Martyr's Altar* tells of the birthplace of the Venerable John Woodcock, O.S.F., and of a precious missionary altar, at which he said

his last Mass, and at which the martyrs, Father Campion, S.J., and Father Arrowsmith, S.J., had also offered the Holy Sacrifice. Gruesome though be its title, *The Skull of Wordley Hall* relates the story of one of the bravest and most gracious of the martyrs commemorated by Dom Bede Camm. His gentle brother—Benedictine, Dom Ambrose Barlow, a monk of St. Gregory's, attracts us now as he attracted during his fruitful apostolate in Lancashire the hearts alike of friend and foe until he won the crown of martyrdom at Lancaster Castle.

Three martyrs brought to death by the pretended Popish plot of Titus Oates find a place in Dom Bede Camm's pages. All three were martyred in August, 1679. Father Postgate, at York, on the 7th of the month; Father Wall, O.S.F., at Worcester, and Father Kemble, at Hereford, both of them on the 22nd of the month. Of the Venerable Nicholas Postgate's long missionary labors in North Yorkshire on and around Cleveland Blackamoor, of the touching hymn he composed when in prison awaiting execution, of his death at York, and of the beautiful traditions that lingered round his name, and were preserved in the last century by Father Nicholas Rigby, the fine old priest at Ugthorpe, we have quite a delightful account in the chapter entitled *A Martyr of the Yorkshire Moors*. Pictures that are an artistic treat illustrate the story of *A Franciscan Apostle, His Home and His Flock*, and show us Harvington Hall, Rushock and Purshall and Chaddesley Corbet—all recalling in luxuriant Worcestershire the memory of the Venerable John Wall, O.S.F. who gained the martyr's crown at Redhill just outside Worcester. *Pembridge Castle*, the centre from which for many long years the saintly apostle gained souls to Christ in peace, gives a place-name to the chapter on the Venerable John Kemble, one of the most pathetic and lovable of the martyrs for conscience sake in the seventeenth century, and possibly a future patron of smokers, for he loved his pipe and found solace from his labors in a smoke.

Before ending this brief mention of martyrs with whom and with others, too, we hope our readers will make more intimate acquaintance in Dom Bede Camm's pages, we would draw attention to the last recorded words of these servants of God before they underwent the cruel death by which most of them gained the martyr's crown. Most emphatically do these

words testify that the English martyrs suffered for no treason, for no political cause, but simply and solely for their Faith, for the Old Faith that made England Catholic and gave her her saints, for the Old Faith that though persecuted and oppressed during the long winter time before the coming of the "Second Spring," has never, thanks be to God, died out in the land that was once renowned for its devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to Peter's See, and gloried in the title of the "Dowry of Mary."

Transit gloria mundi:
Fides Catholica manet.

ICHABOD: ICHABOD!

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

In vacant hours by day,
In dreams of the too-brief night,
Breaks my youth's vision bright,
Gilding times' lowering grey
With the old delusive ray,
This then—O rare delight!
Life vaunts its ancient might,
Futile, but brave alway.

Sudden the splendors fade,
As, swift from brain to heart,
God's message of dissent
Flashes; and, undismayed,
I choose the duller part,
With His high will content.

HENRIK IBSEN.

BY EDWARD F. CURRAN.

CONNECTED with the drama of the nineteenth century there has been no name so prominently before the public as that of Henrik Ibsen, whose life though devoid of very special interest seems to have colored his literary work to a large degree. It is better, therefore, to lay the foundation of a review of that work by a rough survey of him as he lived, for the general reader will then be able to understand better some of the dramatist's subjects and theories.

Henrik Ibsen was born on March 20, 1828, in Skien, a seaport town on the southeast coast of Norway. His father was a merchant, at one time possessing ample means, but whose business through sheer recklessness failed in 1836. The family had to leave Skien proper, and retire to a small farm on the outskirts of the town. This turn in family affairs changed the career of Henrik, who was compelled towards the end of his fourteenth year to go out into the world to earn his living. With an embittered mind he became the apprentice of an apothecary in Grimstad, and, though heartily detesting the business, remained at this work until the close of 1849. In spite of his hatred of everything connected with drugs and medicines, he managed for some time to enjoy himself after his own heart, but not without incurring the disapproval and the frowns of the puritanically inclined citizens. It appears that one of Ibsen's gifts at this time was the knack of turning out rhyming lampoons on the staid townsfolk, which were naturally by no means appreciated by the unhappy victims. Although it is evident that he had already given his thoughts to writing, these ventures in rhyme were only his skirmishes in literature. But in 1847 he began to write in earnest, and two years later his first drama in blank verse, *Catilina*, was written under the pseudonym "Brynjolf Bjarme." A newly acquired friend in the person of Ole Schulerud, a law student, took the play to Christiana and

offered it to the managers, but no one would touch it. Schulerud then gave a loan of money to Ibsen, who published the play in 1850. It turned out to be a complete failure, and only thirty copies were sold. By this time Ibsen had taken off the apothecary's apron, and had come to Christiana in the hope of studying medicine, but having failed in his matriculation he abandoned the idea of trying again to enter the University. Straightened circumstances now befell him, and were it not for the kindness of Schulerud he would have found much difficulty in obtaining the merest necessaries of life. Ibsen being freed from immediate danger of starvation by a share of Schulerud's lodging, began at once to build his castles in the air, and towards the end of 1850 a one-act play by him—*The Viking's Grave* was produced at the Christiania Theatre.

On November 6, 1851, he was appointed "Stage-Poet" of the Norwegian National Theatre in Bergin, a post that carried the combined duties of stage-manager and playwright, at a yearly salary of not quite three hundred and forty dollars. Small as it was it could not be refused by one who had no regular income, and whose penwork was bringing in next to nothing. At the expiration of his term of appointment in 1857 he returned to Christiania, where he became Artistic Director of the Norwegian Theatre, a better post since it meant a salary of over six hundred dollars; but on this house failing in 1862 he was thrown out of employment. Meanwhile he had married Susan Thoresen, a member of a literary family, by whom he had one child, Sigurd, born December, 1859. When the Norwegian Theatre became bankrupt Ibsen without any hesitation accepted the position of Aesthetic-Adviser to the Christiania Theatre, which was conducted by Danes and had been in opposition to the Norwegian Theatre, an institution national in all its aims. Here his salary was only about three hundred dollars, and even this sum was uncertain, for if the receipts of the theatre did not reach a required amount Ibsen's salary suffered. The result was that he fell heavily into debt, and finding the greatest difficulty in supporting himself, his wife and child, he appealed to the Norwegian Government for aid before he would be forced to put into effect his resolution to emigrate to Denmark. Life never seemed blacker to him than at this

period. The managers waved his plays aside, and no publisher would look at them. To one of his few friends, Paul Botten-Hansen, he wrote imploringly at the beginning of 1857 to try and get *Lady Inger of Östraat* printed, so that the work could be brought before the eye of the public. "Dear friend," he wrote, "let me count on your help! I give you full liberty to do as you please with *Lady Inger*. Urge a publisher until he gives in."

In 1849 Ibsen wrote a poem appealing strongly to his fellow countrymen to stand by Schleswig and save it from Germany, but there was no response to his views. About this time there was an acute movement among Norwegians for a union between the Scandinavian countries. Ibsen became a violent "Scandinavian" as well as a pronounced hater of everything Prussian. He now dabbled in politics extensively, and came very near seeing the inside of a prison cell in 1851 over a connection he had formed with a newspaper which promulgated extreme views. The aloofness of the Norwegians in the struggle between Prussia and Denmark in the war of 1864, waged for the annexation by the former country of Holstein, Lauenberg, and Schleswig, enraged Ibsen so much that he determined to become a voluntary exile from his native land, and accordingly on April 2, 1864, he started out for Rome. His position by this time had improved slightly, while a brighter future began to appear. An acquaintanceship had sprung up between him and Björnson as early as 1850, though for some reason or other they were mutually distant even during the succeeding years, whilst Björnson was actively helping on the works of Ibsen by sympathetic contributions to the press. It was not until 1859 that there sprang up between them a strong friendship, from which Ibsen derived considerable material help. Indeed it is to Björnson that Ibsen owed much of his future success, as the correspondence of the latter amply demonstrates, for Björnson introduced the works of the struggling poet to Frederick Hegel, a publisher of considerable business ability and of integrity of character. Into Hegel's hands Ibsen threw all his business affairs; a step which he had never any cause to repent, for not alone did Hegel publish all Ibsen's works, but also undertook to invest the proceeds in the best possible way. If Björnson had done nothing else for Ibsen it would have been suffi-

cently difficult for the latter to repay his friend. But Björnson did not stop at this. He worked so hard at collecting subscriptions for the poet's support that when Ibsen at last, by the aid of a grant from the Norwegian Government, reached Rome, Björnson kept the wolf from his door by sending on various checks at intervals. He also obtained by repeated pleadings from the Norwegian Scientific Society in 1865 a small grant to help Ibsen complete *Emperor and Gallilean.* Notwithstanding all this exhibition of disinterestedness miserable politics sundered their friendship in 1867, causing them to be estranged for the succeeding thirteen years.

Away from the stress of political quarreling and party strife, Ibsen for a considerable time did not know what to do with himself in Rome. He found that peace and quiet for which he had so often longed, and he dawdled, though he claimed that he was not losing time. He was most enthusiastic over the old city. "Of Rome it is impossible to write," he told his mother-in-law in a letter, "one may describe it, but one always fails to convey what is best, what is unique about it." In another place he writes, "Rome is beautiful, wonderful, magical. I feel an extraordinary capacity for work, and the strength of a giant-killer." And in December, 1870, he wrote to George Brandes, the Danish literateur, "At last they have taken Rome away from us human beings, and given it to politicians. Where shall we take refuge now? Rome was the one sanctuary in Europe; the one place that enjoyed true liberty—freedom from the political liberty-tyranny. I do not think that I shall visit it again after what has happened." This, however, turned out to be a frail resolution that was broken later on. Ibsen being a born dramatist naturally sought for a subject having some connection with the Christianity which he saw around him on all sides, and soon he became filled with thoughts of a great drama based on the life of Julian the Apostate. Still he did not work on it for some years, but, so far as we can ascertain, kept turning the subject over in his mind. His immediate attention was given to *Brand* which appeared in 1866, and next to *Peer Gynt* which was published in the following year. *Brand* was the first work that attracted the serious attention of the literary world to Ibsen, as it was also the first of his works that brought him in any substantial returns from his publisher.

On the 13th of May, 1868, Ibsen left Rome for Dresden. Why he made the change is not apparent from any of his published letters; when he does make mention of the fact he simply says that such a change will have to be made. To all appearances he had in mind the education of his son. For six years the family dwelt in Dresden, and then early in 1875 he removed to Munich. The work of these years consists in *The League of Youth*, the first of his prose dramas, which appeared in 1869, and *Emperor and Gallilean*, published in 1873. During his three years residence in Munich he wrote *The Pillars of Society*, which turned out to be his first really successful drama, and then, returning to Rome in 1878, he published in the following year *A Doll's House*. To Munich he again came in 1879, remained there a year, and then fled back to Rome once more. A short visit was now paid to Sorrento where he finished *Ghosts*, a play that caused violent controversies in Norway and other places. Until 1885 he was flitting back and forth between the Tyrol and Rome, but towards the end of that year he again settled in Munich where he stayed until July of 1891 when, turning his face towards his native land, he set out for Christiania. Of the five plays which he had published since the appearance of *Ghosts* only two—*The Lady From the Sea*, and *Hedda Gabler*—have acquired any fame. His life in Norway was not unclouded. He worked in his usual leisurely way and wrote four plays in nine years. Among these works many look upon one, *The Master Builder*, as Ibsen's most perfect drama. With the production of *When We Dead Awaken*, 1900, his literary career closed, and for the remaining few years of his life he was troubled with a mental affection with which his bodily strength gradually failed. On May 23, 1906, after a life of seventy-eight years, he died.

He had a peculiar temperament and character, Being of a reserved and retiring disposition he did not make many friends. He rarely spoke in company when others could or were speaking; still, if necessity compelled him to begin, he became a fluent talker. The few persons of literary tastes with whom he did become intimate seem to have been attracted to him by his strange manners, and they certainly left nothing undone to give him every assistance. For a considerable number of years he was constantly in pecuniary difficulties which were

not lessened by his own words and actions. It is easy to understand that having such a reserved disposition and a hasty, hot temper which he allowed to govern his pen at times he was not always smoothing the path to success. Everything seemed to sour him. He not infrequently complained and found fault where he need not, and could rage where there was no immediate necessity. For him clouds were continually hiding the sun, and he had not that brightness of character to remember that these clouds may have had some sunnier linings. Perhaps it was his earlier years of poverty, it may have been his drudgery against his will in the apothecary's shop, but, as likely as not, it was a mere failing of character that urged him to withdraw to himself; to leave mankind severely alone; to despise and wage war on the laws of social life. Whatever may have been the cause, much of his literary work reflected these ideas.

Ibsen's life was singularly uninteresting, and his letters, in which one would instinctively seek for insight into his character, are dull and wanting in literary touch. It is quite possible that owing to his correspondence being published in 1905, the year before his death, some of his friends and admirers may have declined to submit to the unfavorable criticism of Ibsen's antagonists correspondence which departed from the commonplace mediocrity of that published. The only notable thing about the letters that have seen the light is the evidence of Ibsen's abnormal selfishness. For a man like him who owed all his success to the disinterested assistance of friends, it comes with bad grace to say one word against friendship. Some of us poor mortals in the world are all the time craving for a real, true friend; and in a short life if we manage to hold one in the sieve of time out of a number who were previously there, but who have been shaken through as being too small for the mesh of true friendship, we think ourselves lucky, and highly blessed. Ibsen was of an opposite opinion. "Friends," he writes to Brandes, "friends are an expensive luxury; and when a man's whole capital is invested in a calling and a mission in life, he cannot afford to keep them. The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one, out of consideration for them, refrains from doing." The same principle he seemingly applied to his conduct towards his parents. When once he left the farmhouse of his broken-

down father he began gradually to loosen the ties of kinship, and finally in a very short time broke off all communication with father and mother. They were struggling; so was he. But in after years when success came to him it is apparent to the most casual reader that he was indifferent to the circumstances of his parents. The same silence is kept; no letter, no communication, no connection with them. When his mother died we have evidence in his correspondence of how he took the tidings. But a few words, and he passes on to something else. Later on when his father passed away, Ibsen makes a lame apology for not communicating and helping his parents. This is all of no avail to one who can read the lives of other men. The truth is, that Ibsen's selfishness, his grasping after money, his general pettiness of character, and his want of a definite form of religious belief colored his works, directed his life, and guided his pen.

His literary life may be divided into two periods; that in which he figures as a poet, and secondly, that in which he gave all his talent to writing prose dramas. His poetry consists of three plays, three dramatic poems, and a quantity of various kinds of verse. Of the plays *Lady Inger of Östraat* may be passed over without comment, since it contains many great imperfections. *The Vikings of Helgeland* is on a higher plane. In it figures Hiördis the first in his picture gallery of revolting women. The play contains some examples of good work, although there is nothing of special distinction in it from beginning to end. One dramatic situation towards the close is cunningly introduced. Sigurd, the Viking, and Hiördis have made confession to each other of their hidden mutual love in the past. Both are now married and their partners living. The thought of the past fires Hiördis to madness and she determines on killing both Sigurd and herself, so that they may be with each other in the realms of the gods. To put her resolution into effect she shoots him with her bow and arrow.

SIGURD. Well aimed, Hiördis! *(He falls).*

HIÖRDIS *(Jubilant, rushes to him).* Sigurd, my brother, now thou art mine at last!

SIGURD. Now less than ever. Here our ways part; for I am a Christian man.

HIÖRDIS *(Appalled).* Thou? Ha, no, no.

SIGURD. The White God is mine; King Æthelstan taught me to know him; it is to him I go.

HIÖRDIS *(in despair)*. And I—! *(Drops her bow)*. Woe! woe!

Among Scandinavian peoples this work may possibly be retained as an example of the treatment the Sagas of the country received; but to other races the sole interest connected with *The Vikings of Helgeland* is its place in the development of Ibsen's dramatic writings.

Seven years after its appearance came *The Pretenders*, a play containing some powerful scenes, and some very good dramatic conceptions. The weakest portions are those in which the religion of the period—Catholicity of the early thirteenth century—is touched. Here the ears push themselves through the mane. In no place are they so evident as in the scene of Bishop Nicolaus' death. While meant to be a serious description of the Episcopal schemer's last moments, it develops into gross farce. Quotations could not be cited here to prove this, owing to the length into which they would run, and the whole scene of several pages has to be read in order to get a perfect grasp of where Ibsen fails. One original saying, however, one cannot resist from plucking out of the text. Duke Skule, the great Pretender, visits the bishop, who is about to breathe his last, and greets him: "I hear it goes ill with you." Bishop Nicolaus answers: "I am a corpse in the bud, good Duke; this night shall I blossom; to-morrow you may scent my perfume." Throughout the play Ibsen follows closely to history, for the subject is based on the struggle in the thirteenth century between Hakon Hakonsson and Skule Bardason for the throne of Norway. A slight inkling of religious bias develops in the fifth act, but as the situation is not devoid of humor, and is in one respect an echo of Dante, no great objection can be taken to it.

Following this play came two dramatic poems, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*.

Of *Brand* it is difficult to speak in small space. The poem is long and complex, and from a Catholic point of view is full of thought provoking material. Its scene is laid in a small village in Norway, and the plot is to show how Brand, a Lutheran minister, endeavors to regenerate the people according to his own ideas. It is not too much to say that one could

hardly find in the realms of fiction a more minute study of a hard-hearted fanatic than in that of Brand. He is a monomaniac, obsessed with a principle, which when relentlessly applied, brings torture and suffering in its wake. If Brand had been pictured as a Catholic priest by Ibsen, instead of a Lutheran preacher, and some *impedimenta* which he had brought with him through a portion of his life dropped out, the critics of two hemispheres would be holding him up as an example of the monsters given birth by the Papacy. A wife and a few other things change the face of life for a large section of the human race, and now Brand is looked upon as a man with great and noble thoughts for mankind. Perhaps of all Ibsen's works, this one is the most widely read in English-speaking countries. It is so religious! It shows up the heroism and the sanctity of the clergy! Therefore, those pious ladies who maintain missions to the heathen and to the benighted Catholics of Europe, choke with enthusiasm over the conduct of Brand. To us, however, he is a blasphemer, if ever one existed in literature. His gross insults to God are set down plainly. He declares that he scarcely knows whether he is a Christian at all. He is a hypocrite, full of the cant of such folk. He acknowledges in several places that he has been misguided in his spiritual affairs, yet while he holds an idea, nobody dare oppose it. He practically murders his child and his wife, in order to hold fast to one of these delusions. He allows his mother to die without visiting her, or administering to her the consolations of religion, for which she is craving and calling. His language to her when they did meet is of the vilest kind. His cant is, *all or nothing!* And his exposition of it to one of his parishioners, "If you cannot be what you *ought*, then be thoroughly what you *can*," has a touch of the oracular about it. To all appearances it has the look of an effort to hide Ibsen's inability to work out his central idea with satisfaction. But what is the secret of all these inhuman characteristics in one man. We need not guess; we are told by Ibsen himself: "Brand is myself in my best moments," he writes to Peter Hansen, in 1870. In some respects this is true; in others, we should require much compulsion to make us believe it.

In the poem is to be found one of the best pieces of writing ever penned by Ibsen—the agonizing cry of Agnes after

her dead child. She thinks of his presence at the Christmas festivities of the previous year, and yearns for him. Then in her grief she takes out some of his baby clothes and fondles them. Just here the true pathos of the situation is ruined by the strained and theatrical introduction of a wandering, impudent gypsy with a naked child. She, evidently, is made to appear for the mere purpose of forcing Agnes to give away the clothes, which are the only ties that bind her to her child in the grave. Her introduction is awkward, crude, and devoid of any touch that would betoken a master-hand. Ibsen has never approached in any other place the power of this description previous to the entrance of the gypsy. If any woman ever deserved pity and sympathy, it is the wife of Brand. She is weak and vacillating, but she recognizes, as do other persons in the poem, the callousness of Brand. For her faithfulness to his monomania she sinks into an early grave. And shortly after her death her former lover, whom she left for Brand, turns up as a raving, religious maniac. His description of his conversion is rather good: "I am saved. Not a speck cleaves to me. I have been washed in the laundry of faith; every splash of mire has been rubbed off on the wash-board of holiness. I have rinsed out my Adam garment with the aid of the mangle of watchfulness. I am white as a surplice, thanks to the use of the soapsuds of prayer." Madness overrules the poem. Brand is insane, Edjar (the lover just quoted) ends in the same way, and Gerd is a madcap idiot. Undoubtedly, there is great power shown in the poem, but there is also an equally great lack of true artistic spirit.

In *Peer Gynt*, his second and more perfect poem, Ibsen gives us another monster of selfishness as a hero. In this instance, however, he does not construct his work on mere imaginative or subjective ideas alone, but makes use of the folk-lore of his native land, which he varies, by reproducing memories of his own home-life in his early years. In connection with the latter we are amazed, for we cannot understand how any son, with ordinary respect and love for his mother, could caricature her under the guise of Aase, the mother of Peer Gynt. This Ibsen has done, as he has told us; his mother serving as a model, "with necessary exaggerations." Here we have one of those nasty touches which repel anybody possessing honor, from admiring the personal traits of Ibsen.

The poet's pet theory of heredity is aired in this work. Peer is the son of a reckless, drunken father, and inherits many of the failings of a ne'er-do-well. He is a drunkard, a grossly immoral dreamer, who is always thinking of the past glories of his father's household and building castles in the air of the future. His bad character is so well recognized, that when he goes to the marriage feast, described in the first part of the poem, the people turn from him. Yet, in spite of this, Solveig, who had previously never known him, who draws away from him when she learns his name, who is aware of his wickedness, leaves father, and mother, and home, to go up into the hills and live with him when he is ostracized by the villagers, and is compelled to dwell apart from them in the forest.

From thenceforth, the history of Peer changes to other parts of the world. He wanders away, becomes a slave-dealer in America, then in Africa he plays the part of prophet, and is tricked out of a large part of his belongings by a dancing girl with whom he consorted; he ends like a rooster, as he says, by getting well plucked; and, finally, when he becomes old and decrepid, he comes back to his native village in Norway. He is now stark mad, and thinks of nothing else than life. He will not die. In the latter part of the poem his fight with supernatural powers for life is tedious and artificial. On the whole, the poem is uneven. Whilst in some places Ibsen reaches a high plane, in others he turns out nothing but drivel. There is also a semblance of hasty and intermittent energy about its construction; just as if his ideas came spasmodically, and that while they lasted he worked feverishly on them, quite irrespective of their possible bearing on the unity of the work. This fault lessens the power the poem would otherwise most certainly have had.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SAINT CLARE AND HOLY POVERTY.

BY CHARLOTTE BALFOUR.

ON the 12th of last month, the 700th anniversary of the Foundation of the Order of Poor Clares was celebrated throughout the world.

Except to Franciscan scholars St. Clare is very little known. Her fame has been hidden, as her life was hidden, for many centuries. But lately the revival of interest in Franciscan things, both within and without the Church, has brought about a new curiosity to know more about the friend and companion of St. Francis whose counsel he sought and valued so greatly.

The sources from which the story of her life are taken are the Legend of Thomas of Celano; a few passages in the *Fioretti* and the *Speculum Perfectionis*, which supply very illuminating incidents to show the friendship there was between St. Francis and St. Clare; and finally her own writings—these being her rule, her will and four letters written to Blessed Agnes of Bohemia.

Father Paschal Robinson in his recently published *Life of St. Clare* tells us how Thomas of Celano, not being satisfied with the defective accounts he read of St. Clare in her *Acta*, had recourse to the surviving companions of St. Francis and St. Clare to ascertain the facts. "Here," says Father Paschal Robinson, "we may note the temper of the true chronicler, whose chief concern is to record things as they really were." If we regret that we have so few details of St. Clare's life we may rejoice that at least we have that little quite pure and undefiled.

To understand the real Clare, to make friends with her and feel her a familiar companion, we have only to build up her personality for ourselves from the few but very faithful details we have of her life. There is no need to clear away a deposit of rubbish left by the false sentiment of later centuries.

As the founder of the Order of Poor Ladies, or Poor Clares, as they came to be called after her, St. Clare is of

course well known. Most of us look upon the Poor Clares as a mysterious order of women vowed to a life of almost inhuman austerity—austerity only to be spoken of with bated breath. "How can the founder of such an order," we say "be a being comprehensible to the modern world? Her rigor of penance, her standard of asceticism may have been normal in the Middle Ages, but in the light of the more balanced outlook on life of modern days it can seem only morbid and overstrained." Whether this judgment be sound or not it is not our purpose to consider; the fact remains that the Poor Clares still preserve and realize in this "declining age of the veteran world when the light of faith is growing dim," the Christian ideals of the thirteenth century, and that they reflect very faithfully through the seven hundred years since their foundation the spirit and personality of their holy mother; whilst, as for St. Clare herself, not only was she as free from any morbidness as her master, St. Francis, but she was full of true Franciscan joyousness in the midst of suffering and austerity, and was always eminently sane and practical in her relations to all who came within her sphere.

St. Clare was born at Assisi in 1196. She was the daughter of the Count Favorino Scifi, one of the chief nobles of that town. He was a soldier, and like most of the nobles of that day he spent his time fighting the Pope's battles and in skirmishing against the neighboring city of Perugia. From his treatment of St. Clare after her flight from home, we find he was a man of violence. Her mother, Hortolana, was a devout and holy woman.

Thomas of Celano tells us:

> that Clare's childhood was pious and charitable. That* she loved holy prayer so much and felt so often the sweet fragrance thereof, that little by little she attained to the heavenly life, and that because she had no rosary in those early days on which she could make her devotions, she made heaps of little stones and thus paid her devotions to our Lord in orderly manner.
>
> Her hands were so open to the poor that out of the goods

* The English rendering of Celano's Legend quoted here, is from the present writer's translation of a French version of the sixteenth century, *The Life and Legend of the Lady St. Clare*. New York: Longman's, Green & Co.

> which abounded in the house of her father she relieved the sufferings of many folk. Pity and compassion grew in her heart and her thoughts, for the sufferings of the poor grieved her much.
>
> . . . And when holy love began first to weigh on her heart the love of worldly things seemed to her to be despised, and when the Holy Spirit had taught her, worldly love became to her a hard thing, and it did not draw her, but rather wearied her. She wore a hair shirt beneath her robes and thus she showed herself in worldly dress, but within, her heart was clothed with God. Thus she seemed a chamber full of good, sweet-smelling spices although she knew not of it.

Then the Legend goes on to say:

> When she heard of the great fame of St. Francis . . . by the guidance of the Holy Spirit she desired much to hear him preach. It was his preaching in the Cathedral of Assisi, during the Lent of 1212, that inspired St. Clare to follow him into the life of Holy Poverty.

It gives delightful play to the imagination to ponder on the way in which rumor of St. Francis' fame would reach St. Clare in her secluded life at the Castle of Sasso Rosso. Her two young cousins, Rufino and Silvester, were among the first companions of the Poverello. The choice of these two young men of the life of Holy Poverty must have made a profound impression upon the young girl, already so fond of relieving the sufferings of the poor who came to her door. Would she question her cousins on their leader, and would they in return tell St. Francis of the girl who had conceived the impossible idea that she too might follow Holy Poverty?

All must be conjecture, too, on the question of whether St. Francis actually had St. Clare in mind when, (according to St. Clare's own account in her Testament), as he was repairing the ruins of San Damiano he called to him the poor of the neighborhood and cried to them: "Come my brothers and help me in this building, for in a short time there will be here Ladies whose fame and holy life will glorify our Holy Father in all his Holy Church."

Neither do we know any more of the intercourse of the two saints before Clare actually joined the order, than the bare fact that "he went to her and she to him often, and

St. Francis admonished her with lively words to despise the world and the deceitful vanity and dry hope that is in it," and how he showed her that her only happiness lay in allegiance to the Lady Poverty.

She was already eighteen when, on Palm Sunday, 1212, St. Clare stole from her father's house to lay her destiny in the hands of St. Francis. A marriage had been arranged for her two years before, but she had pleaded her youth and distaste for an earthly union. Eighteen was not so young as ages went in those days. And we may take it from the study of her character, as it shows itself later, that Clare's offering of herself was no momentary impulse. It was a mature and deliberate act of consecration. From the point of view of the world and of human respect, her action was intrepid in the extreme. The world was no easy place then for the independent woman. The cloister was an absolute necessity for one who renounced her home life. But no cloister had as yet been provided for St. Clare when she left her father's house. And the life of Holy Poverty, how was that to be led? Did she intend to beg her bread like the Friars? St. Bonaventure relates that St. Francis, to try her, had bidden her disguise herself, and go into the streets of Assisi to beg, and that she had done so for a whole day, unrecognized by her fellow-citizens. It is possible this was their idea at the outset, but that when they experienced the violence of St. Clare's relations at her flight, they reconsidered the situation, and that thus the peculiar construction of the Franciscan family evolved itself.

However this was, we may be sure that Clare knew herself to be strong enough to accomplish whatever St. Francis had prepared for her, stronger to perform that, whatever it might be, than to return to the life of ease and comfort she found so intolerable. An ideal had been set before her. She had seized and made it her own. It was impossible for a nature so single-minded, so strong and so clear-sighted as St. Clare's, to go back upon a single detail of that ideal, or to relinquish one inch of the ground upon which she took her stand.

So she was enclosed in San Damiano, and "in that narrow cloister," says Thomas of Celano, "she lived in great discipline and great austerity for the space of forty years." Her sister, Agnes, who followed Clare very soon, must have been

her first companion, and they, we learn in her Testament, were joined by "a few Sisters whom the Lord had given me shortly after my conversion." Together they formed the first Community of the Second Order of St. Francis. Thus was the joyous adventure of the Franciscan joined to the contemplative intensity of the cloister.

The adventure of the Poor Clares was even more reckless than the Friars', because the latter could at least go to work in the fields to earn enough to keep body and soul together. But the Poor Ladies in their cloistered seclusion were entirely dependent upon what the Brothers, specially appointed to the task, could beg for them. Thus their dependence upon the providence of God—that most essential note of the Franciscan spirit—was absolute. The Franciscan motto, *Deus meus et Omnia*, My God and my All, was carried out in perfect literalness.

The other great orders of the Church observe the three vows which include personal poverty, that freedom of spirit for the individual from material things, which alone makes the contemplative life possible. But the Franciscan ideal of Holy Poverty was more complete than this of individual detachment from possessions. The whole Franciscan family, collectively, were to throw themselves upon the Divine Providence.

As we have said, St. Clare had seized and laid hold of the Franciscan ideal in all its completeness; she had grasped its whole significance, and we shall see how it was she who held its stronghold against all despoilers, and how when even St. Francis wavered, she stood firm upon the rock of Holy Poverty.

The Brothers' duty of begging alms for the Poor Ladies formed a link between the first and second orders that St. Clare valued very much. There was constant coming and going between St. Mary of the Angels and San Damiano. In the *Fioretti* we hear that "St. Francis when he was at Assisi, was wont often to visit St. Clare, giving her holy counsels"; and we all know the famous story of how Clare dined with St. Francis at the Portiuncula, and how the neighbors ran with buckets of water to put out the flames that they thought had enveloped the monastery, because of the brightness that shone round the saints in their holy conversation. All through her life Clare fostered the intercourse between the two communities, and she set great store by the preaching of the

Brothers to her Sisters. Celano gives us an instance of this, which also serves to show her insistence upon the spiritual good of her Sisters before their material welfare. He tells us how "the good Lady St. Clare provided for her daughters the nourishment of the word of God through devout preachers," but that "once it happened that Pope Gregory forbade that any Brother should go into the house of the Ladies without his permission, and for this the good mother, St. Clare, had great grief in her heart, for she saw that she would have less of the nourishment of Holy Scripture. And she sent all the Brothers of the house away to the Minister General, and said "she would have naught to do with the Brothers who begged their bodily bread, since she must lack those who nourished her and her Sisters spiritually with the word of God." But as soon as Pope Gregory heard this news he withdrew that which he had forbidden. This little story is entirely characteristic of St. Clare in her absolute refusal for a moment to lower her ideal, to set the material above the spiritual, and her unhesitating directness in combating what she felt to be harmful to her vocation by throwing all worldly considerations aside.

Now the special function fulfilled by the Poor Ladies, the Second Order of St. Francis, was to be the "Bedeswomen" of the Franciscan family. They were to fulfil the command of our Lord: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest." They were not to pray (as the world so often judges of the contemplatives) in order to find peace in it, to fold their hands in comfort whilst others worked, to secure their own personal salvation in the quiet and seclusion of the cloister. No, theirs was to be a work of co-operation with the activity of the Friars. We see in the Catholic Church the two vocations—the active and the contemplative—strengthening and supporting each other. The contemplative religious is saved from morbidness and self-concentration, by the duty of praying in sympathy with those who are called to active service for God. The workers in the open field are encouraged to uphold a spiritual ideal against the material standard of the world by the example of their contemplative brethren. So, in the Franciscan family we have the same constitution. St. Francis safe-guarded his First Order of Working Friars, by founding his Second Order of

Praying Women. The ideal of both was the same—to follow in utter literalness the life of our Lord on earth in holy destitution and dependence on Divine Providence; but some were to preach and some were to pray, and thus to supply each other naturally with spiritual help.

Now the onlooker, to whom the spirit in which the saints mortified themselves is incomprehensible, looks with horror upon St. Clare's austerities—upon her bed of twigs and her pillow of stone, her knotted cord and hair shirt, her rigid fasts and her grief over the Passion. So these all seem the outcome of a morbid frame of mind. They might be if it were not that we know that such suffering cannot be borne unless the fire of divine grace be so infinitely the greater that the suffering counts for nothing in comparison. St. Clare's work outside her contemplative life, was all directed to the relieving of suffering; her miracles, as recorded by Celano, were nearly all worked to heal the sick. She knew what suffering was, and so was able to relieve it. Yet no one knew better than she that "the sufferings of this world are not to be reckoned with the glory that is to come." To her the suffering and mortification were the negative side of life—the ecstasy of the Spouse of Christ was the reality of life.

There is a little passage in a poem of Blake's, that conveys, in a quaint and homely way, the action and reaction of joy and suffering in the life of voluntary austerity:

> Joy and pain are woven fine,
> A clothing for the soul divine;
> It is right it should be so,
> Man was born for joy and woe;
> And when this we rightly know,
> Safely through the world we go.

Celano, too, expresses this in a profound little paradox. In speaking of St. Clare's austerities, he says: "Thus, O ye who hear it, the sufferings of the heart were assuaged by the pains of the body; thus the love of the heart assuaged the pain of body."

A great deal has been said and written about St. Francis' ideal of Holy Poverty and its relation to modern schemes, socialistic and otherwise for the abolition of destitution and

poverty. It is much too wide a subject to examine here, but we may say emphatically that there *is* no reconciliation between the two attitudes. The Socialist dreams of a heaven on earth when every man shall possess material well-being and ease to set him free from struggle against poverty, to develop powers and intellect for the evolution of the human race—the Universal Brotherhood. St. Francis would have rejected this ideal as meaningless and entirely beside the mark. Utter dependence upon God's Providence was the only state of life which set the spirit free. But the Franciscan ideal was essentially *Holy* Poverty as opposed to *Unholy* Poverty. No one can say that the destitution we have all around us is Holy Poverty. It is unthinkable that St. Francis could have meant that kind of existence to be led by all.

The poverty that St. Clare relieved at her father's door as a girl was probably very much the same sort of thing that comes to our doors nowadays. The misery that St. Francis relieved amongst the lepers was in many respects the same as that of the band of modern outcasts from society, the Casual Warders. But St. Clare's with St. Francis' conception of the situation was not—as it is ours to-day—that the poverty was the disease to be combatted. For then the poverty of the poor was their greatest good, for without any need for voluntary sacrifice on their part they were literally following the precepts of the Gospel. Only their poverty was too often *unholy*—it must be sanctified. St. Francis had laid hold irrevocably upon the idea of Lady Poverty and with the poetry of his nature he had woven his ideal into a romance. We can imagine how St. Clare not only recognized the truth and beauty of his precepts as a vocation for herself, but also their practical bearing upon the poor beggars she relieved at the door of her father's castle. How could she, who only gave out of her abundance, convey to the poor and ignorant the immense advantage they, did they but know it, possessed over her. How, unless she herself was utterly dependent upon the Divine Providence, could she show those in the same condition, how blessed was their state in the eyes of God, who chose to be a Poor Man on earth.

Now St. Clare's defence of the observance of Holy Poverty and the firm stand she made to preserve it for her order, against Pope Gregory IX., was the chief work of her

religious life. Celano's words are a simple relation of the facts. They do not convey any of the persevering and consistent opposition she maintained against the Pope's very natural desire to see the order of the holy nun, for whom he had such admiration and love, established in something like material stability.

> Pope Gregory loved this Clare as a father does his child. And for this he prayed her, with graciousness, to consent to certain possessions, which he himself offered her, against the perilous times that were to come. But her heart was so strong that in no manner would she consent either to take or to have anything. And when the Pope said to her that if she repented of her vow he would absolve her from it, she replied that at no time and on no day did she desire absolution from the poverty of Jesus Christ.

There is no space to go into all the intricacies of St. Clare's differences with the authorities over her rule and the constitution of her order. Cardinal Ugolino, as Legate of Pope Honorius III., had declared that the Poor Ladies were under the rule of St. Benedict, the common rule of monastic communities at that time. But St. Clare refused to be anything but Franciscan; and, when Cistercians were appointed as preachers and directors of the community instead of the Friars, we have seen how Clare refused the material assistance of the Friars if she was not to be guided spiritually by the Franciscan teaching.

The fight for Holy Poverty and the Franciscan ideal was hardly won. The rule of St. Clare was only confirmed on August 9, 1253, two days before St. Clare died, full of peace and joy in the accomplishment of her task.

We have seen how Clare was full of strength and how valiantly she fought her battles. This strength is all the more impressive when we realize the wonderful sweetness of her character. The Legend is full of instances of her melting love and tenderness towards her Sisters: of her fervent and humble admiration of the virtues of others, and of her joyous service in all sorts of menial offices for her daughters.

Celano says:

> She left, through humility, the office of Abbess three years after she was converted, for she loved more to be in

> obedience to another than that others should obey her. . . . . but St. Francis took her back and constrained her that she should govern the Poor Ladies, and of this she had greater fear than joy in her heart.
>
> And she was always found the best apparelled for serving and had the roughest habit, for she loved rather to work herself than to command her Sisters.
>
> She was ever in holy prayer and was melted often in tears, ... and when she left her prayers she came forth from them so joyously and spoke to her Sisters words so flowing that she warmed their hearts with the fire of the love of God. It seemed to them her countenance was more beautiful and bright after her prayer than before.

These passages are quoted at random from the Legend. In St. Clare's four letters to Blessed Agnes of Prague (the Bohemian Princess, who renounced her betrothal to the Emperor Frederick II. to embrace the life of Holy Poverty), we find all her characteristics. She speaks with poetical rhapsody of Holy Poverty. She is always "the worthless handmaid of the servants of Christ. She enjoins the greatest heights of austerity, but makes minute provisions for the modification of this strictness for those Sisters who have not the strength physical or spiritual, to bear so great fasting and mortification. Very characteristic, too, are the words of strong admiration of the greater saint for the lesser.

St. Clare was happy in being a pioneer—not only a reformer. She need teach and lead only by example. The old chroniclers are fond of playing upon her name. Clara—bright, shining. Sometimes she is bright by the divine light that is in her. Again she is a torch held up to lighten the darkness of the world. As a child she shines clearly in the shadows of the world.

Her light has been a hidden one for many generations as far as the world is concerned. But we find it burning as clear as ever amongst her sisters who bear her name. They are the lasting memorial through the years of infidelity and darkness of the Poor Lady who followed Holy Poverty with such perfect faithfulness.

THE COLORS.

BY RUTH QUIGLEY.

CHILDREN of the narrow, noisy street paused in their boisterous play, and bare-headed women sitting on ill-kept stoops suspended their gossip to stare curiously at the little boy. He was, in all essential things, no different from them, except that the grime on his face was tear-marked, his grotesquely tattered blouse was caught together near the shoulder by a gilt pin which held a tiny American flag, and tight in his hand he carried a bunch of withering flowers.

Straight on he walked, between endless rows of houses that were all alike, confused yet hoping, the immediate concern of being lost quieting that greater fear of going back to meet the disaster from which he had run away. The sun beat down upon the unseasonable wool cap that engulfed his head; his stockingless feet, exposed by gaping holes in his shoes, shrank from the blistering heat of the pavement.

This would be a relief—the hard-beaten earth of an open, treeless square at which he finally arrived; and he could sit down to rest on one of the benches. Taking off the heavy wool cap he released his inky curls, which glistened like blue metal in the afternoon sun; his lustrous eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, lost some of their pain in recollection.

Although it was a terrible misfortune not to have found the ocean after having come a great way to look for it, yet it was wonderful to have met the virgin and to have told her of his disappointment. There was much more that Guiseppe might have tried to tell, but he could not find words, even in his own language, to describe the heavy feeling of homesickness that the dismal life in this new land had wrought within him.

Of course it was not so bad at first, and he and his mother and father had been passably comfortable in their

home of two rooms at the top of a very high building. But since the scowling man had become a frequent visitor there, everything was changed. The little boy had formed such a habit of imitating this unpleasant caller that the very thought of him induced a grimace. Why should he not feel hatred? His mother had been made unhappy by these visits and everything had gone wrong.

It was not so when they first came to this country. Then the mother had been at home all day to tell stories and sing to him. She gave him macaroni and milk for his noonday meal, and at night, when his father came home from work, they had hot macaroni, or beans, and sometimes brown, smoking sausages. And the father always laughed, and the mother sang. Then the mother would put on her velvet skirt and her striped over-dress, and they would leave their stuffy, high-up rooms to go down into the cooling street where lights glittered and people elbowed and crowded and laughed, and many spoke the language of Guiseppe and his parents.

But, by and by, the scowling man came to their home more frequently. He talked and talked to Guiseppe's father in a low growl of a voice, too low for the boy and his mother, who kept in the other room, to understand. But sometimes they could hear the man smacking his fists together, and his voice would grow suddenly loud with big, awful words. He would cry out: "aristocrats!" "oppressors!" and then Guiseppe's mother would start and begin to tremble. After the scowling man had gone, Guiseppe's father would not be like himself.

That was bad enough, but when the father began to stay out at night, and remained at home in the daytime to sleep instead of going to his work—then it was much worse. For now the mother went away in her old clothes every morning and came home tired and sad at night; now Guiseppe had nothing to eat but cold coffee and hard bread.

It was when he was alone and hungry that Guiseppe first began to think of finding the ocean and the big, white boat that would take them back to grandmother's. But the first time he had spoken to mother about it, she told him it would be impossible, and after that he had kept his longing to himself. He could not make up his mind to start without mother

and father until last night, when things began suddenly to grow worse with them. The scowling man had come in unusually late to see Guiseppe's father, bringing with him Tony Baffa, their neighbor on the second floor. All three men had talked very low and then, suddenly, very loud. They had spoken many of those words which Guiseppe and his mother had learned to fear. Finally, Guiseppe, peeping from the bedroom, had seen his mother in the dim light of the flickering gas, holding his father by the coat sleeve, and trying to keep him back. The scowling man stood by and looked fiercer than ever, while Tony Baffa coaxed the woman to let her husband go.

Guiseppe's father shook his head and hesitated; he did not want to go; then, under the persuasion of the two men, he yielded, and all three went down stairs together. Guiseppe's mother cried all night. The little boy knew it, though he was thought to be asleep; it was only that he kept his eyes closed.

This was why Guiseppe had decided to wait no longer. He had started that morning just as soon as his mother went to work, and that was very early. It had been a day of bitter disappointment, into which had come a great but transient happiness, for someone had been kind to him. While he had been with her, she had seemed just a little girl, with a soft, round face and a fuzzy nimbus of bright hair under the crinkled edges of the basket thing she wore on her head. But the more he thought of it now, the more the face seemed like his mother's best image of the Virgin that hung near the bedroom door at home. He was almost convinced that she could be no other than the Virgin herself, though she did have such long, slim, pink-stockinged legs and such very short white skirts. If only he could have understood what she said! But her chirping little voice spoke the language of this America. However, she had made Guiseppe sit on the coping beside her to watch the procession go by. Her manner, her gestures, he could not mistake, she was so sweetly imperious. It was a happy but strangely quiet throng of men, women and children, which wound steadily past them, down the broad, white pavement, some carrying flowers, and nearly all wearing the gay, fluttering things like the one pinned to the little girl's frock.

Guiseppe was bewildered, but he did not forget his purpose. As he crouched upon the cool stone in the bright sunlight, he tried to make his companion understand whence and why he had come. At first he had hoped that she might help him to find the ocean. But she seemed only to take it as fun—kindly, to be sure, as though they were playing an interesting game. When he repeated the question in trembling wistfulness, every trace of amusement vanished from the sweet, childish face of his listener. But her words still sounded strange to him, though her voice was compassionate. As if seeking for something to divert him from his trouble, she unfastened from the lace frill of her frock the tiny bit of red, white and blue that had reminded Guiseppe of a summer-fly. It was a dainty, quivering, silken thing on the slenderest gilded stem, and it was held with a pin made of glittering letters.

"See!" cried the virgin, waving it aloft.

Guiseppe understood that much, and looking up to follow her motion, he noticed floating almost directly above him a broad streamer with colors like the bit of silk in the virgin's hand, only a thousand times larger. It rose and fell in the breeze, against the blue of the sky, as though to keep time to the music that was now beginning to pour in from all sides. The crowd closed in around Guiseppe and his companion so that they could not see until they tiptoed upon the coping. Then the virgin became quite tempestuous with enthusiasm, waving her little flag and pointing out the bowed old men in blue coats and glittering badges, who led the procession. Guiseppe was excited, too, though he did not know why; he felt just at that moment, while the music of the band grew louder and louder, and that great streamer of gay stripes waved above him, that he could and would find the ocean.

And to make perfect that moment of elation, the virgin, with impetuous, soft, white fingers, had pinned her gay little summer-fly to the rags of Guiseppe's blouse. Then followed a great calamity. A distressed young woman in white cap and frilled white apron had darted panting and scolding from out the crowd and snatched the virgin away.

So sorrow had come back again to Guiseppe, more suddenly than it had vanished. After a while almost everybody had gone and the boy was left alone with his grief and

his decoration. Here and there on the grass or the pavements lay bright-colored bits of discarded flowers, withering like the hopes in the little boy's bosom. He could not find the ocean. Besides, if he did so, he would not want to go upon the huge, white boat without father and mother. He was now so very much discouraged and so tired that only a desire to show mother what the virgin had given him could have inspired his weary limbs to come this far on his homeward way.

As he thought it over, sitting on the hard bench in the treeless, sun-baked square, he reverently felt of the tiny silken thing against his shoulder, and he wondered if there might not be a charm in the strangely wrought letters of the pin. It might have power to impart the courage he needed to return to that home which had become so comfortless of late. It needed courage, but another force impelled him now; he was very hungry and thirsty and tired, and mother would be glad to see him though she would have no smile.

The sun was almost hidden behind the tall buildings, and Guiseppe, suddenly remembering that he was lost, allowed himself to be borne along by crowds of people going home from work. All at once the street and pavements were blockaded by a close-packed, yelling mob that had collected at a corner. Then, above the voices of excited men and women, there arose sharp commands. Policemen—those tall, uniformed people of authority that Guiseppe feared, were pushing their way through, brandishing red-tasseled clubs. Guiseppe could not understand their angry-sounding words, but some one said in his own tongue that a man had been arrested. The little boy knew well enough what it meant to be dragged away to a dark dungeon by those ogres who—as he and his small companions understood it—had power to kill or eat alive as their fancy dictated. Often in his imagination he had lived through the experience. And now, too much overcome with terror to move by his own volition, he was carried back by the retreating mob, until a hurt to his foot brought him to himself. When he had burrowed his way out and gained a place where he could go limping along, he recognized an old fruit woman at the corner. He was within a few steps of home. Mother would do something for his foot. But presently he became

unconscious of the pain in his foot, for a much greater hurt had been done him; he had lost the bunch of withered pink flowers that he was taking to mother, and—greater even than that—the gift of the virgin hung limp and broken on its gilded stem.

Guiseppe's dread of going home was entirely forgotten, even his fear of the police; he was no longer fleeing from them; he was hurrying home to have mother repair the damage to his treasure. That was his only thought as he reached the entrance to the building where he lived. He clambered laboriously up the five flights of unlighted stairs, guiding himself by his hand along the battered wall. In the midnight blackness of the landing, Guiseppe instinctively found his own door. It was nearly dusk in the small, heated room which he entered, though not yet dark enough for gaslight. When he had left the street the sun still touched the tops of some of the highest buildings.

The little boy's mother, who had just returned from work, looked up with an air of plaintive relief as he came in. She was placing a few dishes and some bread on the oil-cloth-covered table. A pot of coffee was boiling on the little cooking stove. The father, awaiting these preparations, sat on a bench with his bushy, black head supported upon his hands.

The atmosphere of the place was so oppressive that it seemed to close down upon the little boy, bearing his weariness, and his troubles heavily upon him. Even his mother's caress, as she pulled off the hot wool cap from his dripping curls, was hurried and unnatural. But when the father began, with ominous sips, to drink the hot, black coffee, Guiseppe could wait no longer. He drew his mother aside and began to whisper his story. For when father was in that mood they never talked aloud.

With trembling fingers, the mother unfastened the gilt-lettered pin from the ragged blouse. Her eyes were full of questioning wonder. To Guiseppe, himself, as he tried to tell what had happened, it seemed as a vanishing dream: that place where there was soft grass, trees, and shrubs, and open sky above; the white walks, the music, the endless procession of people, who went orderly along and did not shout, and did not need to be driven and shoved by uniformed officers; and

the greatest marvel of all—a real, living virgin, almost like a beautiful little girl, who dispensed gay-colored gifts fastened with golden pins.

All this the mother could not comprehend, but she did understand that he wanted his treasure mended, that it must be made right before he could eat or sleep. It was the flag of this new country she told him, as she held it caressingly in her fingers. It could not be mended without that sticky paste from the store; she had no paste. But the little boy could not accept so material a verdict; he insisted that it was an affair for divine interference. When his mother, yielding to his desire, had pinned it to the coarse lace drapery of a queer little shelf that supported an image of the Virgin Mary, he drew a long, trembling sigh of hope. To be sure, his mother's best virgin was something of a disappointment after his association that day with the creature of pulsating life, whose lips smiled good-fellowship, whose eyes gazed sympathy, and whose soft hands bestowed tangible gifts. There was the real miracle; and Guiseppe almost wondered as he gazed upon the cold features of the little white image, how he could have been led to make the comparison.

But he had not long to think of this, for presently the door of their living-room opened, and without knock or word of greeting, there entered two gigantic figures, their blue coats buttoned tight to their chins across broad shoulders and full chests, and black clubs dangling at their belts. As these visitors advanced, Guiseppe huddled into a corner, and his mother, with a cry, shrank back against him, covering him with her skirts. Guiseppe's father looked up, slowly lowered his coffee-cup to the table, and without a word, looked down again.

Then one of the terrible visitors nodded to the other, who spoke something that sounded like a command. The man sitting at supper neither moved nor looked up. The officer spoke again, in a sharper tone and in Guiseppe's own language. And the little boy knew that the dreaded calamity had come upon them. His father was bidden to go away with these men; he had fallen into the hands of the most terrible rulers of America. Something had happened to displease these insatiable dispensers of destiny. A disturbance had been caused by one of those mysterious weapons that make thunder and

earthquake, and Guiseppe's father was believed to be connected with a conspiracy to destroy the building where he had worked.

It was useless for the man to deny his complicity, protest his innocence. The policemen would not believe his declaration that he had not been out of the house that afternoon. They shook their heads with a grim impatience which made Guiseppe shudder, as he peeped from behind his mother's skirts.

Then the mother, summoning the bravery of desperation, tried to verify her husband's statement. She showed one of the two officers the disarranged bed in the bedroom, where her husband had been asleep when she came home. He could see for himself—the pillow was almost warm. He could see also that her husband's eyes were still red and heavy from sleep, and his curls tumbled. Eloquent in her soft-voiced protestations, Guiseppe's mother seemed to grow in courage, but it was no use. One of those long-armed rulers of America had seized Guiseppe's father by the shoulder and was leading him towards the door. The captive was pale, but firm-kneed; he said not another word. The mother fell to weeping again, and Guiseppe choked back his sobs, because he was too terrified to cry aloud.

But the other officer—the one who had been in the bedroom, paused to make the sign of the cross before the image of the Virgin, which rested on a little shelf by the door. As he did so, he suddenly bent near to examine, in the dim light, the tiny flag that was pinned to the dingy lace drapery of the queer shrine. He felt the bit of silk between his great thumb and forefinger; and meditatively rubbed the gilt letters of the motto which held it there.

"Look here, Harry," he said in a subdued voice, motioning to his companion, who, leading his captive by the arm, crossed the room.

"Here's the flag!" And then, in the hush that followed this announcement, when even the sobs of the woman and the little boy were checked, he repeated slowly, musingly: "Let —us—have—peace."

It was the motto formed by the gilt-lettered pin. Guiseppe remembered the sound of the words that had come that

morning from the virgin's lips, while again and again she had pointed out the queer characters with her tiny forefinger, and coaxed Guiseppe to say them. And with that memory he thrilled once more as at the outpouring of the band and the sight of the great, great flag soaring up into the sunlit blue of the morning sky.

Somehow, help had come and things would no longer be unfriendly. For the two officers were talking together in low voices, and presently they told Guiseppe's father that he might go free, admonishing him in the future to avoid suspicion.

Guiseppe could not understand it all, but he knew that disaster had been averted. The huge men in their tight, blue coats and glittering buttons were gone. In the darkening room, Guiseppe's father stood before the little flag and felt it, wonderingly, reverently, between his thumb and forefinger, as the officer had done. The man was trembling now, very much.

When his wife came to his side, leading their little boy, he put out an arm and enclosed them both.

"To-morrow," he said, in a voice that was husky and low, "I go back to the work."

Guiseppe's mother was crying again, but this time very softly; it was not bitter to hear, for Guiseppe knew that she was no longer sorrowful; the miracle had happened.

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL PLATFORM.

BY F. W. GRAFTON, S.J.

A WRITER in the *Dublin Review* has been laying stress on the necessity of Catholics, putting forward a positive solution of the Social Question. The *crambe repetita* of denouncing Socialism, dissecting its principles, and displaying their unsoundness, taken alone, will be the death of us. Further, Professor Phillimore in a recent address to the Catholic Social Reform Society of Glasgow affirmed—quoting Ferdinand Brunetière—that what we most require at the present day is the repetition and enforcement of commonplaces, by which, I take it, he means that the large fundamental principles on which any sound theory must rest, need more than ever to be reasserted at a period when in practically every branch of human activity the sure way to gain public attention and a following is to propose something new and striking, however ill-founded or even unprincipled it may be. These two undoubted truths shall be the apology for what is little more than an attempt to set forth as clearly and simply as possible the fundamental principles on which a Catholic Social Reform platform must rest.

The social evil, as it exists in almost every land under the sway of western civilization, though in some it has assumed a far more acute form than in others, consists primarily in the uneven distribution of wealth. Riches are in the hands of a few, the many are sunk in poverty, the middle-class, the sound core of national prosperity, is reduced and gradually disappearing. The socialist remedy for this state of affairs implies, as indeed is expressed, too, in most of the utterances of the more blatant socialists against the capitalists, that those who hold the riches of this world have obtained them by immoral means and that their confiscation would be only the just retribution for injustice. Now while we must admit that there is much in modern commercial methods that would require a great deal of casuistry to square them with the ten command-

ments, at the same time we must equally admit that there are rich men, men moreover who have made their money and not inherited it, who are morally irreproachable in their business dealings. There are Catholics on the world's stock exchanges and directors of companies who let their consciences be guided in business matters as well as in private life by the principles which their religion teaches them.

The main cause of the evil lies, therefore, elsewhere. It is to be found in the false doctrines of Liberalism as applied to trade, in the free competition in industry and commerce popularized by the Manchester School, which by the operation of purely economic factors tends to cause a large capital to grow larger and a small capital to dwindle. It must, of course, be admitted that a morally vicious principle such as this, based on a universal law of selfishness, will tend to produce the habit and practice of selfishness in those who conduct their business dealings in accordance with it, and so be the cause of many sins, at least against Christian charity. Yet charity is not justice and it is against justice that most socialists assume that capitalists have sinned. But the selfishness which is the root principle of Liberalism in trade can be rationally supported only on the supposition that worldly wealth is man's highest good and final end, and we have therefore implied in it the doctrine of materialism. We are thus driven back to a false philosophy as the source of the social evil. An unsound economic theory is founded on false ethical principles, themselves the outcome of a fundamental error in metaphysics.

If then we wished to establish our social principles with German *Gründlichkeit* we should have to fall back on philosophical ground. Here however, we can take Catholic ethics and all they imply for granted, and content ourselves with building our thesis upon them. But we must not, make the mistake of imagining that we have to work out a Catholic theory of civil society. Such already exists and what we have to do here is merely to consider its main principles as applied to the social situation of the present day with a view to the erection thereon of a practical Catholic platform to meet present social needs. This consideration is the more necessary since it is first principles that social reformers, especially socialists, are to-day attacking, while at the same time it is, as is usually the case, with first principles that the mass

of the people, whose votes will eventually have to settle the matter, is least acquainted. One might call the Catholic teaching regarding civil society moderate Liberalism. For it concedes to every man the free output of his energies in the acquirement and increase of temporal goods, provided that he does no man an injustice in the process and, at the same time, does not allow anxiety for his temporal welfare to take first place in his thoughts and so invert the natural order which requires his eternal welfare to be his first care. Within these limits free competition in trade would produce no evil or suffering which would not be amply provided for by the due observation of the laws of Christian charity. Such an ideal state of affairs, however, given the existence of original sin, is scarcely to be looked for and, as a matter of fact, it is far from existing at the present day. While, therefore, our primary duty is to strive to produce and to extend over as wide a sphere as possible that wakefulness of conscience which of itself tends to create such a condition of society as has been indicated, there still exists the scarcely less important duty of dealing with the question on purely social and economic grounds. Those who will not do right for conscience sake must be forced by the state to do right when their wrong action threatens the public good.

Now all our social doctrine must start from the one fundamental truth that man is in this world primarily to secure eternal salvation. Civil society was established by God in order that by combining their forces men might more easily attain a becoming measure of material welfare, over-anxiety for which would prove only an obstacle in the pursuit of their final end. In seeking, then, to heal the ills of society we must endeavor to produce such a state of affairs as will enable every man to acquire this moderate measure of material prosperity, and will establish him in it with comparative security. This means that we must aim at securing that as many as possible shall belong to the middle-classes, while few, none if possible, exist in abject poverty; that a proportion of relatively poor will continue to exist is a fact for which we have divine authority. These, however, would form the proper object of Christian charity, which while saving them from abject poverty would not at the same time pauperize them, the inevitable effect of all state and official aid. We may note that the

creation of such a universal average of material prosperity is also the aim of Socialism, with the difference that the socialist would produce this result by constraint, taking from those who have abundance to redistribute to those in want. The Catholic social reformer, on the other hand, seeks to provide for the poor man opportunity to procure for himself a fairly stable competence—though not necessarily equality of opportunity, which is only a modified form of Socialism—leaving the wealthy man in possession of his riches and allowing the state to interfere with and control his use of them only when an accumulation of wealthy men who neglect to use their riches rightly becomes a menace to the common weal. For on the one hand the possession of riches is of itself no sin, and on the other hand it is God's will that there should be in this world, too, some proportion between the material reward of a man's industry and the efforts made to obtain it. Further, economic conditions should be such that a competence once acquired should not in the normal course of things be easily jeopardized, for this would involve over-anxiety for the future for which a man has the right and duty to make provision.

We may note again that all this would theoretically be attained under the economic system of Socialism, though scarcely without much injustice in the despoiling of the rich, while, moreover, it would deprive the mass of men of that opportunity for the putting forth of that continued effort which constitutes the field for the exercise of a multitude of virtues directly furthering their progress on the path to heaven. Yet in this connection it might easily prove necessary that, without entering into any formal alliance with Socialism, Catholics should find themselves supporting, for the freeing of some of the tied-up wealth, measures which while nominally socialistic, and indeed formally so as far as their chief promoters are concerned, yet may be supported on a perfectly justifiable ground. The main precautions for Catholics to take in such a case would be to secure, first, that their motives were not misinterpreted and so scandal caused, and secondly, that the supplies thus set free should not be doled out by a paternal state to the poor, but proposed as the reward of honest and reasonable effort. For we must never forget that an essential element in all sound social legislation must be the inclusion of the moral factor, that a main cause of the

social evil, one that has continually to be combated, arises from the morally blunted conscience produced by the permeation of all classes with materialistic views of life; in a word, that laziness and love of ease and pleasure, constantly on the increase even among the lowest classes, undoubtedly produce no inconsiderable quota of the "out-of-works."

We have implied in the above, a point that scarcely needs laboring, that the Catholic Social Platform not only admits the licitness but also proclaims the necessity of the right to private property. The teaching of Christianity on the matter from the earliest times is easy to follow and to demonstrate; the reasonableness and necessity of such an incentive to the labor which God has willed that the attainment of material welfare should entail, requires only an appeal to common-sense to make it clear. How would the virgin lands of the United States and of Canada have been brought under cultivation if the state had offered only a living wage instead of granting free lots? Or the mineral wealth of California and of Alaska developed had none been allowed to stake out claims? Again, from another point of view, we get this same result by an appeal to the seventh commandment, and a large proportion of the proletariate has not yet lost its belief in the validity of the ten commandments. Indeed, the socialists themselves all admit the necessity of some measure of private property while, on the other hand, we Catholics must, I think, allow that the extent to which the state may monopolize the means of production, distribution and exchange, is limited only by the extent to which this would be economically for the public good, provided, of course, that no injustice was committed in the taking over of the various concerns. If state railways and municipal water supplies are licit, why not state steamships and municipal bakeries? And where, if only it be clearly for the public good, is the process theoretically to stop? I am far from holding that such conditions as would thus be set up could be economically sound, at least as a permanency, but supposing that they became a moral necessity for a time during the process of change, I confess I see no ethical principle to which they would run counter.

A necessary consequence of the maintenance of the principle of private property is that inequality of wealth must continue to be a normal condition of society; an inequality,

we may note, which practically could not be avoided even in a socialistic commonwealth. The very essence of the necessity of private property is that in its quality of capital it should act as a powerful incentive to the effort to increase it. Now it is clear that some, either through good fortune or greater personal industry or ability, will succeed better than others in this effort, and while it is only just that a man should have the right to hold the reward of his own labors, the increase that is merely the result of good fortune should be no object of envy to those who, themselves having a sufficiency of the things of this world, recognize in all the guiding providence of God. It follows further from the fact that there must always be rich and poor—has not Christ himself said "the poor you have always with you," the *poor, not* the penurious and poverty-stricken—that class distinctions will also continue. Different degrees of wealth and diverse types of occupation necessarily imply variety of education, ideas, tastes and degrees of personal comfort, and it is these that are the foundations of class distinctions. They inevitably keep the various classes of men largely apart, and rightly so. The day-laborer would feel quite as completely bored by the constant company of men of university education as the university man would by having to associate normally with the sons of toil. In the Christian society, charity should be broad enough to bridge over these distinctions when necessary, charity founded on the recognition of God's law and of the absolute equality of all men before God.

So far we have considered the restoration of a sufficient measure of material prosperity implicitly to individuals only. But we must not forget that all men have the right, and most men have the desire, while mankind in general may be said to have the duty, of marrying and begetting a family. When once this right has been exercised by the individual, then there lies upon him the obligation of supporting and educating his family, of providing for its material and spiritual welfare. Hence it has always been a prime factor in Catholic teaching that the family must be the central unit of civil society; that the family's interests, therefore, must be the first to be considered by the state, its duties and rights the first to be respected and upheld. This is one of the main points wherein Liberalism, Socialism and the manifold progeny of both all

fail. They are all infected with individualism, the legitimate offspring of that spirit of materialism and selfishness which within the sphere of economics is the natural corrollary of the sixteenth century heresy of private judgment in religious matters.

The efforts of the state in almost every civilized country at the present day to exercise an excessive control in education is the outcome of this mental attitude. The state refuses to recognize that the school is merely an adjunct to parental training, no more than a means to enable the parent to fulfill more easily a duty that, left to himself, he could not adequately cope with. The more the state tends to supplant the parent, the worse for both parent and state. Not free meals and medical inspection in schools, but a state of society which would enable a parent to supply such things himself without undue strain of his resources is what ought to be aimed at. The education of parents to the recognition and fulfillment of such duties is the work of the Church backed, only when necessary, by the state. The state should, in consequence at least, not hinder the Church in this work. That the far graver evils of divorce and race-suicide are also the outcome of this cult of individualism and of forgetfulness of the sacredness and importance of the family is too obvious for it to be necessary to dwell on the fact. We have only to note in conclusion here, that what has been said above as to the securing of a stable competency for the large majority of citizens must, in keeping with what has been set forth in the present paragraph, be understood not of individuals alone but of the family.

It is a point that Mr. Belloc is fond of making, that the condition of highly-divided capital is the ideal condition for a civil society. This is a conclusion which follows naturally from the fundamental Catholic principles that have been enunciated above. Holding, as we must, the absolute necessity of private property, and keeping in view the main goal to be aimed at, namely, the securing of a stable competency for every family, a modicum of property in the hands of everyone is the best means of establishing the stability of income that is required. Moreover, if this capital be in the form of land, the stability is secured in the best manner possible. For bad seasons, weak markets, and all other drawbacks to farming

being taken into account, yet year in, year out, no other form of capital can be counted on, to give so secure and unvarying a yield, while when neglected as productive capital the land recuperates of itself. This is the teaching of nature as well as of history. Happy then the lands, such as Ireland, where such a solution seems possible.

But we cannot establish a Utopia by writing down its constitution in black and white, and it is in countries that may be said to have definitely ceased to be agricultural and have become industrial and commercial, that the crying social evil of the present day exists in its most dire and acute form. It is to the solution of the problem in such lands, then, that our principles need to be applied, and it is precisely here that we have no history to guide us. The state of affairs is entirely novel, while its factors are so manifold, wide-reaching and complex, that a complete and prompt solution, taking them all into account, is practically an impossibility. We must feel our way. Still we have this much to the good, that for Catholic social reformers at any rate, principles have not to be investigated and established, but already exist. It is the application of the principles to modern conditions that calls for our united efforts, together with the propagation of the principles as widely as possible, and that not merely amongst Catholics. But to capture popular opinion principles must be propagated in the concrete, that is, there is little hope of their spreading unless put before the public in the form in which they are applied to, and offer a solution for present social evils. We are thus again thrown back upon our previous difficulty.

The problem, then, has to be solved primarily for industrial conditions, and by the method of highly-divided capital. How is this to be done? Speaking tentatively, it would seem that since practically all industrial concerns of the present day inevitably require large capital and co-operation, and since, consequently, an individual workman cannot be owner of a portion of such a concern with complete individual control, as in the days when nearly all manufacture was handicraft, the natural solution is that each should hold shares in the business with which he is connected and for which he works. I do not mean that all industrial and commercial undertakings should be compulsorily converted into co-operative societies under the management of a democracy of the employees. Experi-

ments in this direction have already proved failures, and it is a solution partially on socialistic principles, the refusal to the master of that right to private property which we are seeking to acquire for the man. There should be freedom and scope for private enterprise as at present, for that is the only sure basis for securing the live, personal interest that the control of a large concern demands, while every employee should receive a proportion of shares in the undertaking, to be paid for by installments deducted from a living wage. Every increase of salary should partially take the form of an increase in the shares held and consequently be accompanied by an increased interest in the business. On dismissal for any reason, the shares should be compulsorily bought back by the employers at current market rate, and the lump sum thus secured would assist the workman to tide over the period of unemployment, almost inevitably occurring, before he could find other occupation. Some arrangement of this sort should prove the key to the solution of the problem for factory and commercial employees. For the case of the casual unskilled laborer the difficulty is greater and would call for a discussion beyond the scope of the present article. The solution would, however, follow the same lines.

It is worth while noting that experiments have been made, and are being made in this direction, and further, that the abandonment of a recent one in the North of England—there have occurred similar cases in the United States and on the continent of Europe, too—took place, not on account of any discontent of the workmen with the arrangement, but at the bidding of the leaders of the Trade Unions, who declared that it was undermining the influence of those unions. The socialistic leanings—this is in many cases a far too mild expression—of the leaders of Trade Unionism in England at the present time are well-known, and their very opposition seems to give some ground for believing that the true anti-socialistic solution had been found. At all events it is in some such direction as this that efforts at improvement must proceed. All other legislation is either socialistic or merely palliative, or both at once. Liberalism as an economic doctrine has had its day, and no modern legislation is really inspired by it. Socialistic legislation, as we have seen, is founded on false principles, and legislation that is merely palliative is unsound, for

it does not mean the securing to men of their just rights, but simply the dispensing of charity by the state; and the dispensation of charity is not a function of the state.

In conclusion, let it be observed, that what has been said in the foregoing paragraph, is not proposed as a ready-made solution of the social question and as a panacea for modern social evils. It is merely an indication of the direction in which the Catholic principles above enunciated, seem to point. It is for men of wider practical experience and fuller knowledge to work out the solution. But this they cannot do with success, unless the principles by which they are guided, are put well and constantly before the public and made to win acceptance. It is as a small contribution to this very necessary form of advertisement that the present article is intended. We have all to keep before our own eyes and before the eyes of others the main principles I have here briefly sketched of the necessity of private property, the central character of the family in civil society, and the goal at which we have to aim of securing a stable competency for every family, while recognizing that inequality of worldly possessions and class distinctions must and will continue to exist.

If this be done, then, even though we may differ, as we probably shall, as to the means to secure the end in a question so complex and obscure, yet we shall always have the common ground of principle to fall back upon, a ground whereon those who have sought to follow a mistaken road can with honor retract and admit their error. I have purposely refrained from illustrating my remarks with examples, as I have had in view no more than an exposure of principles, and illustration to be effective would have almost unavoidably encroached too closely on political ground. For all, however, who are moderately well-acquainted with the character of modern social conditions and legislation, illustrations will not fail to suggest themselves. Finally, let it be remarked once more, that even the best of economic and social reforms will prove vain unless attended by that moral reform, primarily the appointed work of the Church, which will teach the employer to recognize his grave obligations of justice and charity towards his employees, and the latter to be mindful of their duty of giving honest, earnest labor in return for a fair wage.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BUSH.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

Hear the spaces—hear them calling;
Swift the sands of time are falling—
To the god Procrastination bend ye low on creaking knee;
Turn, O, People! turn your faces
To the waiting, empty spaces—
While ye bow at Folly's altar, time is weaving tragedy!
Ere the alien from the nor'ward
Steers his strong Armada shoreward—
Ere your fate be sealed forever, vow and effort consecrate.
Fate is calling; can't ye hear her?
Days of dread are drawing nearer—
Still the Continent is waiting with its broken Northern Gate!

—*Grant Hervey.*

HE was a jackaroo, and he came from down South. And the fact of his being a jackaroo and not a pleader at the bar, affords but another instance of the futility of making plans.

For, according to the parental decree, Dick Harrington's career was irrevocably fixed. He was to follow in his father's steps. His future claim—to borrow a digger's expression—was already pegged out, and a legal practice assured. And yet—if Dick Harrington had been free to choose—However, he was not free to choose. The only alternative given him was medicine or the bar. So he chose the latter; at the age of nineteen he found himself a student at the State University. And as there was no help for it, he made the best of it. He read and he attended lectures, and, on the whole, he allowed himself less distraction than most of the men of his year, but it was of no use. His efforts at concentration were at first undermined and finally overthrown by a power outside himself.

The Open Spaces were calling; the Spirit of the Land cried out to him; and the voice was like no other voice—so wild, so sweet—it filled his heart with new life and longing. It seemed to awaken in his soul some elemental chord of unknown music, the beauty of which stirred the very fibre of his being. And, like the mariners of old who lent

an ear to the song of the syren and were hurried to their doom, so Dick Harrington rose up to seek out that place where lurked the Spirit of the Bush. Thus, guided by the voice which was borne in to him from beyond, he followed the track that led away from human habitations, leaving behind the paths that were smooth with the passing of feet, and on, on, into the gray silence that guards the Lone Land, which is, as yet, the kingdom of the few.

To be a jackaroo on a big cattle run may mean much or little, according to the individual. But with the possible exception of "the new chum," fresh from the mother-country, whose soul is still bound by the trammels of conventionality, no man out back will shirk any duties by reason of their uncongeniality.

Therefore, while Dick Harrington was treated as a guest at the little homestead that lay behind the low ridge of scrub, he did the work of an ordinary station hand during those first twelve months of his new life. And though he received nothing for his services—a jackaroo having no marketable value—he gained much useful information, besides which;

'Twas merry in the glowing morn among the gleaming grass
To wander as we wandered many a mile
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods when we spied the station roofs
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard
With a running fire of stockwhips, and a fiery run of hoofs,
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

It was soon after his arrival at Muingara that he was sent off to inspect some fencing far out on the run. The sun was just peering over the edge of the plain when he set out. Before him and around lay an endless stretch of scrub land, while away off to the left a line of willows marked the bed of the river. Then, leaving the river in the far distance, he headed off to the northeast, steering an open course, until finally he hit the boundary fence.

So far it seemed easy enough, and, his inspection finished, he started for home. But instead of leaving the bridle on the mare's neck, and letting her find her way back, he took the management into his own hands. The result was what might have been expected; at 5:30 P. M. he found himself at the exact spot where he had camped at noon. For there was the same old stump with the clematis climbing round its base, and higher up the solitary charred limb where the lightning had struck it.

Getting "bushed" is not an uncommon experience. It may even happen to an old hand. Nor is this to be wondered at, in view of the size of the runs. In New South Wales stations average about fifty thousand acres, but further north the land is reckoned in square miles. As the solitary horseman let his eyes rest on those vast spaces, he began to doubt the convenience of the latter method—north, south, east, west—it looked much the same to him. There was no landmark; no point of rest; nothing to stop him anywhere save the encircling horizon.

As luck would have it he had lost his compass, and there he was adrift in the open, like a rudderless ship at sea. And yet, he had seemed all the while to be heading straight for the homestead. True, he had not paid much heed to the sun —beyond deprecating the strength of it. And now the sun, like a fiery ball, had dropped behind the skyline, and the shadows were quickly gathering in.

There was no moon that night, and as yet he hardly knew the value of the stars. Added to this, his horse had gone lame, so there was nothing for it but to camp out and wait for the daylight.

Accordingly, he stirred up the embers of his mid-day fire, and having hobbled his horse, he lay down by the side of the fire, with the saddle under his head. Of his day's rations nothing remained—not even a modicum of tea; and as he put down the "billy," it sounded so empty and desolate, as to give him an additional reminder of his unslaked thirst. However, the fire was company, and—he had his pipe.

Now that he had time to think of it, he felt dead beat; but the warm, dry ground was pleasant to lie upon, and close by he could hear his horse feeding on the dried-up grass.

Overhead was black darkness; and, penetrating all, a great

silence. But as he lay there and listened, the silence seemed gradually to unfold, until from out of its heart trooped a thousand sounds, which, blent together, produce those wonderful harmonies that make up the soft music of the wild. And, whereas but a short while before the great world of the Northwest lay out like a dead thing, now it seemed peopled with life and movement. Perhaps it is the soft passing of a gray kangaroo—he can hear the smooth swish of its tail over the dry grass; or, again, it is an emu going down to a water hole somewhere beyond. Now a mopoke utters its eerie cry; or again the stillness is broken by the weird, unearthly laughter of a jackass, as it sits up aloft in the solitary gumtree. And Dick Harrington, lying beside the charred stump, with his head pillowed on his saddle, hears it all, and his heart is glad. For the solitude speaks to him of the hidden joys that are bound up in the heart of the wilderness, and he hears, as in a dream, the low, sweet music that belongs to the open spaces: the voice of the unborn creek; the pulse of the laboring earth; and in that hour the veil of the future seems to be lifted, and before the eyes of his mind passes the wondrous vision of things to be.

These are but some of the dream-whispers that come to him in the loneliness—whispers, which they only hear whose ear is attuned to the harmonies of the wild, and whose hope lies deep in the silent land which, even now, is big with promise.

New Books.

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE GOSPEL. By Léon Garriguet. London: The Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

This book had been translated by Miss E. Willson and published by the English Catholic Truth Society in order that correct views on the social import of the Gospel may be known by those who are engaged in social work. The author is a canon of both the Avignon and La Rochelle chapters, and is rector of the seminary of the latter place. He is the author of several works on the social problem, all of which have attained considerable success.

The present volume is divided into six long chapters with prominent subdivisions, which in turn are broken up into sections with italicized headings, after the manner of epitomes of what is to be dealt with. The opening pages are devoted to a statement of the object of the book. A chapter is next devoted to the opinions of the three great schools of thought on social questions.—(a) that Christ's Teaching was first and foremost reformatory and social, (b) That His Teaching was purely religious without a tinge of anything connected with social questions, (c) lastly, an intermediate opinion that Christ taught principles both religious and social, containing all that was necessary for the perfect organization of social life. The remaining chapters are on the social aspect of the Gospel; what is not found in the teaching of the Gospel; a proof of the Gospel's social value; and the Gospel teaching on the goods of this world.

It is pointed out that the new school of Catholic economists, although encouraged by the Pope and the bishops, has aroused considerable opposition and mistrust among some Catholics. Much of the opposition comes from the false theory spread abroad that religion is a purely private matter and should not be introduced into public life. On account of this "the world has escaped us, and present-day society has been profoundly secularized." Enemies of the Catholic social movement come from within and from without. From within, the hampering arises because of the shallow criticisms and party-divisions of those Catholics who seem to be too small-minded and prejudiced to admit the probability of good in-

tentions among any persons who differ from them on the question as to the connection of morality with live social problems. A letter of Archbishop Ireland, which was published in the *Univers* of September 21, 1899, is quoted on this point.

For social workers the book will be of great assistance, in as much as it brings prominently to the fore the Biblical texts which show the connection of Christ's Teaching with the social problem, and it will be noted how schools as divergent as the poles can see in His words a support and foundation for their theories. To make these important texts easy of access we should like to see a good index. The want of one in this edition will deter many a student from using the book as frequently as he otherwise might.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN AND OF GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

The first part of this book treats of the training of girls under twelve years of age; the second of girls in their teens. In treatment neither part is exhaustive. Special emphasis is laid on the kind of atmosphere in which girls should be brought up. The aim of this treatise is to inspire mothers to cultivate high ideals on their own part. "The ideal mother is the queen of the home. She looks upon that sacred centre as her supreme sphere, her ideal realm, where love is her throne, duty her watchword and her attendant ministers purity and truth."

The author urges mothers to train their daughters from the beginning in the twelve good habits which she enumerates. "The mother who trains her child well in *one single virtue*, trains her practically in all, since every virtue calls for the exercise of will power, now in one direction, now in another."

The question of punishment receives attention "for hysterical, cowardly, idle, disobedient, passionate and cruel children, corporal punishment, administered with *promptness*, *moderation* and *justice*, is an invaluable deterrent." After the age of ten, the author thinks, no girl ought to need corporal punishment.

The second part of the book will be of valuable assistance to those who have the guidance of girls in their teens.

INDIVIDUALISM: FOUR LECTURES ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS FOR SOCIAL RELATIONS. By Warner Fite, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80.

To have read Professor Fite's book without impatience, will be something of an achievement for lovers of precise analysis and moderate statement. The author, in his preface, avers that "no one has appropriated any special brand of individualism, nor made quite the same use of the conception of consciousness." To us the book is singularly barren of ideas, which invite appropriation. Its main theses are: 1. That the individual as a conscious agent is the original source and measure of all value; 2. That in a community of conscious beings, the personal interests of the several individuals are essentially harmonious, so far as the individuals are conscious. "The philosophy of these lectures is a philosophy of self-assertion" (p. 182). Much of it can be made reasonable only by being explained away. Note this: "Some of those most conspicuous for the unscrupulous acquisition of wealth, have shown a high intelligence in their disposition of it. Shall we not say that after the fact, at least, they have so far justified their right?" (p. 264) And this: "Tell them, then, that this union (marriage) is forbidden by nature, except at the price of children; they will undertake to determine this, if possible, precisely as they themselves see fit. In this they will simply be true to themselves as self-conscious and responsible agents. To one who knows what he is doing and is capable of choosing what he will do, it is irrelevant to proclaim nature's law. For him the law of nature conveys no obligation" (p. 92).

The author calls his system "rational egoism." Egoism it certainly is. He has written an Introductory Study to Ethics, and he teaches in the Indiana University.

THE DAWN OF MODERN ENGLAND: A HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. By Carlos B. Lumsden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00.

Histories of England are increasing rapidly. Here is another, but it is of that kind that will have plenty of room made for it. The period treated of begins with 1509, the accession of Henry VIII. and continues down to 1625, the year memorable for the victory of Pavia, the defeat and cap-

ture of Francis I., and the sudden and great change in the power of Charles V. in Europe. During this period Henry VIII. had gained through the diplomatic gifts of Wolsey a high position for England among the nations. The English had suffered an ignominious disaster at Guienne; in court circles Henry, Wolsey, and the English nobles were held in contempt on the Continent; they had already been considered deficient in culture; the Guienne affair brought down the contempt of a nation of fighters like the French. Taken all round the Englishman was regarded as being little better than a barbarian. This had to be changed. Henry VIII. made up his stubborn mind that it was to be so on the field of battle at least, and Wolsey directed the astuteness of his mind to retrieving the fortunes of the nation in more ways than one. By a piece of diplomatic trickery a Treaty was made with Charles, and before the ink was well dry Henry descended upon France and there wiped out the military disgrace of his realms. To remove the stigma of being rude and uncultured, an ocean of money was spent in the empty, useless show of the field of the cloth of gold. As accustomed as the French were to pageantry, the gorgeousness of this display amazed them, and raised the status of the English in their eyes.

All this time the histories of the Continent and of England were bound together closely both by the aims of the monarchs and the interests and diplomacy of the Pope. But a change was coming over the nations, and there was no Julius II. to show the strength of a man. The discovery of America with the vast treasures coming from it, had effects upon commerce. The reign of the financial magnate was just about to begin, and the vogue of communal interests, so much fostered by the Catholic Church, was on the wane. This change was in reality the secret of success of Luther's revolt. His cry of justification by Faith alone, was precisely what the nobles and middle-classes wanted. Rather, we should say that the negation of the necessity of good works as a means of salvation, was the prime and important question. With the people, the Reformation, instead of being a theological question, was a financial one. The many great and ever-growing charities to which all had been contributing, became irksome, when the new desire to become rich had seized upon men. The period of individualism and independence was commencing. And, then, the

nobles, in their endeavor to seize more power, cast covetous eyes on the immense possessions of the Church. The cry of revolt raised by the proud, pretentious monk of Wittenberg, came most opportunely to those grasping, cruel, and tyrannous men.

The author leads us all through the wars, intrigues, and successes of England during those sixteen years which seriously affected subsequent history. His treatment of Wolsey's career is impartial and careful. In spite of the defects of character, one cannot help admiring the great Cardinal, who leaping by huge bounds from obscurity, came to hold at last the government of the realms in his hands, and who, not satisfied with all this power, was scheming to occupy the Chair of St. Peter, but was balked in his ambition by the Emperor. Then, there was Katherine of Aragon, the despised of the courtiers, both on account of her want of beauty, and her reserved, quiet manners. She was the very opposite of Henry, who lived a life of continual gaiety with an absorbing passion for gambling, which was soon to be a means of bringing disaster to the Church.

We are promised a continuation of the history in forthcoming volumes. Such will be welcome to every Catholic who wishes to get a thorough grasp of what the Reformation meant and its outcome. Historians are uplifting the veil that has covered that movement for the past three hundred years. Mr. Lumsden is to be congratulated on his share in this work of teaching the truth by impartial history. In addition to having the history of the period at his fingers' ends he expounds the teaching of the Church in a capable manner. And the method he adopts in the construction of history is admirable both for its clearness and its coherence.

A good Index and a large Bibliography, make the volume valuable for reference. Besides the errata pointed out by the author; another may be found towards the bottom of page 221, where two words have changed places.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. Charles Hole, B.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1 25.

Some one has said that the majority of Anglicans are devoid of a sense of humor. The present reviewer appreciated

that remark when he read the first words of the Dean of Canterbury's preface to the Rev. Charles Hole's historical manual: "The History of the Church of England in the following pages will be found, *it is hoped*, to present that history with a thoroughness and impartiality which has too often been absent from similar volumes." The History is neither thorough nor impartial. We might excuse the first fault, as it is impossible to treat the history of Christianity in any one country with any degree of thoroughness. But to call a book impartial, which within the first four pages states that the British Church "did not own the Pope's authority," and calmly claims St. Patrick as a Protestant, fairly takes one's breath away.

The author's aim in the pre-Reformation period is to show how utterly Protestant were the kings, prelates, and people, under the Saxons, Normans, or Plantagenets. Every quarrel over temporalities is interpreted as a denial of the Pope's spiritual supremacy; every clear evidence of papal power, like the sending of the pall to the English archbishops, the dividing of dioceses, the sending of legates, etc., are merely proofs of papal aggression; the loyal religious orders, like the Benedictines, are secret emissaries of the Italian mission.

The attitude of some sturdy "Romanists" is rather hard to explain. Wilfrid, in Saxon times, is styled "the first Ultramontanist," and without the shadow of proof is accused of "misinterpreting the language of the Pope's letters to overawe the Northumbrians" (p. 25). In the Norman period "Anselm was bent on subjecting the Church of England to the Papacy; but the Church showed no inclination to follow him" (p. 60). Lanfranc was an out-and-out Protestant, for he claimed for the Church of England an entire independence of Rome. We are not a bit surprised to find St. Thomas Aquinas condemned "for undertaking to defend the current Roman belief in every particular" (p. 92), but it was news to us that the Scotists "went perilously near Socinianism, sacrificing God's justice to his omnipotence" (p. 93).

Of course, the rebel Wyclif is praised for "asserting English independence of Rome, and for endeavoring to expel from England the corruptions of Rome" (p. 99); the words of Magna Charta, "the Church of England shall be free," are interpreted contrary to the context (p. 108); the statutes of *Provisors* and *Praemuneri* are quoted to show "that Parliament

had not submitted to the Papacy, whatever the clergy may have done" (p. 112).

The treatment of the Reformation is the least thorough and the least impartial portion of the book. As an antidote to the poison, we would recommend the scholarly treatment of Mr. Gairdner, in his *A History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century*. It would be impossible to enumerate the scores of false statements that disfigure this so-called history. We are surfeited with a list of Protestant martyrs under Henry VIII. and Mary; "Martyrs who overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, suffering a martyrdom through which the Reformation cause at last proved triumphant (pp, 170, 215); we are informed of the "sound and honorable" conduct of the *disinterested* Cranmer" (p. 164); we are treated to an illuminating instance of English logic in the futile attempt of our author to grasp the distinction between divine and ecclesiastical law in the matter of dispensations (p. 132); we are satisfied regarding the utterly Erastian and Protestant character of the English establishment with its denial of the Mass, priesthood, papacy, etc. (pp. 137, 141, 191, 195, 227, etc.).

The author does not show the slightest grasp of the Catholic doctrines or practices he is constantly mentioning in the most insulting terms. Relics are "inventions of monks," shrines foster "wealth-producing adoration," the miracles wrought at them are "fraudulent," the principle acted on is "that the end justifies the means." The supremacy of the Pope is always styled "the Papal aggression" and "the Papal usurpation," and the bishops or priests, whose loyalty to Rome cannot be questioned, are merely "subservient vassals of the Italian mission" (pp. 37, 67, 81, 113, etc.). Catholic scholars, like Baronius, are, of course, "destitute of the needful learning and critical skill" (p. 279), while the notoriously dishonest Foxe, justly stigmatized by fair-minded Protestants, like Gairdner (*A History of the English Church*, pp. 38, 56, etc.), for misrepresentation and dishonesty, is whitewashed as a great historian of the Protestant martyrs (pp. 246–8).

The book is unworthy of a University man, for it is utterly lacking in the one great characteristic of the true scholar—intellectual honesty. It is inaccurate, trivial, insulting, and would be denounced by many members of his own communion as a most prejudiced and partisan perversion of history.

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. By Robert Lynd. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.

Home Life in Ireland, by Robert Lynd, author of *Irish and English Portraits and Impressions*, is a book which will interest many readers. It is a careful, capable study, in a style at once pleasant and thoughtful. Mr. Lynd is a Presbyterian, but although he frequently misunderstands the Catholic point of view, and misinterprets the motives of the Catholic priesthood, yet on the whole he has laid aside the prejudice natural to his religion, and writes in a spirit of sincere tolerance and fairness.

The chapter dealing with the Irish school systems is most interesting. Mr. Lynd condemns the National Schools and almost all the primary schools in Ireland, except some of those belonging to the Christian Brothers for ignoring the national factor in education, for not teaching the language and history of Ireland. A change in the right direction has been begun, however, he says, and he describes with warm praise a new Catholic school for boys, St. Enda's, which was opened last year in Dublin as an institution intended to be as Irish as Eton or the City of London School is English.

Very interesting, too, is the account of the proselytizing tendency of the Irish Protestants, who were even clever enough to have missionaries trained to speak the Irish language so as to seize more intimately the inner spirit of the people.

> On the whole it must be admitted [writes Mr. Lynd], that the Irish Catholic accepts the Protestant missionary with great tolerance. There has been trouble in the streets of Cork, and I believe, in the streets of Galway, owing to the presence of missionaries preaching militant Protestantism in the public places in each city. But the Catholics as a whole take these attacks on their faith calmly, much more calmly than would Irish Protestants take similar attacks on Protestantism. The Catholic, indeed, may pray in his churches for the conversion of his non-Catholic fellow-Christians, but I do not believe there is anybody freer from the proselytizing spirit than the ordinary Irish Catholic—even the ordinary Irish Catholic priest. A score of exceptions do not disprove my contention. Irish Catholics nearly always give a fine example in respecting the religion of their neighbors. A Protestant rowdy does not

object to flinging a stone at a chapel window, but a Catholic rowdy will think twice, or oftener, before he will do any damage to a Protestant Church.

Politics are not dealt with at great length; there is one chapter on Sinn Féin, which the author calls "the new note in politics," and in which he is evidently a firm believer.

Catholic readers will doubtless resent many things in Mr. Lynd's book, notably his criticism of the clerical control of schools, his condemnation of Cardinal Logue's act in suppressing the paper called *The Irish Peasant*, and his quite unaccountable omission of Canon Sheehan's work from the review of contemporary Irish literature. They will not fail, however, to appreciate his sincerity and his comparative freedom from prejudice. The volume includes some fine illustrations from photographs.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC. By H. H. Britan, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35.

This book is an attempt to get at the meaning, aim, power and influence of music. The author states first in general terms those outlines of musical knowledge which may be obtained in any of the numerous handbooks of musical theorists. He divides his work into three parts: An Introduction, which treats of musical form, scales, and analysis; A Psychological Analysis of Music, where considerable space is given to a consideration of rhythm, melody and harmony; and The Philosophy of Music, under which heading are grouped chapters on the universality, versatility, power and content of music, together with a chapter on musical criticism and the value of music in education.

The title of the book is somewhat grandiose, and arouses too great expectations. We feel that a false foundation has been built upon in several places, and bizarre standards have been adopted. Still, we cannot quarrel with this as the author has a perfect right to his opinions, which he gives without being dogmatic. Out of all the chapters, the last one, on the educational value of music, appeals to us as being the best. But throughout the book it strikes us as strange that no consideration of the folk-music of various peoples—which contain such wonderful examples of perfection in melodic form—should

be given. We should like to take exception to the statement on page 133 regarding the power to compose a melody. At best, the statement as it stands is but a half-truth and very misleading to any musician who is not thoroughly acquainted with that branch of music in which melody is studied fully—national music. Otherwise, we have nothing to criticize in the volume, and desire to recommend it to those interested in the development of music.

MY LIFE. Authorized translation from the German. By Richard Wagner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 Vols. $8 50.

In Wagner's own short preface to this book he explains its origin and purpose, as follows:

> The contents of these volumes have been written down directly from my dictation, by my friend and wife, who wished me to tell her the story of my life. It was the desire of both of us that the details . . . should be made accessible to our family and to our sincere and trusted friends. . . . As the value of this autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which is . . . its only justification, therefore, my statements had to be accompanied by precise names and dates; hence, there could be no question of its publication until some time after my death; . . . and on that point I intend leaving directions in my will.

Wagner's admirers and all who are interested in the work and personality of this extraordinary man, may be congratulated on the conditions which have allowed Frau Wagner to give to the public these lively memories of his toils, hardships, courageous struggles, and final artistic triumph; for we are now able to assume that sympathetic point of view—the artist's own—which, always necessary in estimating any man of genius, is doubly demanded in the case of one whose scope and originality, peculiarities of temperament, and intense individuality, have made it nearly impossible that he should be understood by the many. Indeed it is unlikely that in some ways, even with the most sympathetic efforts to accept his own explanations, his character will rouse such admiration and affection as that of Liszt, for example; yet the story of "one who dares" (the meaning of the word *Wagner*), one who persists through all discouragement, who from youth to old age main-

tains heroic efforts to be true to his highest ideals, one who though pre-eminently occupied with *himself* in relation to his work, is yet capable of great generosity, deeply touched by kindness, loving and forgiving, alive to all beauty, and always ready with help for noble ends, this story must touch many sympathies and be deeply interesting.

There can be no question of the "veracity" of these pages, for Wagner was not only truthful and candid, but from his early youth he had kept a detailed record; the "little red book," which always accompanied him, being frankly the intended source of his expected biography.

Perhaps the freshest and most charming of his reminiscences are those of his childhood, with the attractive pictures of German domestic life; the picnics, christmas-trees, home amusements, and little Richard's introduction to things theatrical, through his kind and generous step-father, an actor and painter; his own father having died in 1813, the year he —the youngest of seven children—was born. The child's experiences even included an appearance on the stage: "As an angel sewn up in tights, with wings on my shoulders, maintaining a laboriously practised pose."

Strangely, on this occasion, the orchestra leader was Carl Maria Von Weber, that Weber whose music Richard later so profoundly admired, and later still, for the translation of whose remains from England to his native Germany, he arranged, and conducted the ceremonial music, and at the solemn reception made his first public oration.

His good step-father died when Richard was about seven, and after that—the deluge! There was a learned but eccentric old uncle who took him for a while, then there were schools from which he ran away, teachers from whom he couldn't learn, at thirteen even a short turn at starvation in a garret where he lived on coffee and wrote verses, his whereabouts being unknown to his family. Then came a short time of wild student-dissipation, out of which his own disgust brought him, periods of intense absorption in out-of-the-way studies, some bitter instruction from experience—the only teacher whose lessons were effective—and finally out of this chaos emerged a dramatic artist, poet and musician, his brain teeming with unheard-of art-works and his daily necessities requiring attention to the ordinary and sordid.

Here is the tragedy of the years from the age of twenty-one (when after his first season of orchestral conductorship his assets were: a load of debt, a brown poodle and a young actress-wife as poor as himself); to his fifty-first year when he met for the first time his generous patron, Ludwig II., just become King of Bavaria at the age of eighteen, whose pleasure it was to rescue, help and inspire the almost exhausted artist.

With this episode in 1864 the biography disappointingly ends. Wagner died suddenly in Venice, in 1883, almost seventy years old, and the continuation of his dictation was one of the tasks he had set for that winter. Any one who cares to pursue the story which is dramatic and romantic to the end, will find Henry T. Finck's *Wagner's Life and Works* (1893), *The Correspondence of Liszt and Wagner* (1889), and the *Art-Life and Theories of Richard Wagner* by Burlingame (1875) of great interest.

Though the years here covered are highly important it is impossible to give, in a sketch, any idea of the various and incessant activities, of the friendships, enmities, travels and trials with which they are crowded. In the midst of uncertainty, want, political exile and mental suffering, Wagner yet composed, and even managed to get produced many of his great works, and had found the germs of others. For all this detail it is necessary to read the book.

The volumes are externally attractive and there is a good index. The translation seems but fairly good. It is rather clumsy, too much inclined to slang expressions such as "a fake orchestra," "he did something," "for all he was worth," and contains a reckless number of double adverbs such as "moderately loudly," "sufficiently kindly" and the like. It is a pity there are so many typographical errors.

LETTERS OF JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., Selected and edited by his daughter. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

A few years ago *The Life of Dr. Neale* was published and excited so much interest that this volume has been called for as a supplement to it. It gives a further insight into the character of one who had no small part in the approximation towards Catholic doctrine in England in the past

century. Students of hymnology cannot fail to be interested in one whose hymns, and especially whose translations of medieval hymns, are some of the most beautiful in the English language. The letters in this volume begin with the year 1826 and end with 1866, a very short time before his death. Although placed as a child under the care of an Evangelical, and although he went to Cambridge in the days when Simeon's influence was still a power, Dr. Neale's archæological and artistic susceptibilities brought him from almost the beginning into sympathy with the Tractarian movement, then just at its start. The slovenly way in which he found the services celebrated in some of the Catholic churches which he visited seems to have been one of the stumbling blocks which prevented his becoming a Catholic. This looks like straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel, in view of many facts which he mentions as to the way in which things were done in the Establishment. For instance, at a church which he visited in the West of England, it was customary to baptize children without using water at all, merely reading the baptismal service. This, of course, was but a single case, at least he knew of no other. It indicates, however, the widespread contempt for a right administration of even the most important sacrament which then existed, one which would not be possible in the Catholic Church, and renders it more than probable that the line of continuity with the ancient Church was cut by negligent administration of the one sacrament upon the validity of which all the others depends.

Most of the letters are addressed to the eminent ecclesiologist, the Rev. Benjamin Webb, and deal with the revival of church architecture and embelishment. The conversion of Cardinal Newman, the Gorham Judgment, the revival of hymnology and of the ancient music, the foundation of the convent at East Grinstead are other matters of considerable interest dealt with by Dr. Neale in these letters. But on the whole it seems doubtful whether the work will contribute to a higher estimation of its author. It leaves many matters unexplained of which an explanation will be looked for by those interested in the development of his theological opinions. He seems to have been hasty in his judgments and to have been influenced more by feeling than by reason. Especially does he seem to have no other standard than his own likes

and dislikes and to have made them more a rule of faith than those do whom he would have called Protestants. Nor is there wanting a certain superciliousness as well as flippancy in his treatment of various subjects. This work has almost disenchanted us with one whom we have long admired.

WHO ARE THE JESUITS? By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

At last we have a handy compendium of information concerning the Society of Jesus. Often have we wondered why some Jesuit did not publish such a book as an antidote to the reams of slander and nonsense written about the followers of St. Ignatius. Father Coppens has now supplied the want by writing a most interesting little volume. He traces the history of the Society from the days of its founder's conversion from worldliness; he shows how the few followers of St. Ignatius gradually increased in numbers, and how by their learning and spiritual activity they swept back the tide of Protestantism in several corners of Europe. But as their numbers grew and their influence extended, enemies also began to appear in all countries except Protestant Prussia and Orthodox Russia. The various so-called Catholic governments raged against them, and threatened a savage repetition of the Reformation if the Pope would not suppress the Society. Clement XIV., a weak man, submitted, and ruled the Jesuits out of existence by the Bull, *Dominus et Redemptor*. With admirable obedience the Fathers of the Society disappeared from the public eye. But St. Ignatius had not founded them out of whim. They were required by the Church, and in a few years came their re-establishment. Since then the Society has been as active as ever, fighting the good fight; the valiant assailants of the enemies of the Church.

In twelve chapters Father Coppens traces the ups and downs of the Society, and in the last of these chapters he states and refutes, briefly, the many slanders—such as "the end justifies the means," "the Jesuit Oath," "the Jesuits are rich," "the Jesuits mix too much in politics"—that have been sent broadcast to unscrupulous enemies. One particular medium for spreading these slanders has been the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with its ignorant and prejudiced article by Dr. Littledale. Father Coppens evidently had his book on the

press when the new edition of this encyclopædia appeared, or he would have dealt with the objectionable article by the late Father Taunton.

We commend *Who Are the Jesuits?* as a very useful book, written in an attractive manner. It should find a place on the bookshelves of Catholic families and in the libraries of our societies. It would be a welcome addition if the date of the Bull of suppression were added when the opportunity offers itself.

THE BEAUTY AND TRUTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Edited by Rev. Edward Jones. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

These sermons by the Very Rev. F. von Hutton, are selected, translated, and adapted from the German work in five volumes. They were preached in Vienna, and produced a strong impression there. They are intended, primarily, for priests whose duties are so arduous that they have little time for study and the preparation of sermons. The enthusiastic introduction by Archbishop Ireland, will doubtless bring this volume into general circulation. He says: "I consider these sermons masterpieces of sacred oratory, and I make the prayer that every priest in America will soon be in possession of them, whether in German or in English." These discourses are brief, and it would be easy for any one, after reading them, to reproduce the thoughts presented according to his individual style and ability.

MODERNISM. By Cardinal Mercier. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

Miss Lindsay has done well in translating these contributions of Cardinal Mercier to the ever-growing literature connected with Modernism. Of the three essays which the book contains, the first—"An Address to Professors and Students"—is not of any great value, neither may any particular distinction be attributed to the third—"A Letter to the Catholic University of Madrid"; but the second—"The Cardinal's Pastoral Letter on Modernism," is of itself well worth preservation in permanent form. In it he speaks with no uncertain voice. He shows what Modernism is, whence it comes, and to what it tends. He also points out with emphasis the possibility of good-meaning Catholics being led astray by the at-

tractiveness of Modernist teachers. Besides the philosophical trend of his paragraphs, there is much of what we are accustomed to call common sense embodied in these pages.

We are sure that considerable good will follow on the translation of the Pastoral. Above all, we hope that his words of advice regarding the formation of a small collection of religious books in Catholic families, will not only be read with interest but put in practice. The absence of these books is in some degree the cause of many false conceptions concerning religion.

The publishers have done their work well (we have noticed only one slight error); but fifty cents is too high a price for fifty-five pages of printed matter in these days of cheap literature. A foreword, giving the dates of the three sections of the book, would be a useful addition to the book.

THREE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Moritz Meschler, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.

It is the special value of this thoroughly excellent treatise that the author at once reduces the spiritual life to its foundation. He takes in succession its three underlying principles: prayer, which is the light, the life, the very breath of the soul; self-denial, the moral force and strength, which renders one victor in the strife with his lower nature; and love, which leads us to our ultimate aim and end, the object of the soul's eternal worship, our Lord Jesus Christ. It would be difficult to put the "science of the saints" into a form better fitted to meet the needs of the soul seeking to know and serve God. Some one has said, "to be profound is to be simple," and there is a sweetness and simplicity in the style of these considerations that make it easy to grasp and to assimilate the profound philosophy they contain.

THE SECOND SPRING. By Cardinal Newman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.

The fact that one of Cardinal Newman's works has been edited with introduction, notes and exercises for the use of academies and colleges will be of interest not only to teachers and students of English but also to many other admirers of Newman. Hitherto *The Second Spring* has been inaccessi-

ble in the school editions of Newman, published by Henry Holt and by Houghton, Mifflin. It is contained in the selection published by Charles Merrill Co. To those who are familiar with this "Romantic" or "Hebraic" triumph of oratory, the above announcement might easily give rise to a doubt whether the true appreciation of this inspired sermon can be fostered by any kind of textual criticism or rhetorical analysis. Fortunately, the editor of this sermon has abstained from all pedantic comment of a linguistic nature. Part I. of the Introduction gives in three stimulating pages "The Occasion and the Merits of *The Second Spring*." It might have been followed by a brief chronological outline of Newman's life, a bibliography, and a few suggestions to students as a possible point of view and devices that make the study more intelligent—for example, that of constantly visualizing the audience. However, without such additions the first three pages constitute an excellent foreword to the student and the teacher. Part II. of the Introduction is rather involved, even for the average college senior, and is apt to leave the impression that, after all, Newman's oratory—especially *The Second Spring*—is not very profitable for the ordinary rhetorical study —the avowed purpose of this edition. Part II. would be better as an introduction to the notes; its study should follow, rather than precede, the first reading,

The text, like the rest of the book, is printed in exceptionally clear type and, save for the paragraph numbers, bears no indication of the detailed analysis and imitation to which it is to be subjected by means of the notes and exercises. The typographical systems of annotated texts are very imperfect. For classroom purposes it is desirable to have nothing appear with the text but the numbering of each paragraph or stanza and of every fifth line within these divisions. For study-hall purposes the text and annotations should appear on the same or opposite pages. Perhaps the compromise system adopted in this book is as good as any yet devised. The notes and exercises are less fortunate than the Introduction. This emphasizes the fact that *The Second Spring* is not built along architectural lines, that it resembles an improvisation in music, that "we are given some clue to the course of the thought yet not definite enough for the ordinary audience;" nevertheless the notes, outside of some valuable comments on

diction, are a study of topic sentences; development by definition, division, paraphrase by comparison, proof of topic by contrast, and development by enumeration; choice and order of details; and similar analytical topics of doubtful value even when applied to other works of Newman that exhibit more structure, or to the writings of Irving or Macaulay, both of whom can be proved guilty of greater mechanism in their sentence and paragraph structure. The examples of exercises modeled on *The Second Spring* read like mechanical copies, done word by word, with the model paragraph before the eyes of the student or in his mind's eye. Surely Franklin's imitations of Addison, Stevenson's imitations of Browne and others, and Newman's imitations of Cicero were not of this character. The giving of a piece of selected criticism to be applied to its allotted paragraph seems likewise mechanical and overdone. To dissect a Pentecost flower, or peony, and then to reproduce a petal in paper or wax, might be of benefit to makers of artificial flowers, but the process would be of little, if of any, value to the horticulturist. Despite its limitations, this book is a step in the right direction. It is to be hoped that this edition will lead to others, well adapted to Catholic colleges as, for example, the sermon on "Purity and Love" might be.

LANDS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS: A VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA. By Charles Warren Currier, Ph.D., Washington, D.C. Spanish American Publication Society. $1.50.

Lands of the Southern Cross is the graceful and appropriate title given to his book on South America by the author, Rev. Charles Warren Currier, Ph.D. Dr. Currier is widely known as an authority on the history of Spanish colonization in America, and of Spanish-American literature. He was chosen as delegate to represent both the United States Government and the Catholic University of America at the International Congress of Americanists, recently held in Buenos Ayres, and has gathered into the present volume his impressions and records of the voyage. In his character of delegate he was naturally afforded greater facilities for observation than the average tourist could command; his accounts and criticisms are therefore based upon accurate personal knowledge. He writes in detail of Brazil, more up-to-date than romantic; of

Uruguay, and of Argentina, where, in Buenos Ayres, the Americanist Congress was held. Then, proceeding to the lands on the Pacific coast, he takes the reader through Chile, through Peru, with its historic and sacred memories, and on the particularly interesting return journey by Panama and the West Indies. In dealing with each country the author gives an exhaustive account of its history, resources, and industries, and a careful portrayal of its inhabitants, their character and manners of life. Especially in Argentina, Chile, and Peru he makes a thoughtful study of the present status and activities of the Church, and of its influence upon education. The author's attitude toward his subject is admirable; he avoids both patronage and undue criticism.

It may not be out of place to remark that a book somewhat similar has very recently been published—*Across South America*, by Hiram Bingham, Ph.D., delegate of the government and of Yale University to the Pan-American Scientific Congress held at Santiago in the winter of 1908. Dr. Bingham, we believe, records a trip largely coinciding in route with that described by Rev. Dr. Currier, and offers, it would appear, a study and criticism along similar lines. A comparison of the two books might be of interest.

THE LECTIONARY: ITS SOURCES AND HISTORY. By Dom Jules Baudot. Translated from the French by Ambrose Catol. B. Herder. St. Louis: $1.

Those who read Dom Baudot's volume on *The Breviary* awaited with no ordinary interest the appearance of this translation of his work on *The Lectionary*. The present volume is laid out on historical lines, and the evolution of the Lectionaries is traced out clearly. "By *Lectionaries* is meant, in a general way, the liturgical books containing the special passages of Holy Scriptures which are read in the public services, particularly at the Mass." This is how the author states the subject of his work. But he subdistinguishes so that no confusion may come to the reader. He shows the distinction between the *Lectionary* and the *Evangelary*; the former being the collection of the Acts of the Apostles, the latter a collection of the Gospels. A special name was given to the book containing both these collections. It was known as the *Comus*, *Liber Comitis*, *Liber Comicus*.

From this he passes on to a historical discussion as to the use of the Old and New Testament lessons in the Mass, and quotes a large number of authorities. But he points out that preciseness of method and uniformity of law were not to be found at first, for the practices of each individual church depended on the actions of its bishops. Provincial Councils made efforts to overcome those sources of irregularity, but in reality uniformity came only as a result of the spread of the Benedictine rule. Dom Baudot points out that there were no marks in the lessons for the reader to finish; his stopping depended on the presiding cleric, who brought the reader to a halt when he thought fit. The *Comus* attained considerable fame in the West by the tradition that St. Jerome was its author. Recent research, however, appears more inclined to give the honor of authorship to Victor of Capua (573). Dom Baudot also deems it probable that the *Lectionary of St. Gregory* was a different compilation from his celebrated *Sacramentary*.

A very useful section of the book is that on the distribution of the Lections. Several pages are alloted to this portion, which gives chapter and verse of the Bible for each lection used on the Sundays and principal feasts, as well as during the great liturgical seasons. Added to this section, Chapter III on the documents available is of the utmost value to students who may desire to begin a search on their own account among original sources. First is given a list of manuscripts that were known to Blessed Tomassi, then follows those of Ehrensberger, and then another list of the evangelaries cited by Tomassi. In rapid succession come good lists of manuscripts mentioned by Delisle, Dom Guéranger and De Rossi, and a few miscellaneous notes on other documents. These lists add an unmistakable value to the book, a value indeed that Dom Baudot seems to minimize.

The section on the ceremonies observed for the Lections is well done, though perhaps slightly too diffuse. We should have liked to see the present paragraphs slightly rearranged so as to bring similar points of liturgical observance more closely in conjunction. From the ceremonies to the book of the Lections itself is a logical step, and the author has much interesting matter to tell us regarding the lavish decorations of the manuscripts. Some of these were bound in ivory, gold,

silver, and emblazoned with precious stones. They testified to the great love of the Catholic Church for the Sacred Scriptures.

We have necessarily only touched here and there on the many good things that Dom Baudot has to tell us. He has not spared taking pains with the work, and we trust the book will have a large circulation.

THE COMIC SPIRIT IN GEORGE MEREDITH: AN INTERPRETATION. By Joseph Warren Beach. London: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

In twelve chapters the author discusses several phases of the comic spirit, in the highest sense of that word, in Meredith's works. First of all he lays down as the foundation of his work what the comic spirit is and the possible distinctive attributes of it. He finds that the comedy of Meredith is "humor of the mind"; that in the eyes of the author of *The Egoist* the most important part of humor is to make people think. From this consideration a transit is made to an examination of the humorous element of the principal of Meredith's works, as for instance, *Shaving of Shagpat*, *Richard Feverel*, and a group of five novels, beginning with *Sandra Belloni* and ending with *General Opie and Lady Camper*; which group Mr. Beach calls the Book of Snobs, after Thackeray's famous volume. Other chapters are given over to *The Sentimentalists*, *The Amazing Marriage*, *Diana of the Crossways*, of which Mr. Beach has not a very high opinion.

The work will be a useful one for students of Meredith. But in saying this we by no means wish to admit that we agree with all the author states. To many of the ideals he sets up, the theories he propounds, and points in his exposition of humor we feel antagonistic. Much of what he says looks like special pleading, and is calculated to destroy confidence among literary folk. We fail to see the humor of certain passages of Meredith, and in no place are we so lamentably obtuse as in the passages where Meredith preaches his lax ideas of morality. The man who respects God and His Commandments cannot very well extract humor from the snobbery of women who were ashamed of their own father, who lied, who contracted illicit unions. Meredith's position in literature is secure, but not all the praise which is now his will he receive when the coldness of time plays it part.

A couple of misprints—pp. 148, 172—make their sentences difficult to be understood. The Index is good; its divisions into sections being very useful for hasty references.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN EUDES. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.

Born in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and forgotten for two hundred years, his recent beatification has fixed the attention of many upon Blessed John Eudes, who had scarcely heard of him before. He was distinguished for singular purity of heart and unswerving devotion to his vocation, as well as eloquence in the pulpit, and an indefatigable zeal for souls. During the plague of 1631, he gave his personal service to all who were most destitute and abandoned, and slept at night in a large cask in a field to which the abbess of a neighboring monastery, sent him food when he returned to it.

Perhaps the most splendid and enduring monument of his work for God is the Congregation of the Good Shepherd, now spread through the civilized world. He also founded the Congregation of the Lady of Refuge, and the family of his own sons, commonly called Eudists.

In this compact little volume, Father Russell, S.J., gives a clear and interesting memorial of this great servant of God.

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

To him who desires to read the effusions of a narrow-minded, prejudiced and bitter French Protestant this book will be welcome. Our duties from time to time during the past few years have caused us to read a large amount of literature on modern France, and we can say that in all of it we have never met anything like what is contained within the covers of *France Under the Republic*. The title tells the contents, which may briefly be stated as a biased comparison of the condition of the country under the Empire and now under the Republic. When stripped of its cheaply-got statistics the comparison resolves itself into a fierce, dishonorable attack on the Catholic Church; such an attack, indeed, as would emanate from the lips of a peripatetic "anti-Romanist" lecturer

of the Maria Monk type. It is a book over which any honorable, educated Protestant who knows France will hang his head in shame, for he cannot but help perceiving the falsehoods, contorted facts, and imaginings of this Frenchman.

PASCAL. LA VIE RELIGIEUSE ET SON APOLOGIE DU CHRISTIANISME. Par H. Petitot. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. 6 fr.

"So great is Pascal's authority that every one seeks to claim him for himself," says Père Petitot as he plunges into the well-worn controversy as to the orthodoxy or heresy of the writer of the *Pensées*. For the fact that the Port Royalists claimed him to be all theirs is not conclusive proof in itself. Pascal himself disclaimed his connection with Port Royal as the author of the *Letters to a Provincial*, but he was so deeply engaged in convicting the Jesuits of hair-splitting that he seems to have fallen into the practice himself over this assertion. Père Petitot in his volume makes a very careful study of the whole question of Pascal's orthodoxy. As the author of the *Apologie du Christianisme* he declares the Church may claim him with perfect security. The *Pensées* have never been condemned. He does not go beyond the surface of the dispute between the Jesuits and the Jansenists which gave rise to the Provincial Letters, and ultimately to the condemnation of Port Royal. This is a relief to the reader who has already grasped the main outlines of that painful piece of history.

Père Petitot gives us a most delicate and sympathetic study not only of Pascal's intellectual attitude towards Christianity, but also of his most intimate promptings of heart and mystical experiences. He expresses great admiration for the saintliness of Pascal's life. He speaks of his resignation under almost incessant bodily and nervous suffering, of his austerity, and of the warmth of his affections. He will not hear of Pascal's being the rather inhuman incarnation of intellect that he has so often been painted, and with the gloom of certain attitudes of his towards original sin and the Jansenist doctrines of insufficient grace and predestination he contrasts Pascal's intense joy in his own conversion.

It is because of this sympathetic treatment of Pascal's character and temperament that Père Petitot's rejection of the supposed death-bed retractation of Jansenism is the more impressive. That those who loved Pascal best did the greatest

harm to his fame by claiming him so unconditionally for Port Royal is, alas, not an isolated case. How often would the silence of friends as to the orthodoxy or otherwise of the dead be a truer service to his most intimate convictions than the explanations they clamorously make to the world. The good Abbè Beuerier felt justified in giving Pascal absolution on his death-bed.

Various works have been written to prove that Pascal retracted at his death—notably a recent volume by M. Jovy. Père Petitot devotes his appendix to the study of this question. His final pronouncement runs thus:

> Was there possibly in Pascal's life a final conversion little suspected? Was it perhaps the goal of a progressive march towards orthodoxy? This is the whole question. Most of the critics note in Pascal's last years a certain evolution, but while M. Jovy claims this evolution to have been in the direction of orthodoxy, we believe it was rather in an opposite direction, towards a more uncompromising Jansenism.

Lord St. Cyres' study of Pascal (*Pascal*, by Viscount St. Cyres. Smith, Elder & Co., London) is written from what we may call a more mundane point of view. He gives us the painful controversy against the Jesuits in great fullness. He also takes the worldly period very seriously and goes into various small quarrels and jealousies over scientific discoveries. The book is very thorough in its own way, and Lord St. Cyres' dry humor and attractive style make it pleasant reading. But there is a certain lack of comprehension of the workings of God in the soul of man that strikes a chill in the chapters on the conversion of Pascal, and Lord St. Cyres is more at home in the dozen and more technical discussions of Pascal's scientific researches than in the regions, to us more interesting, of his religious experience.

L'ART DE TROMPER, D'INTIMIDER ET DE CORROMPRE L'ELECTEUR. By Charles Marcault. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

Every day we are receiving evidences of the decay and degeneracy of modern France, and now comes before us for review a book of over five hundred pages crammed full of proof of moral and political corruption and shame. We are clearly

shown how the governing tyrants of the country manage to dupe the electorate, and, failing to deceive, have recourse to intimidation and physical force to gain their ends. M. Marcault makes his thesis clear and evident, but as we read we feel inclined to say that all things considered there is a large slice of puerility and incapacity in the average Frenchman, who seems to be drawn aside by any kind of red-herring, and who is wonderfully and magnetically attracted by shady tricks of corruption and palm-greasing. On the whole M. Marcault only lowers the character of his compatriots in the eyes of English-speaking people.

One chapter in particular—5th, of Part II.—is singularly illuminating as to how the government openly shields the most flagrant interference with the ballot boxes. A member of the Chamber of Deputies proves up to the hilt a case of tampering with the boxes, and changing the result of the election. But no heed is taken of his expostulations, and the individual elected by corruption because he is a supporter of the *bloc* is allowed to retain his seat in the Chamber. After reading this, one will not be surprised at anything happening in France, and all we can say is, that the system of election over there is one huge fraud from start to finish.

To those who write for the press, and who wish to have data at hand, no better book could be had than this of M. Marcault. It would take an ordinary journalist several years to form a collection of clippings on recent history in France, and he would then find that in no way could his clippings be found of equal utility with this book, for the great value of it consists in the speeches, documents, political addresses, placards, etc., which are given in full, and thus the reader can get his knowledge accurately and from primary sources.

FÉNELON. ÉTUDES HISTORIQUES. Par Eugène Griselle. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 3 *fr.* 50.

There are many valuable notes in this volume, but the manner in which the collection has been arranged, and the mode of printing adopted, make the book as unpleasant a one to read as it has ever been our misfortune to meet. For the printing of the various letters in the original seventeenth century French, we can see no valid reason; this could have been done very easily in an appendix if the modern version

had been incorporated into the text. All through the book very little order is in evidence; indeed it looks sometimes as if a studied attempt to avoid it had been the idea of all concerned. This is a great drawback for the student of history. We can never know too much about the great Prelate of Cambrai, or about the Church affairs of the period in which he flourished. It is all the more pity, then, that when new material is at hand it is given to us in such a form that many turn away in despair at the very sight of the printed page. The only redeeming feature in the volume before us is the presence of two good Indexes.

The main object of the book is to show Fénelon as a preacher, and to dwell on the episode of the condemnation of his *Maximes des Saints*. Concerning the latter there are some new letters to the nephew of Bossuet, who had been prominent in urging on the action of the Holy See.

NICOLAS CAUSSIN, CONFESSOR OF LOUIS XIII., AND CARDINAL RICHELIEU. UNEDITED DOCUMENTS. By R. P. Camille De Rochemonteis, S.J. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

This book will be of particular value to those interested in the times of the later Louises because it throws light on the marvelous attention to detail by which Cardinal Richelieu so long maintained his empire. It treats at length of Mlle. de la Fayette, the child whom at the age of fourteen Cardinal Richelieu recognized as his most dangerous enemy, and of Father Caussin, the upright, heroic Jesuit confessor to Louis XIII.

THE GARDEN OF THE SUN. By Captain T. J. Powers, U.S.A. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.) From Homer down to Mr. Kipling's *Soldiers Three*, stories of fighting have ever been dear to the hearts of men, and there is a welcome for a new novel of army life in the Philippines, by Captain T. J. Powers, U.S.A. The book is called *The Garden of the Sun*, has pages of exciting fights and pages of almost boyish humor, and is lively from beginning to end. The love theme, however, is a sad affair; we are wearying of the married woman as heroine and the divorce court as the golden gate to "happiness ever after."

HER JOURNEY'S END, by Frances Cooke (Benziger Brothers. $1.85), is a story of life in a New England mill town. Its first chapters show, and show very ably, some problems of the labor-capital contention but as the story proceeds it becomes the conventional love tale, not guiltless of a touch of melodrama. The theme of the mills and their workers might very profitably have been developed. That the author has ability is shown in the fine character picture of Mrs. Lackland, owner of the Lackland Manufacturing Company. Long past middle age, and the mother of two grown-up sons, Mrs. Lackland still keeps a firm, jealous grasp on the business which she manages calculatingly and conservatively, with stern justice, but never with personal kindness for the mill hands. She represents a certain type of the New England business woman and as such is very well portrayed.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Henry Frank. (Boston: Sherman French & Co. $2.25) is an unscientific, unscholarly jumble of fact, allegation and hypothesis. The author was early informed by his bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church that his ideas were unorthodox. After leaving Methodism, he founded "The Metropolitan Independent Church" in New York City. It was apparently at the desire of this congregation that he ventured into the scientific and occult fields represented by the present book. Judging by the result, he was without the necessary training in psychology, physics and other branches of science to undertake such a work.

SAINT LÉGER, par Father Camerlinck, O.P. (Paris: J. Gabalda et Cie), is a delightful contribution to "The Saints." The life of the valiant Bishop of Autun is opportune and encouraging at a time when we repeat the question of the Psalmist: "Why have the nations raged against the Lord and against His Christ?"

LA CITÉ FUTURE, by Louis de Meurville, (Paris: Librairie Plon) is not, as its name would imply, an imaginative picture of the possible city of the future, but a disquisition on the moral and social questions of the day, written, so the author tells us, with the sole hope of exciting

our interest in these problems and aiding in their solution. Modern society is found sadly deficient in personal and corporate justice, and we are told that a community in which it is possible for one person to die from hunger is not civilized, and that in three centuries our era will be regarded as some pretentious ones among us used to regard the Middle Ages.

LA CRISE ORGANIQUE DE L'ÉGLISE EN FRANCE. (Paris: Bernard Grasset.) Paul Vulliard considers the question from an intellectual and disciplinary point of view, pointing out also an interior origin. The writer's remarks on the disciplinary side of the crisis will surprise many. He does not hesitate to offer a solution of the abnormal situation of the Church in France.

LA FAMILIA DE SANTA TERESA EN AMÉRICA. Par Dr. D. Manuel Maria Polit (B. Herder). In his introduction, Dr. Polit ably describes the work of the religious orders in America, the contemplative sharing with the active in spreading the Gospel of Christ. The book gives an interesting account of St. Teresa's brother and his descendants in America, especially of his daughter, the first American Carmelite.

SACRATISSIMI CORDIS JESU. Par Fr. J. C. Cardinal Vives (New York: Fr. Pustet), is a series of contemplations and daily prayers for the year taken from the writings of the saints.

HISTORIA DE LA EDUCACIÓN Y LA PEDAGOGIA. Por el P. Ramón R. Amado. The author of this volume has made a careful study of the classical and monastic periods of education, and his work is an excellent defence of the Church as teacher. *La Comunión Frecuente Y Diaria, Y La Primera Comunión*, por el Juan B. Ferreres, S.J., gives a clear solution to the many difficulties presented against early First Communion. *Principios Fundamentales del Derecho Penal*, por el P. Victor Cathrein, gives the reader useful knowledge on the fundamental principles of penal law. *La Comunión De Los Niños Inocentes*, por el P. Ramón R. Amado, contains excellent instructions for mothers on the manner of preparing the young for First Communion.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (15 July): "To Drink the Hemlock" is a review of the political world.——Dom A. Kentigern Milne, O.S.B., deals with "Bishop Hay's Place in History," in view of the approaching centenary celebrations. "The life of Bishop Hays," says the author, "practically means the history of the Catholic Church in Scotland for nearly half a century."——C. Dease writes at length of "The Holy Well of Doon," situated in the Highlands of Donegal, and of the pilgrimages which are made thereto.

(22 July): The Catholics of Scotland will celebrate in October the hundredth anniversary of the death of one of their greatest prelates, Bishop George Hay, Vicar-Apostolic of the Lowlands, from 1769 to 1811.——The Holy Father, helped by the generosity of the faithful, expended over eight million francs in the relief of the earthquake-stricken Sicilians and Calabrians.——The Labor party in England is endeavoring to unite with the Labor members of Parliament in the Dominions to form an organization "for enlightening public opinion and demonstrating the solidarity of the Labor movements in the Empire."

(29 July): The Second National Catholic Congress was held in a district teeming with historical memories—New Castle-on-Tyne.——In "Catholics and the Minority Report," J. W. Gilbert, K.S.G., states that "if there is one subject above all others which should be kept perfectly free from party politics, it is the administration of public assistance."

(5 Aug.): "The strike among the London dockers has arisen out of what is confessedly a misunderstanding by the men as to an agreement which had been arrived at between their representatives, the employers, and the Port of London authorities."——"Catholic Views on the Crisis," discusses important letters on the Constitutional crisis from Lord Llandaff and from two Catholic members of the House, Mr. Rowland Hunt and

Major Mark Sykes.——Egerton Beck takes exception to the treatment accorded the Augustinian Canons in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*. The most serious matters on which it has gone wrong are the relations which existed between the Canons and their charges, and the question of the General Chapter.

The National (Aug.): "Episodes of the Month," again devotes a great deal of space to the European situation, discussing "the weakness of England by land and sea."—— "Anarchy and the Scuttle," by Ignotus, declares that "the British people find themselves confronted with an internal crisis of the gravest character at the very moment when abroad they are faced by a deliberate challenge."——"Military Policy and War," by the Earl Percy, sounds yet another note of warning for the benefit of Great Britain.——"A Fielding Find," by Austin Dobson presents two of Fielding's latest letters, recently brought to light. These letters relate to his last voyage to Lisbon in search of health.——"African Big Game Shooting for Women," by Mary Bridson.——The Earl of Denbigh studies the "Beet Sugar Industry," apropos of which he says that "it would be hard to find in the whole range of human progress a more striking example of the enormous benefits arising from the triple alliance of Science, Industry, and Agriculture."

Dublin Review (July): Herbert Thurston, S.J., traces the Coronation Order of George V. to the Egbertine Pontifical of the eighth century. He attacks the popular exaggeration, found even in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*, of the king's ecclesiastical character.——William Wistar Comfort gives a portrayal of "The Saracens in Christian Poetry," rather more conventional and romantic than historical.——The spiritualizing assistance of the Catholic Church as necessary for race culture and for the success of the Eugenics Education Society, is the theme of the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard.——Mgr. R. H. Benson draws the specialist's attention to the other "Points of View" besides his own.——In "Catholicism and the Spirit of the East," Canon William Barry argues that the Papacy survives because it is the hierarchical embodiment of the supernatural, the guardian and expo-

nent of the Revelation to the Hebrews.——Francis McCullagh explains "The Portuguese Separation Law," and pronounces it an effort to exterminate all religion.

The Month (August): "Christianity and Woman's Rights," by Rev. Jos. Keating may be summarized in the four following propositions: 1st, Christianity does not discriminate between the sexes in the religious sphere on any natural grounds; 2nd, Christianity holds that the sexes are complementary, hence no single standard to determine their relative excellence; 3rd, Christianity assigns to the father the official headship of the family on the strength of God's revelation; 4th, Christianity favors every development of woman's personality, intellectual, moral, political, which leaves proper scope for her functions in the family.——"The Clergy and Social Study," by Rev. Chas. Plater emphasizes the necessity of social study among the clergy, and points out the dangers which will follow its neglect.——The Rev. Herbert Lucas in an article entitled "Socialism and Social Reform," indicates the chief reasons why no well instructed and conscientious Catholic may be a Socialist.

Le Correspondant (10 July): "A Question of Justice," is an unsigned article on the present bone of contention between the English and French speaking Catholics of Canada—"The French Language," which, it is hoped, the recent visit of Cardinal Vannutelli will help to solve.——"Across Bolivia," by Prince Louis of Orleans describes the scenery and customs of the country observed on a trip from Cochabamba to Santa Cruz in the Sierras.——Fortunat Strowski has a descriptive article of the life and works of "Theophile Gautier," whose centenary is celebrated this year.——"The School Question in Holland," by Paul Ver Schave, is the history of the struggle between the Dutch Goot and the Religious Sects concerning religious education for their youth.——In "Our Churches in Danger," Max Doumic describes the architectural beauty of the churches in the district of Lyons and their present danger for lack of repairs.——"Souvenirs of the Papal Zouaves," by M. de Traissan, tells of their campaigns against the

Garibaldians and brigands of Italy, and describes the army of the Loire.

(25 July): "The Public Spirit in Germany," by Henri Moysset describes the interest which the Kaiser takes in the advancement of the economic life of Germany, and the enthusiasm he instills into the hearts of the business men.——"SS. Francis of Sales and Frances of Chantal," by Henri Bremond describes the spiritual life of master and pupil with extracts from the letters of Francis of Sales.——"In Abyssinia," by George Rémond describes the customs of the country and the last days of Emperor Menelik.——"Men of the Day," is an unsigned article, being a character sketch of Joseph Cailloux, and a study of his administration.——"General Booth and the Salvation Army," by M. Renaud gives a history of the General and the Salvation Army and a description of the manner of conducting their religious meetings.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 July): S. O. Fillion's sketch of "The German Inquiry into the Life of Jesus," deals chiefly with M. Drews and M. Jefka, the former denying the actual existence of Jesus, the latter his Messiahship. These and other theses have been refuted by competent Catholic scholars, Dr. Jacob Schaefer, Hilarin Felder, O.F.M., and F. X. Kiefl.——E. Vacandard contributes an article on "The Composition of Martyrologies, and the Unauthentic Saints." Confusion of legends about persons of the same name, and the misapprehension of monumental inscriptions are largely responsible for belief in unauthentic saints.——Ch. Calippe treating of "Catholics and Syndical Organization" gives a brief account of labor organizations in France and elsewhere. ——P. Batiffol writes of "The First Christians and War."

(1 Aug.): L. Venard presents the first half of an article dealing with "Christian Origins." In this instalment he treats of the historic existence of Jesus, the value of Christian sources of evangelical and apostolic history, the kingdom of God, the person and work of Jesus, and the Gospel in the face of Hellenism and Judaism.—— In his "Chronicle of Apologetics" J. Bricout considers

among others the following topics: "The Apologetic of Lacordaire," "An Essay on Experimental Apologetic," "The Church and Progress," "The Miracles of Lourdes." ——"The Sovereign Independent Pope" is the title of an article by Flourens, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, briefly sketching the machinations of the Masonic Fraternity to ruin the Church in southern Europe.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 July): R. Garrigon Lagrange treats of the proofs of the existence of God comformable to the anti-modernist oath under five heads: God the end of all things; God as known by the light of reason; The means by which He is known; The manner; and the possibility of this knowledge. ——"The Odes of Solomon" is an analytical study by A. de Boyssen.——J. L. de la Verdome in "The New Formula of the Protestant Declaration at the Coronation of George V." reviews the history of the Declaration.

(15 July): "Viaticum and Extreme Unction for Children," by Andrieux—a history of the Church's practice from the time of Charlemagne in regard to Viaticum for children—gives also the ruling of the Fourth Lateran Council in this matter.——H. Lesètre treats of charity in more notes on "Preaching and the Preacher."—— E. Beaupin's "Jottings of a Missionary."

La Revue du Monde (1–15 Aug.): The continuation of Baron Bonnal de Ganges article on "Alsace-Lorraine and Bismarck Judged by History and Diplomacy," ascribes to the Chancellor the crime of precipitating the war with France, and quotes M. Tiers' analysis of the causes of the war and its outcome.——"The Protestations of Alsace–Lorraine against Prussian Annexation," and "The Official Protestations Abroad against the Dismemberment of France," form the matter of chapters second and third of this third section.——The genesis of the Concordat, the document itself, and its fate are presented in the Abbé Féret's continued study of the relations of "The Empire and the Holy See."——"Letters from Prince Eugene to the Emperor During the Captivity of Pius VII. at Sarona," follow.——The story of "The Booty of the Bee" is completed.——"Ambi-

tion," by A. Deran, the beginning of an historical drama of the time of Julian the Apostate, promises well both as to interest and force.——"The Eleventh Chapter of the School Question in the Canadian Northwest," by Arthur Savaète, considers the justice of the Canadian educational situation from the standpoint of international law.——The valuable study in Syntax and Orthography is completed.

Études (5 July): Louis Chervoillot finds numerous traces of Modernism in the *Leila* of Fogazzaro, yet notes his good intentions and personal devotion. "An enigmatic character," instinctively supporting compromised causes, he made persevering but futile efforts to reconcile Catholicism with advanced religious, scientific and political theories.——Apropos of the recent coronation in England, J. de la Servière summarizes the characters and reigns of the two preceding sovereigns. "Victoria was entirely German in her ideas and tastes; Edward VII., 'a European gentleman,' as free as possible from insular mentality; . . . King George, sailor, Puritan, country gentleman, belongs to England and to her alone; the British nation has finally assimilated its dynasty."

Biblische Zeitschrift (Aug.): Prof. S. Euringer in a paper on "The Egyptian and Cuneiform Analogies to the Finding of the Codex of the High Priest Helcias," follows E. Naville into a comparative study of Egyptian parallels to 4 Kings 22.——P. B. Kloevekorn, O.F.M., writing on "Jesus Before the Jewish Authorities," states that Jesus stood before the Jewish sanhedrim only once, and that He was condemned as a blasphemer by reason of His claim that He was the Messias. This claim in the mouth of a poor, despised Galilean seemed to them blasphemy against the God Who had promised them a glorious, royal theocracy and a great and victorious king who would rule over His nation.

Recent Events.

France.

Although the external troubles of France have been by far the more serious, those with which she has been threatened in her own internal affairs have scarcely been less grave. The new ministry of M. Caillaux has been animated rather by the spirit of M. Briand than by that of M. Monis. The latter leaned rather towards conciliation, and concession to the demands of the men who had been involved in the railway strikes of last year, and who had in consequence lost their employment. He therefore received the support of M. Jaurès, and the collective Socialists of whom he is the leader. M. Caillaux offered a firmer resistence to their demands, not thinking the yielding to them would be for the best interests of the country. He thereby excited the hostility of M. Jaurès and the Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies, and of the railway men throughout the country, co-operating with the Confederation of Labor, an organization which is bent upon a revolutionary reorganization of society by the most violent of means, the operations of which have for a long time caused a feeling of unrest and anxiety to prevail as to the immediate future. A campaign of what is called *sabotage* has been inaugurated and carried on in all parts of the country. Outrages of various kinds have been perpetrated for the mere sake of doing injury, irrespective of the persons who were to suffer, whether they were innocent or guilty. Attemps have been made to wreck trains by various methods, telegraph lines have been cut, and all kinds of ways in which it was possible to inflict malicious injury have been adopted. This has been going on for some time, but of late there has been a great increase in their number. From October last to the middle of July there were no fewer than 2,936 cases of *sabotage* of one form or another. During that period in only two instances were the perpetrators brought to trial. This seems to indicate widespread sympathy with the movement. In a few cases it was soldiers that were caught in the act. In fact there has been a revival of the anti-militarist propaganda of M. Hervé who is suffering imprisonment for the part which he took, and it has been found necessary to place him in closer

confinement. The government has indicated its firm determination to spare no effort to put down and suppress, by every means in its power, all attempts of this kind. It thereby excited the bitter hostility of the Socialists who, in the Chamber of Deputies, vented their fury on the Prime Minister by loud-voiced execrations, and even assailed with blows certain members of the Chamber who offered opposition to their demand that the strikers should be reinstated. There are some who think that it will be necessary to recall M. Briand to power, he being the one man who has a policy which is at once firm and conciliatory. A demonstration which the Socialists proposed to make on the National Fête was forbidden by the government, and the offices of the residences of certain notorious labor agitators searched by the Prefect of Police. Certain incriminating documents are said to have been found. Late in the day the Budget has been passed and the money found for the Old Age Pensions.

For some unexplained reason considerable opposition to the Pension Act has been offered by workingmen, some of them having positively refused to comply with its provisions. The Fête Nationale was celebrated with becoming rejoicing although cries of *à bas Fallières! à bas Lépine!* were raised by Socialists and the *Camelots du Roi.*

Certain of our modern teachers, journalists, dramatists and novelists, have been showing the world the degree of civilization to which they have attained by fighting duels one with another.

With reference to the command of the army, serious differences of opinion have arisen between the Army Council and the General who would act as Commander-in-chief in the North East of France in case of war. The dispute caused some little anxiety for reasons somewhat too technical to be understood by the general public. It has been settled by the Cabinet. The new arrangement is said to secure a more complete unity of command. For the first time in the history of the Third Republic the French army has a Commander-in-Chief designate, the impersonal Army Council being relegated to the background. The new arrangement will enable the officer who is to command in the event of war to have a hand in shaping in peace-time the instrument which he will be called upon to wield. This reorganization has been generally welcomed by public opinion.

France, Germany and Morocco.

The internal troubles of France bear no comparison with those which have threatened from outside. The latter, indeed, may have been the means of averting the former, for often common foes make potential enemies into friends. What motive Germany had for sending a war vessel to Agadir is still uncertain. It does not appear to be probable that it was done in order to provoke a general war, for an easier way to have done this could have been found. Nor does it seem likely that of set purpose she was claiming a part of Morocco, for the integrity of this country is provided for by the Act of Algeciras to which other Powers besides France are parties, and such a proceeding would have provoked their hostility. It is true that the advance upon Fez of the French forces and the occupation of the capital were considered by many Germans to be for the purpose of a permanent occupation of the country, and that the alleged invitation of the Sultan was a mere pretext. Moreover the Mannesmann Brothers have been active in urging the German government to take steps to protect the interests in Morocco which they have been so enterprising in securing. But the more probable solution of the question seems to be that it was only a characteristic way of calling to the attention of France certain desires which Germany had of rectifying the frontiers of her Cameroons colony and of enlarging its borders. These claims, it is said, were mooted by Germany when the agreement was made with France in February of 1909, by the terms of which Germany recognized that all her concern with Morocco, outside of the Algeciras Act, was economic, and that France had a superior political relation to Morocco which other Powers were bound to respect. France, it was said, had neglected to give the attention that was due to Germany as the consideration for having made this agreement, and Germany therefore took this way of reminding her. However this may be, immediately after the incident, the governments of France and Germany entered upon what were called conversations which by mutual consent were to be kept secret from the rest of the world. These conversations, however, had only gone on a few days when by some means or other it leaked out that the compensation which Germany required in order that France might be left with a free hand, amounted

to the cession to Germany of the better part of the French Congo, consisting of some 200,000 square miles of territories and embracing two of the best harbors on the African West Coast as well as of the reversion of the whole of the vast possessions of Belgium in Africa, which is held at the present time by France, in case Belgium should ever wish to relinquish them. This enormous demand brought Great Britain upon the scene, for the transfer to Germany of such an extent of territory would effect so great a change in the balance of power, the preservation of which is one of the main features of Great Britain's policy, that it was impossible for her to allow such a change to be made. Moreover, she was bound by her *entente cordiale* with France to support her in the event of her rights being unjustly jeopardized. The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, lost no time in declaring that Great Britain was interested in the matter, and Mr. Lloyd George, who is by no means disposed to be warlike, went out of his way to say that Great Britain would be unworthy of her place among the Nations if she allowed such changes to be made.

Preparations for war were quietly made, part of the Navy was placed in a favorable position for action, leaves of absence were recalled, the ships coaled day and night, insurances were effected against the risks of war. It was made evident that Great Britain meant to be consulted, and that no such arrangement as that proposed by Germany could be made. The conversations between Germany and France are still going on in secret, and up to the time that this is being written, no conclusion has been reached. But it is widely said that the claims of Germany have been brought within more reasonable limits, and that there is, therefore, hope of a peaceful settlement of the question. The fact that France's ally, Russia, espoused her cause, has contributed largely to the more peaceful outlook. The whole of the action of Germany in this matter seems to be based on a notion accepted of her people that, as their country is the strongest Power on the Continent, she has the right whenever any other nation, through the logical outcome of events, has obtained an increase of power, to receive a similar extension of her influence. This is not a very comfortable doctrine for her neighbors.

France, Spain, and Morocco.

France and Spain have been on good terms for a long period, but the expedition to Fez excited such strong feelings of hostility among large numbers of the Spanish people that it looked as if war might break out. Spain for many centuries has held several places on the coast of Morocco, and the mere fact of her close contiguity to the Moorish territory makes it a matter of great importance to her who is to be its possessor. In the ultimate and much-to-be-desired break-up of the power of the Moors, Spain would have a clear claim to a part of the country—to the whole, if she were strong enough. Compared with Spain Germany is a mere intruder. To a certain extent this was recognized by the Act of Algeciras. To France and to Spain the right of police-regulation was given. Certain districts are recognized by France as being within the sphere of influence of Spain. It is, therefore, not to be made a matter of blame if Spain, seeing France advancing to the capital, felt a certain degree of anxiety. The steps, however, which she took to vindicate her rights were ill-advised, for they excited the hostility both of the French and the Moors, and could only be justified by the conviction that France was acting in bad faith and meant to retain permanent possession of the territory temporarily occupied. The affronts offered by Spanish officers in Morocco to the official representatives of France brought matters to a head, and had Spain refused to make the explanation demanded by France, matters might have taken a very serious turn. There is now every reason to believe that a peaceful way will be found to effect a settlement between the two countries. Whether there was an understanding between Germany and Spain for the action taken by them in Morocco, is at present merely a matter of conjecture.

Great Britain.

The events, political and social, which have been taking place in Great Britain call for at least a brief reference in these notes. For various reasons no attempt as a rule to refer to British politics has been made in "Recent Events" of which the chief is that it is hard to keep due proportion—to say enough and not to say too much. But an exception may be made on this occasion. Whether the Bill limiting the power of the House of Lords is a revo-

lution, or an evolution too long retarded, will be a matter in dispute between the opponents and advocates of the change. That all power rested with the people and that its will was to be done when ascertained, and that the duty of both Lords and Commons was to ascertain that will has long been common ground to both Conservatives and Liberals. The only question was as to the way of finding this out. The Lords claimed the right to force a General Election for this purpose whenever they thought there was a doubt. This right the Liberals denied, claiming that by the very essence of the House of Commons it was the voice of the people. The Bill therefore which has now become law gives to the Commons the position claimed by them, and while it takes away from the Lords every vestige of control of finance it leaves to them the power of delaying measures to which they object and in some cases this will involve the submission of the question to the consideration of the country. There is, therefore, no change in the source of the power; all that has been done is to facilitate the access to that source—to find what is thought an easier and a more efficient way of learning its will.

There is no doubt that the motive power which has given sufficient strength and impetus to the movement to secure this change has been derived from the prevailing desire for the amelioration of the great mass of the people. England has been called the paradise of the rich but the hell of the poor. While a tenth of its population is submerged, it has been commonly said of late that some twelve millions are living from hand to mouth, more or less on the verge of submersion. For large numbers—how large it is impossible to say—it has long been utterly impossible to find employment. This state of things has brought the conviction home to the mass of the people that a change in the social arrangements of the country is necessary, and this conviction has borne fruit in several measures that have already passed into law while several more are projected. That the Lords would show themselves intractable was taken as certain and therefore it was necessary to render their opposition futile. The political change is due to what may be called the Social Revolution which is impending.

The Old Age Pensions Act was the first of those measures, although it had been preceded by several more or less inefficacious attempts to find work for the unemployed. Pen-

sions are now given to all persons seventy years of age who are really poor and in need. This involves an expenditure of some sixty millions a year. To provide a remedy for unemployment, Labor Exchanges have been established in a large number of places throughout the Kingdom, and these Exchanges have proved a great success. Another measure, of the success of which not so much has been heard, is the establishment for certain sweated industries of Trade Boards, consisting of employers and employed, for the purpose of fixing the *minimum* wage for the respective trade. The much-talked of Budget contained provisions for facilitating the distribution of land by taxing unearned increment, and undeveloped property, and there is no doubt that further steps will be taken to destroy the monopoly of the land held in the hands of the few, which is characteristic of the English land-system. To complete the list, there is before Parliament at the present time a proposal of the government to give state aid to insure against unemployment, illness and inability to work, while the complete reorganization of the Poor Law is one of the tasks of the immediate future. To the student of social questions and to those who desire for the mass of the people the improvement so much needed, future legislation in Great Britain should prove of great interest.

The treaty with Japan which has just been concluded deserves mention, not only because it tends to secure peace for a further period of years, and removes an obstacle to the Arbitration Treaty with this country which has just been signed, but also because it initiated the new policy of Great Britain in dealing with her Colonies. For the first time the treaty before being signed was submitted to the consideration of the self-governing Colonies, the Premiers of which were then assembled in London. This indicates that they are no longer subject states of Great Britain but sister-states and it forms a step to that Imperial Parliament which possibly the future may see in which they will sit side by side with the Mother Country.

The signing of the Arbitration Treaties between Great Britain and this country, and France and this country constitutes an epoch in international relations, but as the necessary confirmation by the Senate has not yet been secured, and it is even doubtful whether it will be secured, notwithstanding the almost universal approbation of the treaties which has been

shown by the people, it would be premature to express complete satisfaction or to be sure that a new step has been taken in the world's progress.

Turkey.

"The poor Albanians lack the mighty voice of a Gladstone to proclaim these horrors to the world from the tribune of Parliament, and in the name of God to call a halt." In these days in which selfish interests seem all powerful and mediocrities have the control of the course of events, even those who could not see their way to agree with Mr. Gladstone in all things may well regret that he is not himself here, and that he has left no successor capable of making even an effort to rouse Europe to take effective steps to put an end to the proceedings of the Turks. Thousands of men whose only crime has been the defense of long-existent rights have been deliberately starved to death, women have been thrown into their burning homes, their children bayoneted while clinging to the breasts of their mothers, and other outrages too horrible to mention have been perpetrated, while Austria, Russia and Italy, the three Powers to which of late has been entrusted the care of the Balkan peoples, have stood quietly looking on, each one afraid of taking any step for fear of exciting the jealousy of the rest. The Press of Austria, it is true, or a part of it, has been outspoken, and has not failed to reproach the government for its failure to discharge its duty. For the Catholic Albanians, who are the chief sufferers, are under the protection of Austria, and consequently they have a claim upon that Power. If belief may be placed in what is said on good authority, and to which no contradiction has been given, during the crisis which followed the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina arms were distributed among these very Albanians for political purposes, while now that they are being starved not only is no help of any kind given, but the proposal to send food has been forbidden by Count Aehrenthal, who has again resumed the charge of Foreign Affairs. To such a degree of heartless impotency have the Powers been reduced by the exclusive pursuit of selfish interests. It is some consolation to learn that the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster has associated himself with the Bishop of London and leading Dissenting Ministers in an appeal for funds to help the Albanian sufferers.

The situation is indeed a complicated one. So much

satisfaction was felt by all the world that the degrading despotism of Abdul Hamid has been brought to an end, that the hearts of all went out to the Young Turks who had, at great risk to themselves. effected the deliverance of so many of the inhabitants of the world from a soul-destroying thraldom. But the Young Turks are proving themselves by their proceedings in Albania this year and last to be substantially the same as the rest of the Turks, bent upon establishing their own domination by fire and sword. It is beginning to be seen, as a Catholic Paper at Vienna says, that there is no remedy for the evils that have so long existed, unless the Turks whether Old or Young are driven out of Europe where they have so long been camped. The odious spy-system which was characteristic of Abdul Hamid has, of course, been abolished, but it has been superseded by the brutal methods recently adopted, having for their object the making all the various races that dwell in Turkish territories into one homogeneous nation, and that the Ottoman. This attempt was the cause of the Albanian rising last year and this. The privileges which the various tribes had possessed for centuries were taken away, among these the most valued of which is the right of carrying arms. An aggravating circumstance is that the success of the Young Turks was largely due to the support they received from the tribes now being suppressed. Had not the Albanians thrown in their lot with the movement it would have failed. It was only when Abdul Hamid heard of their defection that he submitted.

In the default of the Christian Powers an appeal was made to the Jews. It is somewhat humiliating to have to acknowledge this, especially as it was not successful. The real power in Turkey, and this is another thing that adds to the complication, is not the Cabinet which sits at Constantinople, but the Council of the Committee of Union and Progress which sits at Salonika. Its secret behests have controlled the government hitherto, although an opposition is being formed which advocates more moderate methods and an honest and open constitutional procedure. This Committee is secret, but, as is becoming known, it is under Masonic influence, and that the Jews and Crypto-Jews of Turkey have had influential part in its organization.

The Jews, therefore, of Turkey, are to a certain extent responsible for the recent proceedings, inasmuch as they have great influence upon the Committee, which is the real author

of the sanguinary methods adopted in Albania. It was, therefore, urged upon the Jews, who are now so well treated in the rest of Europe and the world, that they should use their influence with their co-religionists in Turkey to secure the adoption at once of more humane and wiser methods. For bad as are the European Powers, there is a prospect that they will be forced to take action, and to intervene. To them the King of Montenegro, in whose dominions many of the Albanians have taken refuge, has made an appeal. If a response is made, of which there is a prospect, war between Montenegro and Turkey may be averted. If, however, war should break out, even the selfish interests of the Powers will prevent their acquiescing in the subjugation of Montenegro and the aggrandizement of Turkey. Turkey has proposed concessions, but not satisfactory to the insurgents. Indeed, even if they had been satisfactory, no reliance can be placed on their being carried into effect, for the Turks keep no faith with those who resist their will, as has been proved by the events of the past year, and by the fact that within the last few weeks they have taken advantage of the armistices which they granted to carry on military operations. If submission is to be made by the Albanians, a guarantee is therefore necessary, and what guarantee it is to be, is the matter still under discussion, or whether under a veiled form something equivalent to a guarantee may not be found. The only thing worthy of respect that holds the Powers back from taking action is a lingering desire to preserve the new *régime*. But most people will be coming to the conclusion that such a *régime* as it has proved to be is not worth preserving. In fact it looks as if the Powers had been thoroughly deceived by their sympathy with the recent revolution and that things are likely to be worse for the Christians after that event than they were before. For upon the establishment of the Constitution the International Organization of Officers, which had a certain control in Macedonia, was withdrawn, and to the Young Turks was given a free hand to do as they pleased. What it has pleased them to do the course of recent events has shown.

During the festivities which took place at Constantinople in celebration of the third anniversary of granting of the Constitution, a great fire broke out, which destroyed 3,500 houses, followed on the succeeding day by another fire in which 1,200 houses were consumed. Some 50,000 people

were rendered homeless by the two events. Whether they were due to accident, or to the malice of the reactionaries is not known. But so many untoward events have of late occurred in the capital and the provinces that a state of unbearable tension exists which usually forebodes massacres, revolts or assassinations. Greek and Bulgar bands are said to be moving in the European possessions of Turkey, while in the Asiatic the Kurds and the Armenians are stirring, the latter threatening to join the Orthodox Church in order to gain the protection of Russia.

Persia.

While in Turkey the experiment of constitutional government seems likely to fail on account of the brutality of the people, in Persia its success is doubtful, on account of their childish levity. The Mejliss passes its time in fruitless debates in undoing one day what it did in the preceding. So disgusted was the Prime Minister with its futilities a month or two ago, that he left the Chamber and gave his coachman the order to drive to Europe. He had not got far on his way when he consented to be recalled, and since his return more serious efforts have been made to deal with the difficulties of the situation. The difficulties, undoubtedly, are very great. Chaos and anarchy reign from one end of the country to the other. In the South the tribes are at continual warfare, more or less open, with each other. Commerce has become so unsafe that Great Britain had, in October last, to give to the Persian Government an intimation of its intention to form a force under Persian officers to keep the thoroughfares safe. In deference to the wish of the government, and in consideration of its promise to maintain order —a promise which to a certain extent has been redeemed— this purpose has not been carried out, although it was found necessary to land men in Southern Persia to suppress gun-running in that district. These evils, and the want of funds, are beginning to make the somewhat vainglorious Persians see that recourse must be had to the help of other nations who have not lost all the natural virtues. The finances, as has been mentioned before, have been placed in the hands of an expert from this country, and in consequence it has been found possible to raise a loan. A British officer has been asked to organize a fiscal *gendarmerie*, which is to collect the revenue under the superintendence of the American Treasurer-General.

Belgians have for some time been in charge of the administration of the Customs, while to Russians is due the efficiency of the Cossack Brigade. The calling upon the foreigner for help wounded deeply the vanity of many Persians and excited much opposition. Partly on this account and partly from his ardent desire to serve his country by placing himself at its head a second time, the ex-Shah has returned, and is making an effort to regain the throne. He is meeting with a considerable amount of support, and it is still in doubt whether or not he will succeed. Suspicion was at first felt whether Russia was aiding and abetting these efforts to restore absolute rule. It seems, however, from all that can be learned that the pretender received no encouragement from the Tsar or his government. The Persian authorities are making every effort to frustrate the ex-Shah's attempt, and have placed a price of $165,000 on his head. As doubts were felt as to the loyalty of the Prime Minister himself, he was compelled to resign. The situation at the capital is said to be a nightmare of intrigue. The policy of Russia and Great Britain, the two Powers most concerned in the matter, is said to be one of abstention from all action; the question is to be considered as a merely domestic concern. A new Cabinet has been formed.

It is gratifying to note that the new American Treasurer-General, who was recommended by our President, has already done much to ameliorate the condition of things in Persia. It is instructive also to learn the method he adopted. He took the position that he was the servant of the Mejliss, that is, the House of Parliament, and would obey only the laws as made by it. In particular, he refused to make payments unless they were authorized by its authority. Persian ways are illustrated by the fact that Cabinet Ministers had been in the habit of issuing drafts at their own will and pleasure. The Prime Minister, for instance, asked for an unauthorized credit of $500,000, and the fact that the Treasurer-General would not sign it was, it is said, one of his reasons for wishing to go to Europe. This same gentleman, while one of the largest landholders in the country, has paid no land-tax on his estates for some years. It would be a great pity, if, when a beginning was just being made of a change for the better, the restoration of absolute personal rule should be restored, with its necessary concomitants.

With Our Readers

THE press of the country for the past month has been filled with the details of a marriage, the very mention of which disgusts every clean-hearted man and woman. Wealth, social position and a previous scandalous divorce have contributed to give it a wide-spread notoriety.

The fact that a divorced man prohibited by the law of one state to enter into wedlock, is to marry again and have his marriage sanctioned by the very state that prohibited it, and is to marry a young girl of seemingly respectable family, is certainly nothing new in our country. The frequency of divorce and remarriage have made our land the laughing-stock of the world. Such an occurrence—the word well signifies the little importance attached by some to marriage and divorce—is quite common not only among the rich but also among those not over-blessed with this world's goods.

* * *

TO those who have eyes to see, divorce is an evil that is doing more than all else to undermine our life as a strong, patriotic people. For decades has it cursed our land like a plague and its infection is year by year, with ever more disastrous results, spreading further and further. The reason of such loose morality is the general belief that marriage is simply an institution of the state; that it should be regulated only by civil law. The non-Catholic press of this country, and in fact of the whole world, savagely attacked the latest legislation of Pius X. on the subject of marriage, claiming that it was another instance of how the Catholic Church seeks to tyrannize over the state, and to rob the state of its just rights.

* * *

MARRIAGE, this non-Catholic press maintained, can be regulated by the state and the state alone. The law of the state is supreme in the matter and there is no other law. Of course this robs the vows of husband and wife of all sanctity and subjects them to the caprice of human, very human, legislators. The legislature might to-morrow declare that all marriages contracted up to date were invalid; disrupt every family and throw into chaos the whole social body. Under stress of anger or hatred or jealousy or lust or any other passion a man will readily argue that no merely human dic-

tate of fallible legislators can bind him for life, and will just as readily act upon his conclusion.

If anything were needed to show the unworthy and oftentimes corrupt influences that govern our legislators, the daily and monthly press of the country for the last five years has supplied testimony more than sufficient. And many of the American people seem to have concluded that such unworthy influences will continue to be effective, for they are preparing to arm themselves with the referendum and recall. To call marriage holy and plighted vows sacred and then to intrust them into the hands of legislators is like storing great treasures in a pasteboard safe.

* * *

YET this is exactly what Protestantism has done from the very beginning. It denied marriage to be a sacrament. Christ did not elevate the vows of husband and wife to a supernatural dignity beyond the reach of man. Marriage is a purely human institution. Protestantism has become so saturated with Erastianism that it accepts the state as sole and final arbiter in every question relating to marriage and divorce.

* * *

IT is idle to say that thousands of individual Protestants would enter a disclaimer to this; that many clergymen and bishops of Protestant churches cry aloud against the abuses that are daily increasing because of the teaching that marriage has no essentially religious character. The Protestant churches have sanctioned divorce; their ministers have re-married divorcées; they have officially preached that marriage is entirely under the control of the state. That one of their number which claims to be nearest to the Catholic Church, which indeed at times usurps the name, the Episcopal Church, was brought into being by Henry VIII. because Clement VII. refused to grant him a divorce. Henry VIII. made himself both Church and state, and in his own person fully illustrated state control of marriage and divorce and re-marriage of the guilty party. A writer in the latest *Encyclopædia Brittanica* repeats of Henry VIII. Michelet's words "*le nouveau Messie est le roi*," and adds this significant estimate:

> The King was the emblem, the focus and the bond of national unity; and to preserve it men were ready to put up with vagaries which to other ages seem intolerable. Henry could thus behead ministers and divorce wives with comparative impunity, because the individual appeared to be of little importance compared with the state. This impunity provoked a licence which is responsible for the unlovely features of Henry's reign and character. The elevation and the isolation of his position fostered a detachment from ordinary virtues and compassion, and he was a remorseless in-

carnation of Machiavelli's *Prince*. He had an elastic conscience which was always at the beck and call of his desire, and he cared little for principle. . . . His mind, in spite of its clinging to the outward forms of the old faith, was intensely secular; and he was as devoid of a moral sense as he was of a general religious temperament.

One of Luther's first acts as founder of a new and "truer" religion was to grant a divorce to one whose political favor he very much desired. The Episcopal Church of this country denies the right to the guilty party to a divorce suit to re-marry; the Church of England does not deny him that right.

* * *

IT is perhaps too much to ask any individual or institution to be absolutely logical. The aforesaid marriage that is to be, and that has attracted so much public attention has called forth opinions on matters of sexual purity and marriage that are not even worthy to be called pagan. Is it unfair to lay the blame for them on this chaotic and immoral teaching of Protestantism itself? We do not think it is. We welcome, indeed, the strong, passionate words that many of the Protestant clergymen, particularly the Episcopalians, have uttered in the face of this outrageous public scandal; yet what will these protests avail? Can not they who utter them and their followers also see that reformation is needed at the very roots, that the world to-day as it ever did, needs a Savior and that, unless the clear, positive teaching of Christ on marriage be restored and obeyed, their protests are illogical and therefore fruitless.

* * *

PERHAPS the unusually rank offensiveness, the brazen effrontery and the utter disregard of decent public sentiment of the parties to this latest divorce and re-marriage scandal, will do something towards the creation of a better public opinion; perhaps it will enlighten many who now sit in darkness. But that such things can be, that the press of the country sees fit to give the matter columns of reading matter and pages of illustrations, that an influential journal like the *New York Herald* can enthusiastically champion the immorality and tell the "baying" clergymen to keep their mouths shut; that letters signed "Christian" and an "Episcopal Clergyman" can appear in the public press, denying any religious character to marriage and claiming for both innocent and guilty the right to re-marry—all these signs are of ominous portent and surely ought not to be disregarded.

THE Church throughout the world, and particularly the Church in Australia, suffered a great loss in the death of Cardinal Moran. His long life of constant labor in every field of endeavor

won for him the title of the Master Church Builder of Australia. Socially and politically, as well as religiously, Australia owes him a lasting debt of gratitude. Neither by voice nor pen was he ever idle. His published volumes testify to his ability as a Catholic apologist; the history of the country tells of his fearless championship of Catholic rights; the churches, convents, schools, charitable institutions, the prosperous condition of the Church in Australia are the memorials of a head and heart that were wholly given to the service of Christ and His Church.

THE CULTURED FAUN.

WRITTEN IN 1891 BY LIONEL JOHNSON.

HE, or shall we say it? is a curious creature; tedious after a time, when you have got its habits by heart, but certainly curious on first acquaintance. You breed it in this way:

Take a young man, who had brains as a boy, and teach him to disbelieve everything that his elders believe in matters of thought, and to reject everything that seems true to himself in matters of sentiment. He need not be at all revolutionary; most clever youths for mere experience's sake will discard their natural or acquired convictions. He will then, since he is intelligent and bright, want something to replace his early notions. If Aristotle's Poetics are absurd, and Pope is no poet, and politics are vulgar, and Carlyle is played out, and Mr. Ruskin is tiresome, and so forth, according to the circumstances of the case, our youth will be bored to death by the nothingness of everything. You must supply him with the choicest delicacies, and feed him upon the finest rarities. And what so choice as a graceful affectation, or so fine as a surprising paradox? So you cast about for these two, and at once you see that many excellent affectations and paradoxes have had their day. A treasured melancholy of the German moonlight sort, a rapt enthusiasm in the Byronic style, a romantic eccentricity after the French fashion of 1830, a "frank, fierce," sensuousness à *la jeunesse Swinburnienne;* our youth might flourish them in the face of society all at once, without receiving a single invitation to private views or suppers of the elect. And, in truth, it requires a positive genius for the absurd to discover a really promising affectation, a thoroughly fascinating paradox. But the last ten years have done it. And a remarkable achievement it is.

Externally, our hero should cultivate a reassuring sobriety of habit, with just a dash of the dandy. None of the wandering looks, the elaborate disorder, the sublime lunacy of his predeces-

sor, the "apostle of culture." Externally, then, a precise appearance; internally, a catholic sympathy with all that exists, and "therefore" suffers, for art's sake. Now art, at present, is not a question of the senses so much as of the nerves. Botticelli, indeed, was very precious, but Baudelaire is very nervous. Gautier was adorably sensuous, but M. Verlaine is pathetically sensitive. That is the point: exquisite appreciation of pain, exquisite thrills of anguish, exquisite adoration of suffering. Here comes in a tender patronage of Catholicism: white tapers upon the high altar, an ascetic and beautiful young priest, the great gilt monstrance, the subtle-scented and mystical incense, the old world accents of the Vulgate, of the Holy Offices; the splendor of the sacred vestments. We kneel at some hour, not too early for our convenience, repeating that solemn Latin, drinking in those Gregorian tones, with plenty of modern French sonnets in memory, should the sermon be dull. But to join the Church! Ah, no! better to dally with the enchanting mysteries, to pass from our dreams of delirium to our dreams of sanctity with no coarse facts to jar upon us. And so these refined persons cherish a double "passion," the sentiment of repentant yearning and the sentiment of rebellious sin.

To play the part properly a flavor of cynicism is recommended: a scientific profession of materialist dogmas, coupled—for you should forswear consistency—with gloomy chatter about "The Will to Live." If you can say it in German, so much the better; a gross tongue, partially redeemed by Heine, but an infallible oracle of scepticism. Jumble all these "impressions" together, your sympathies and your sorrows, your devotion and your despair; carry them about with you in a state of fermentation, and finally conclude that life is loathsome yet that beauty is beatific. And beauty—ah, beauty is everything beautiful! Isn't that a trifle obvious, you say? That is the charm of it, it shows your perfect simplicity, your chaste and catholic innocence. Innocence of course: beauty is always innocent, ultimately. No doubt there are "monstrous" things, terrible pains, the haggard eyes of an *absintheur*, the pallid faces of "neurotic" sinners; but all that is the portion of our Parisian friends, such and such a "group of artists," who meet at the Café So-and-So. We like people to think that we are much the same, but it isn't true. We are quite harmless, we only concoct strange and subtle verse about it. And, anyway, beauty includes everything; there's another sweet saying for you from our "impressionist" copy-books. Impressions! that is all. Life is mean and vulgar, Members of Parliament are odious, the critics are commercial pedants: we alone know Beauty, and Art, and Sorrow, and Sin. Impressions! exquisite, dainty fantasies; fiery-colored visions; and impertinence straggling

into epigram, for "the true" criticism; *c'est adorable!* And since we are scholars and none of your penny-a-line Bohemians, we throw in occasional doses of "Hellenism": by which we mean the Ideal of the Cultured Faun. That is to say, a flowery Paganism, such as no "Pagan" ever had: a mixture of "beautiful woodland natures," and "the perfect comeliness of the Parthenon frieze," together with the elegant languors and favorite vices of (let us parade our "decadent" learning) the *Stratonis Epigrammata*. At this time of day we need not dilate upon the equivocal charm of everything Lesbian. And who shall assail us?—what stupid and uncultured critic, what coarse and narrow Philistine? We are the Elect of Beauty: saints and sinners, devils and devotees, Athenians and Parisians, Romans of the Empire and Italians of the Renaissance. *Fin de siècle! Fin de siècle!* Literature is a thing of beauty, blood, and nerves.

Let the Philistine critic have the last word; let him choose his words with all care, and define in his rough fashion. How would it do to call the Cultured Faun a feeble and a foolish beast?

NOT long since a noted educator said in the course of a conversation with a Catholic friend:

> Catholics sometimes apply for admission to my school, and I do not wish to take them. Not because I have any prejudice against a person simply because he professes the Catholic Faith, but because I believe so very strongly that religion is the best and greatest influence for character-building in a growing boy's life, and if a Catholic boy comes to my school he misses that. It is not practicable for me to send a boy outside constantly to get an adequate religious training in his own faith, he does not recognize the authority of my religion over him, and so he falls between two stools and his loss is a very great one.

If a non-Catholic sees this so plainly, it certainly ought to be clear to the Catholic parent; yet an examination of the catalogues of well-known non-Catholic boarding schools, shows the presence of Catholic boys in them who ought not to be there. The absence of positive instruction in the faith, the non-Catholic "atmosphere," and often the anti-Catholic statements heard, or overheard, work disaster, and such boys almost inevitably lose their faith later on. This is not a theory, but a fact; a fact supported by actual observation of many individual cases for years past.

* * *

SOME parents invent reasons for not sending their children to Catholic schools, claiming that they desire a school of home-like surroundings, and one in which individual attention may be given to every pupil. Such reasons are not valid to-day, for there

are a number of Catholic schools throughout the country that answer in every particular these requirements. The pioneer among them is, we believe, the Newman School, of Hackensack, New Jersey, founded, with the advice of the late Archbishop Corrigan, by Dr. Locke, the noted convert, who is still its director. These boarding schools wherein the surroundings are homelike, the students limited in number, and the corps of teachers capable, make it unnecessary for any parent to risk the precious possession of his son's faith, by putting the latter in non-Catholic surroundings.

With schools of this kind, and with the many large and excellent schools conducted by our religious orders, meeting the purses and the tastes of different Catholic parents, no parent need do his boy the injustice of depriving him of a Catholic training.

THE following words of the noted educator, G. Stanley Hall, are noteworthy as a contribution to the need of religion in education:

Protestant though I am, I believe that, with the young, morality needs religious reinforcement, and in this general proposition I believe the Catholics are right, and that schools should not be so secularized as to become godless. I do not forget that France and Japan are experimenting on just this line. But both these countries have been driven to this step by political and other exigencies, as indeed we were in the day of intense denominational spirit when our schools were divorced from church influences. Moreover, France and Japan realize the gravity of the problem and are doing everything in their power to make civic life and public service and welfare a religion. Now, the child's soul at the dawn of adolescence is nine-tenths feeling and instinct, and this age witnesses a vast access of all these old hereditary powers that shape human life, while the intellect is still feeble and unable to control the passions and sentiments which thus need reinforcement by supernatural sanction.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

The Downfall of the Gods. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. $1.50. *The Kilmartin Wonder Book.* By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. $1.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Catechist. Vols. I. II. By Rev. George Edward Howe. 2 Vols. $3.80.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York:

The Glory of Clementina. By William J. Locke. $1.30.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Queen's Fillet. By Canon Sheehan. $1.35.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Children of To-morrow. By Clara Laughlin. $1.30. *Her Little Young Ladyship.* By Myra Kelly. $1.25. *Kennedy Square.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

An Order for the Consecration of an Altar. Translated for the use of the laity from the Roman Pontifical.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

Dionis of the White Veil. By Caroline Brown. $1.50. *The Story Girl.* By L. M. Montgomery. $1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Dawn of All. By Robert Hugh Benson. $1.50. *Where We Got the Bible.* By Rev. Father Graham, M.A. 30 cents. *Explanation of the Rule of St. Augustine.* By Hugh of St. Victor. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C.R.L. 75 cents. *Catherine of the Barge,* By Madge Blundell. 50 cents. *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.* By Maurice Meschler, S.J. $1.50. *The Child's First Communion Catechism.* By Peter Geirmann, S.J. 30 cents per doz.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Le Nouveau Docteur. Par Jules Pravieux. 3 *fr.* 50.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Jeanne d' Arc et La France. Par le Chanoine Coube.

RAZÓN Y FE, Madrid:

La Muerte Real y la Muerte Aparente. By J. B. Ferreres, S.J. 1.50 pesetas. *La Curia Romana.* By J. B. Ferreres, S.J. 6 pesetas. *Los Esponales y le Matrimonio.* By J. B. Ferreres, SJ. 3.50 pesetas.

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